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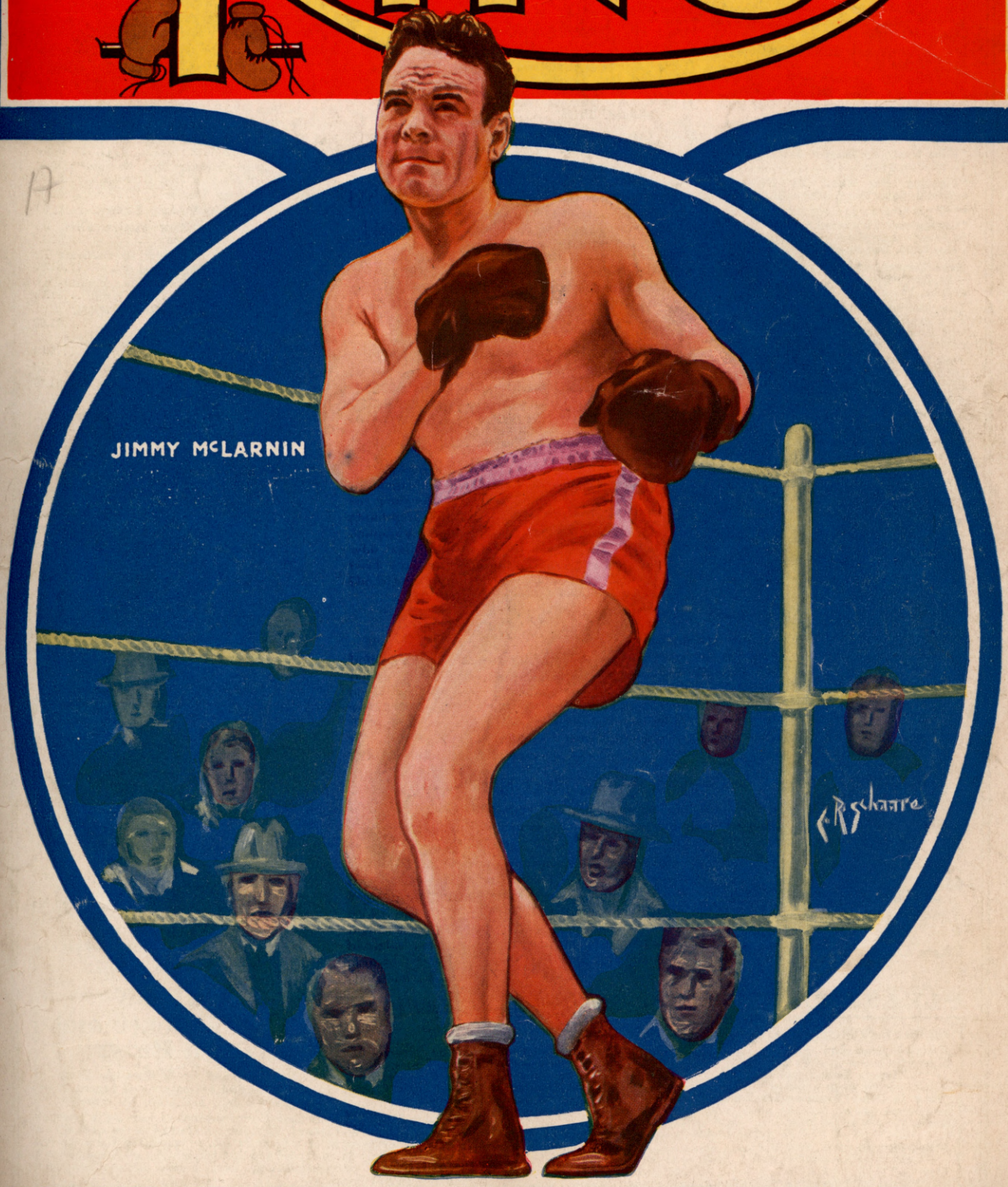

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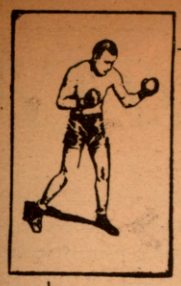

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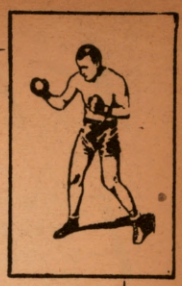

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In Our Next Issue

Late in June, the great International fight between Joe Louis, the American bomber, and Max Schmeling, the Teuton Schlager, will take place. It will be a battle of the century, with the million dollar gate a certainty. An analysis of the prospects of each contestant will be made in the July issue, with Hype Igoe, famed in America as a keen student of fisticuffs, giving you the low down.

If you are a collector of photographs, you'll find plenty to interest you in the several pages illustrating photographically the career of both Louis and Schmeling.

A **Souvenir Number** which all ardent followers of boxing will want to keep. Don't miss it.

"The Story of Joe Humphreys,"— that's the title of a series on the world's most renowned announcer— a knockout on the world's most celebrated mouth-piece, that will start in the July issue. In 45 years, Humphreys has introduced the principals in 20,000 or more battles — from John L. Sullivan to Jimmy Braddock and Joe Louis.

The story of Joe Humphreys is not confined to the prize ring alone, but also to dog and cock fights, baseball, cycling and other sports. Harry Grayson, the author, former boxing expert for the New York "World-Telegram," but now Sports Editor of the N.E.A. Service of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, weaves the highlights of Humphreys' spectacular career into a series that is of the cockle-of-the-heart variety. You'll enjoy it.

These, in addition to features by Bob Edgren, Nat Fleischer, and Daniel M. Daniel.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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Picking 'Em Apart

The untimely death of Ed W. Smith, one of the best of the old-time referees and sports writers, came only a few days after he had completed several stories for this magazine, of which he had been a contributor for many years. Ed was a keen student of boxing and wrestling and THE RING *will keep his name alive with stories he had contributed but which remained unpublished at the time of his death. His contributions have appeared under "The California Sportsman," "The Coast Referee" and Ed W. Smith.—[Editor's Note.*

IT'S an open season, open as your double garage doors—yes, even as open as Max Baer's life history . . . .

FOR SILLY STATEMENTS!

Speaking in an athletic sense generally, but in a pugilistic way more pointedly. Are they all going daffy, these former fighting champions of ours, and is that old question, Who's Looney Now? brought up in a famous case of many years ago, about to come into vogue?

Inasmuch as they have blared forth in public prints with statements that smack of the ridiculous, just what is the meaning of the whole thing? Has Joe Louis put the fear of God Almighty in them? Perhaps, and then again, more than likely.

In order to make some attempt to get at the truth of the whole thing and to find exactly what is in the hearts of the men who may be called upon to meet this same Joe Louis some time in the immediate future, WHY NOT CALL IN THE LIE DETECTOR, said to be the greatest of the modern bits of mechanism to make you blush and feel thoroughly ashamed of yourself, right out in everybody's face, when you are not on the level with your assertions?

Wouldn't it be great fun, I'm asking you? For Max Baer, who won't believe that he quit in front of Louis. Or Max Schmeling, who won't or can't believe there is such an animal, like the yokel who saw the camel in the circus for the first time. In a word, THERE JUST AIN'T ANY SUCH ANIMAL!

But we who don't have to swap punches with Joe Louis know full well there is such a beast, know it quite thoroughly, and therefore the statements of Baer, Schmeling, et al., are so far fetched and ridiculous as to be worthy of some repetition and comment, just by way of entertainment and to show that our ex-champions really have something left but it isn't what might be called sound sense.

* * *

IN the peaceful security of Ancil Hoffman's ranch in the vicinity of Fairoaks, Calif., not so far out of the metropolitan district of that wonderful San Francisco area that offers to any man the real quintessence of life as it is lived day or night, Max Baer was rousted out of his serenity by some ambition young chap operating out of a news syndicate, a young man of small imagination and no sense of humor or a regard for the equalities of life.

Baer undoubtedly mouthed the things that this young man wrote and thus made an everlasting chump out of the former world's champion—if indeed that thing hadn't been done by himself on previous occasions innumerable.

"It's funny that they are making such a fuss over Joe Louis and his defeat of Paulino Uzcudun," was one of Baer's silly statements. "Why, way back in 1931, when I fought Uzcudun, he was an old man, and that's four years ago!"

Just what was such a statement meant to imply by Livermore Max?

It was true but at the same time, Max Baer, a strapping young chap of great health and vigor, was so soundly beaten that afternoon in Reno by this "old man" of a Basque that he was made to look ridiculous and Jack Dempsey, the referee and promoter of that scrap, excoriated Baer and told him then that he'd never amount to anything pugilistically, unless he mended his ways . . . .

Incidentally Dempsey forgot with that statement that at several times during his ring career, he himself forgot absolutely to "mend his ways" and as a result was really beaten by Luis Firpo and had several other narrow escapes.

THAT quoted statement of Baer's wasn't the funniest of those that Max made to the young man from the press bureau. The peach of them all was HIS PREDICTION!

And even a careful German like Ancil Hoffman couldn't bog him down on that one, the most ridiculous he ever made—of the many that a playboy, hopped up on Broadway life and a wisecracking spirit, might be expected to make. Here it is:

"It's a cinch that Max Schmeling will knock Joe Louis flat when they finally get together," said Baer, "because the German hits too hard and he will get in there first and make Joe look foolish."

Knowing Baer as I do, I'm sure he said just those foolish things, which gave the country a loud guffaw.

Here's the foolish thing about it and why he would like to put the Lie Detector on Max just at the moment and get his blushing and stammering reaction:

1.—Max Baer knocked out Max Schmeling in ten rounds at a time when both appeared, in the course of every basis of judging, at their very physical best.

2.—Joe Louis took Max Baer by the scruff and made him look like the worst chump, a good fighter tumbled into absolute humiliation.

AND YET . . . .

Max Baer has the effrontery to stand before the American people and make a statement of that sort—to say that the man he beat, can beat a man like Louis, who made Max Baer kiss his big toe in the most groveling defeat that a real American of supposed pluck and pride, a butcher boy of courage, a manly youth who scoffed at the word "quit"—the whole thing is so astonishingly ridiculous that I'm surprised that sensible sporting editors of Metropolitan papers and heads of nationally famous syndicates permit the exploitation of such nonsense merely because it comes from the mouth of an ex-champion.

And I repeat—it doesn't make sense. Pampering to Max Baer who discredited himself by living a Broadway life when he should have upheld the prestige that goes with a world heavyweight title, and now trying to wheedle his way back into a picture contract or even another fight! He had his chance. He failed to exercise proper judgment. He failed in his trust to his army of friends when he turned playboy. He was put out of the picture by a young, rising Negro lad whose victory, certainly not by the widest stretch of imagination, can be called a fluke, hence why all the hubbub!

It's a shame, an effrontery to American sporting intelligence!

But it will go over! the movie people who are engineering Max's move, are ready to shoot the works after Baer gets his full share of publicity to put him back into the spotlight! Max will be an actor again and his silly statements will get plenty of columns in the sports pages throughout the country.

Because of what? Well you guess. I know the answer but I'm not going to tell.

* * *

BUT the best of them all comes from Jack Kearns, the man who steered Jack Dempsey into a world title and then lost his meal ticket when the two Jacks disagreed and broke their partnership. Since that day, Kearns has been looking for another Dempsey but the nearest he has come to that, is to find "Hank" Bath, the heavyweight who has been licked by Dempsey's "White Hope," Red Burman, and by several other lesser lights. Here is Kearn's statement:

"Dempsey could have licked Joe Louis in four rounds."

Of course Kearns is entitled to his opinion as is my friend Hype

Veteran Sportsman Analyzes Attacks on Joe Louis' Greatness—Suggests the "Lie Detector" to Test Sincerity of Statements

By

ED. W. SMITH

Igoe, who elsewhere in this issue declares that, "The Dempsey who whipped Willard could have taken Joe Louis into camp by the knockout route." Perhaps they are both correct but they cannot prove their statements by me for I have seen every heavyweight of note since the days when John L. Sullivan was in his prime, I have refereed several hundred fights, have promoted, managed and written about fights and fighters ever since the early nineties, but you still have to show me a fighter who was better than Joe Louis.

* * *

IF Kearns and Igoe think that Dempsey was so great, then why, will they kindly explain, was Dempsey prevented by Kearns from fighting Harry Wills. Surely Wills at no time in his career could have been called a second Louis, yet even the lure of $100,000 in cold cash could not get Dempsey into the ring with the Negro. Of course Dempsey explains that at no time did he fear Harry and that it was Kearns and Rickard who prevented the match from being made, yet the fact remains that the color line was drawn, and if the Dempsey, who so thoroughly trounced Willard was not, according to his own mentor's actions, good enough to take a chance with Wills, then by what manner of reasoning can Kearns now reach the conclusion that Dempsey would have knocked Louis silly in four rounds.

No one can say that Messrs. Black and Roxborough have built up Louis to the point he has attained, through setups. No one can deny that in order to get Joe where he now is, his mentors have accepted every outstanding heavyweight and each has been shunted aside by the Detroit Bomber. There is no blemish on his record as there is on the majority of those stars who had preceded him, and for that reason, it is my opinion that if Louis and Dempsey were to have clashed, Jack as he was when he fought Willard and Louis as when he clashed with Baer, it would have been a pippin of a fight with Louis emerging the victor.

Even Dempsey must admit that were it not for the scribes, he would have lost the championship to Luis Firpo. I candidly say here that were I the referee as I was in many important American battles in which world titles were at stake, I wouldn't have hesitated a moment to disqualify Dempsey in the Firpo encounter and to give the world crown to the Argentinian. No such help has been necessary to date for Joe Louis.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY is my friend. I'm not belittling him for he was a wonderful fighter but so is Louis and I'm simply trying to show how far-fetched are the statements attributed to men who should know better but continue to find flaws in the make up of the greatest fighter of recent years—a young Negro lad who has made the grade in less than two years. Let's give him the credit that is due him.

Here's the Playboy of Livermore, California, as he looked on the morning following his fight with Louis. Perhaps Baer had forgotten that beating when he gave out his recent interview belittling the Brown Bomber's hitting powers.

But the silliest statements of all have come to me from German papers. Possibly our readers have already seen them, but for the benefit of those who haven't, here they are:

"It is ridiculous that such a man, Joe Louis, a Negro, could beat our Max Schmeling. Negroes have never been known to possess courage when facing their equal or better men. History proves that.

"Max is a better man for he is a tried veteran and with that is his favor, he should win the coming battle. Louis is merely an offshoot of American enthusiasm and couldn't lick a real fighter like our Herr Max even if Max had on those things that American writers call the 'handcuffs.'"

Can you beat that for sheer nonsense! Come, let's be sensible. What do you say if we put the "Lie Detector" on everybody to test the sincerity of those statements. And suppose we start right on ourselves. What do you say, folks?

So there you have the various statements of individuals who, either through prejudice or some other cause, can't see Louis for what he actually is worth. As for me, I see in him one of the greatest fighters of all time, and I have seen every man of mite from Sullivan to the present day. No matter what anybody may try to tell you to the contrary, if you want any advice, just think of the Brown Bomber as a great scrapper. He has everything that any of the old timers possessed and in a few of the most important phases of a boxing career, he has much that most of 'em didn't have.

Some folks still are of the opinion that Louis cannot take it. That to me is a very silly notion. All great fighters can take it. That has been proved from Sullivan to Louis. Take the case of Tommy Ryan. There was a clever fellow who used to take his opponents into camp with the same ease that does Louis today, but the general talk went the rounds that he couldn't take it. When the time came that he had to prove otherwise, he did it to the Queen's taste. Ask Kid McCoy, he'll answer that one.

I believe that when Louis is forced to show his fighting mettle, he'll come through with flying colors. He'll prove that he can take as well as he can give and that the claims of Jack Johnson that he doesn't possess true fighters' grit, is mere poppycock. Just keep your eyes on Louis when he meets Schmeling.

RED HOT

Max Baer, who shadow-boxed himself into a state of readiness for Carnera.

SOME like 'em hot, some like 'em cold—there I go, singing an old mother's-knee ditty when, as a matter of fact, I started out to say that Billy McCarney, whom we of Fistiana are pleased to call the "Professor," has infused an idea into Max Schmeling's coming quest of Joe Louis' scalp which bears going over.

It seems that McCarney, who, with Joe Jacobs, once was a co-pilot in guiding Schmeling, has suggested that Schmeling be brought to the ring for that fight "red hot." By that, the "Professor," who, by the way, is no longer connected with the task of guiding the Teuton's destinies, means—have Schmeling enter the ring warmed up.

He knows Schmeling like a book, and had the sullen German heeded his corner advice in the fight with Jack Sharkey, the heavyweight title still might be one of Adolph Hitler's newly found possessions. McCarney knew that a tired, discouraged, nearly-beaten man was swaying before Schmeling, yet no amount of shouting, threatening, or beseeching could drive that German to a more determined defense of the title which he, at the time, held.

McCarney, after all the time which has passed, knows now, full well, that Schmeling is an exasperatingly slow starter. Max "warms up" to the task as the fray goes on. That is why McCarney had offered to those who might be interested, the thought that Schmeling be sent into the ring to combat the "Brown Bomber" with a dressing room battle under his belt.

In other words, the "Professor," who unquestionably knows his cheese and onions, would have the plodding German box, shadow-box, or with big gloves, ten rounds before he leaves his dressing room. Max would come to the ring, therefore, keyed up and ready to "go" at the first clap of the starting bell. He would be able to sail right into Louis as if half of the fight was behind him. He could start punching right off the reel.

There would be no dilly-dallying until he got "warmed up," that fatal lapse of time in which the Detroit Negro goes prowling for his latest victim.

* * *

THE "Professor" harps on the fact that Schmeling was so slow in getting started in his fight with Young Stribling in Cleveland that the unfortunate Southerner would have come close to winning the world's championship had not Schmeling "got going" in the last five rounds of the fight. He knocked out Stribling with but a few seconds left of the fifteenth and last round. George Blake, the referee, stopped the bout, thereby registering the first and only knockout of Stribling's career. I always held that Stribling would have lasted.

Had Blake not stopped it, I wonder how he would have decided? Stribling had gleaned so many rounds on sheer boxing ability that, to my way of thinking, actually, he was out in front when Schmeling, "warming up" to a belated rush, nailed Stribling on the chin and—well, Blake stopped it.

It seems, then, that the "Professor" has lavished a real smart suggestion on his old trooper, Herr Max Schmeling. Why not try it? Nothing could be lost and it would certainly enhance Max's chances. Were he able to nick Louis on the chin, he would be top man for a crack at Jim Braddock.

Peter Maher, who was frozen stiff while waiting for McCoy.

In passing I want to say that "Professor" McCarney's is not a new idea in boxing. Coming to the ring "hot" was a practice before the "Professor" ever saw a boxing glove. The old-timers indulged in these dressing room warm-ups and the modern gladiators often used this means of coming to the wars all rarin' to go.

* * *

IT is my purpose, an assignment by Nat Fleischer, THE RING Editor, to recount some of the more noted "warm-up" stories of the ring.

Perhaps the most famous was the occasion when Kid McCoy came, all a-steamin', to fight Peter Maher one cold New Year's night at Coney Island.

The contest was staged in the old and now forgotten Sea Beach Palace.

Jim Dowdell was the referee, if my memory serves me kindly, and the night was a bitter one and only a washbasketful of the faithful put in an appearance.

Maher, one of the deadliest right-hand hitters who ever strode the earth, came into the ring first. He was ever fearful of Kid McCoy, not in a cowardly sense, but fretful lest the Kid "trick" him. You

and READY *to* GO

Billy McCarney's Suggestion to Have Schmeling Tackle Baer for Ten Rounds in Dressing Room Prior to Facing Joe Louis, Recalls Pre-ring Workouts of Other Famous Fighters

By HYPE IGOE

(New York "Evening Journal" Boxing Editor)
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never could tell just what ring prank he would next pull.

Kid McCoy knew all the answers to psychology. He practiced it, lived it, secretly loved its cunning, capricious whims.

Peter the Great of Ireland, with the docibility of a babe meandering through the woods, came to the fistic rostrum and noting that he was the first in the ring, sat down to await the coming of the pale-faced Kid.

Only those who sat and shivered with Peter will be able to tell you how long McCoy kept the Irishman and the innocents wondering as to his grand entrance.

The foxy Kid, knowing that it was almost zero weather out in that unheated arena, had brought along a portable oil stove for his dressing room.

* * *

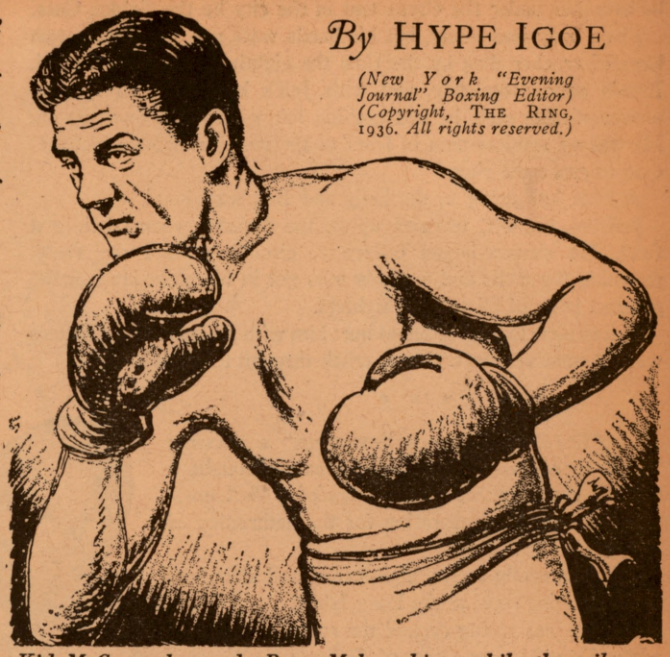
OH, dear fight fanette and fan, this was a night long before the plush-lined gold posted, thermostated era of boxing emporiums! There were no gold-slippered, ermine-robed American beauties gracing that miserable little gathering. Just a half-frozen lot of guys who had come down to the seashore to see two great hitters hit.

Peter sat, and he sat, and he sat, and as he sat he began to appreciate the feelings of Admiral Perry and good old "Doc" Cooke as he pictured them writing home to the folks from the North Pole.

And what of the dapper, handsome Kid? Was he of a shiver? Was he quivering like a Mexican hairless out there in those ice-boxes which they were pleased to call dressing rooms? I'll pull back the curtain.

McCoy's handlers were trussed, sweatered and gloved. The oil stove had been pushed back into a corner lest it be kicked over in the shananigans which were going on. McCoy, always sneering, snarling and belittling, was taking his henchmen on, one after another. He, himself, was wrapped up in the heaviest woolen

Max Schmeling, who is advised by Billy McCarney to face Joe Louis "red hot."



Kid McCoy, who made Peter Maher shiver while the wily one warmed up with sparring mates.

sweaters, all topped by a heavy woolen bathrobe. He was feinting, ducking, clouting, countering and otherwise turning in the best "fight" of his whole career. Those who had gone before and were left panting near the oil stove, were comparing bloody noses and moused peepers. The Kid was on the rampage.

"I'll go in steaming," he said. "Is that greenhorn still sittin' there? Perfect. Let him sit—and freeze. He ought to be managing his managers. The poor sucker. Fancy sending a chump out there to freeze before he is knocked out!"

* * *

THE Kid had deliberately plotted to belt out a frozen Celt. For nearly an hour, McCoy made Peter wait. When the steaming Kid finally did saunter down the aisle to the ring, he was wearing the heavy robe. (The robe and the flowing fighting pants are ring adornments which always must be credited to slippery, heady Kid McCoy.)

Poor Peter was so thoroughly frozen now that he was too stiff to turn and greet the Kid. By now the Irishman was so cold that icicles, little conical pendants, were festooned about the ends of his handle-bar moustache. The Kid knew his trick had worked.

But he would investigate. How far from a thaw had the freezing process penetrated. As the Kid approached the unhappy, frappéd Irishman, he heard the Celt's teeth chattering a banshee wail. Bringing his open hand down on the flat of Peter's back, McCoy amplified the terrific smack with:

"How's Ireland's silliest looking heavyweight?"

The crack on the back did one thing. It at least shattered the frozen bar which Peter had been using for a spinal column.

Then ensued one of the most pitiless lashings a man ever took in the ring. The pre-warmed Kid didn't give the hapless Irishman a chance to thaw out. Mercifully, he knocked out the Celtic Eskimo in the fifth round.

This was one time when a dressing room fight sent a man on his way "hot" and nine-tenths of the way home!

* * *

BOB FITZSIMMONS suffered secretly from some sort of muscular rheumatism which made it imperative for him to come to the ring all aglow. He won many a quick fight because he really was in the ELEVENTH when the first round began.

He was "warmed up" for Jeffries in San Francisco when he

came so close to being the first and only champion to regain his heavyweight title. Never on this earth has a man taken the thrashing which the great Ruby administered to the beetle-browed boilermaker under the circus tent in the city by the Golden Gate.

Fitz's body was ready, but his hands were not. They were two bags of cracker dust by the time the eighth round came around. Hands gone completely, and with Jeff's head battered into an unrecognizable stub, he had nothing left with which to carry on. He was an armless man in front of the most formidable stalwart ever to grace the ring.

A little left swing to the belly and Bob was done!

Jeffries, himself, warmed up in the dressing rooms before a fight. He shadow-boxed diligently, circling around the room, punching the walls and anybody who got in his path. He had the greatest body of all modern fighters.

It was next to impossible to hurt him with a punch. Great hitters wore themselves out trying to crack through to a weak spot.

* * *

ANOTHER famous "warm-up," a dressing room pre-battle which actually brought a world's championship into the lap of a "hot one," was Max Baer's preparation for the dethroning of Primo Carnera.

Baer, naturally active, high-strung and alert, was in his dressing room at the Long Island Bowl. He was racing around the room when Dan Morgan, one of Primo's chief advisors, came in with Louis Soresi, one of Carnera's many managers.

"Morgan, I'm going to belt that big champion right on the kisser with this —like this—with THIS!"

As he held his big clenched right fist aloft, he kept swinging, ducking, weaving and fighting an imaginary Italian giant. It wasn't for Morgan's or Soresi's benefit.

He had been warming up before they entered the room. He kept right on going tirelessly, throwing all his weight and power into the make-believe knockouts.

"I won't miss his jaw. How can I help hanging this on that Christmas-tree chin of his. I'll spill him the first punch I hit him—see if I don't."

As Morgan and Soresi looked on in mingled wonderment and doubt, Ancil Hoffman, Baer's manager, prevailed upon Max to stretch out on the rubbing table for a rest.

Max obeyed, but in a minute's time he was on his feet again, re-enacting his pre-conception of what that first round was going to be.

"Louie—this mug is either daffy or the most determined fighter I've ever seen. I think we're going to run into trouble. Better get back to our dressing room and shake that big bloke of ours up. This fellow here is 'hot and ready to go,'" said Morgan thoughtfully.

* * *

THEY went back to Carnera's dressing room and there sat the huge Italian about as "warm" as an ice pick. He was sitting on the edge of the rubbing table, the world's heavyweight champion, sure of himself and quite certain that no "leetle" heavyweight ever was going to whip him.

It happened all right. They came to the ring and Baer's magnificent body was dripping. He was, for all the world, a Man o' War, being made ready for a race after the usual warm-up gallop. You could see yourself mirrored in his glistening hide. Carnera, pale and watching every move Baer made, must have noted the health which seemed to ripple from Baer's body.

The bell, hanging and—down went Carnera, just as Baer had prognosticated. That first round was one of boxing's great dramatic moments. It was almost a replica of the first chukker in the Dempsey and Firpo fight.

The "hot" man won the title. The "cold" champion was only getting warmed up when the end exploded in his terrified face. That spectacle was one of the best arguments for what "Professor" McCarney calls "Bringing Them in All Hot and Rearin' to Go."

* * *

THE Gibbons boys, Tom and Mike, always worked up a sweat before entering the ring. Bobby Dawson, the noted trainer at the Pioneer Gymnasium, worked with both men before fights and he tells me that he often left the dressing rooms with both shoulders bruised and swollen where Tom and Mike had let go with punches in warm-ups.

Mike McTigue, Bill Brennan, Battling Nelson, Billy DeFoe, the Sullivan twins, Jack and Mike, used to clog dance furiously but gracefully before going into the ring.

Stanley Ketchel went into the ring dead "cold" and lost his middleweight title to Billy Papke. A few weeks later they fought again. This time Ketchel didn't neglect his warm-up. He became a ring immortal by knocking out Papke and regaining his crown.

Ace Hudkins, the "Nebraska Wildcat," used to fight ten hard rounds in the dressing room before a fight, chewing away on a huge quid of tobacco. He was a tough egg to beat when keyed up.

Jock McAvoy, the English middle and light-heavyweight champion, is a terrific worker in the dressing room before a fight. He has six rounds tucked under his belt before he hears the starting bell. He told me that he couldn't fight at his best starting cold from scratch.

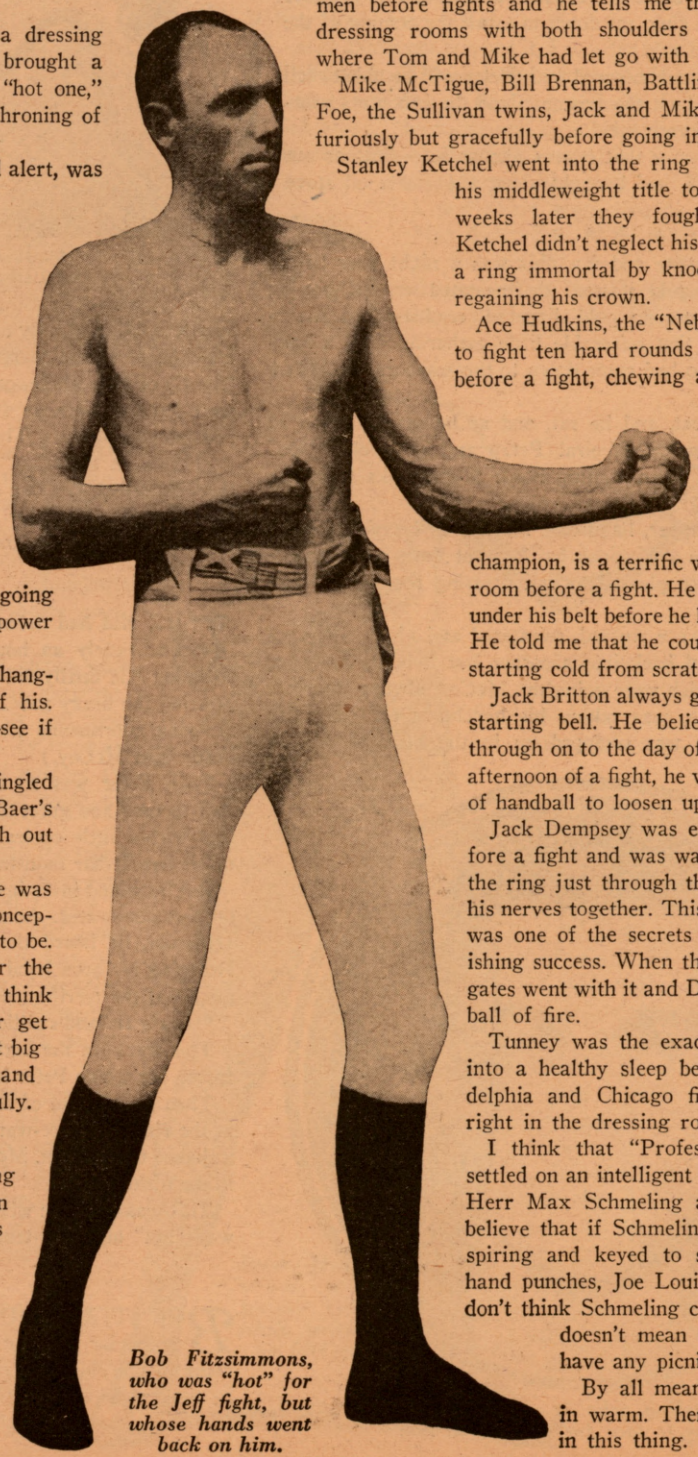
Jack Britton always got "het up" before the starting bell. He believed in boxing right through on to the day of a fight. Often, in the afternoon of a fight, he would play two games of handball to loosen up.

Jack Dempsey was extremely nervous before a fight and was warm before he entered the ring just through the process of keeping his nerves together. This pent-up nervousness was one of the secrets of Dempsey's astonishing success. When the bell rang, the flood gates went with it and Dempsey was a rolling ball of fire.

Tunney was the exact opposite. He went into a healthy sleep before both the Philadelphia and Chicago fights with Dempsey, right in the dressing room.

I think that "Professor" McCarney has settled on an intelligent note in the advent of Herr Max Schmeling against Joe Louis. I believe that if Schmeling comes at him perspiring and keyed to start shooting right-hand punches, Joe Louis is in for trouble. I don't think Schmeling can beat him, but this doesn't mean that Joe is going to have any picnic.

By all means bring the German in warm. There may be something in this thing.



Bob Fitzsimmons, who was "hot" for the Jeff fight, but whose hands went back on him.

The RING's Album of Famous Fighters

No. 17

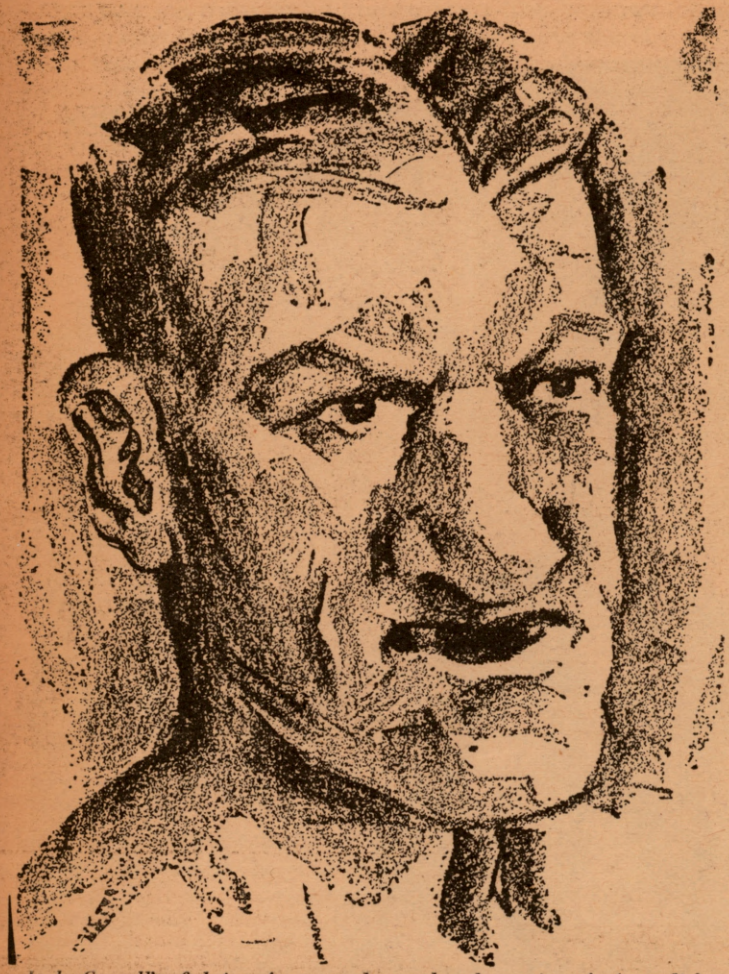
Freddy Steele, although born in Seattle, is accepted by Tacoma fans as their own. He is one of the greatest middleweights to come out of the Northwest. Stepped into the spotlight when he crashed the jaw of Vince Dundee and knocked him out in three rounds. Most of his knockouts have been scored in the early rounds. Steele and Bing Crosby are lifelong pals and every time Steele steps into California, Crosby takes possession of him. Suffered a broken jaw in a battle with Leonard Bennett, but continued the fight and won the decision. The attendance for the Dundee match broke Tacoma records. Receipts registered $17,000. Steele added to his prestige recently by scoring over Babe Risko, United States middleweight king, in Tacoma bout. Managed by Dave Miller.

A Master Butcher

Also a Master Boxer—That's Jack Carroll, Australia's Boxing Man of the Hour

By

JAMES J. MANNION



Jack Carroll's fighting face, as drawn by the artist of Australia's greatest sporting paper, "The Sydney Referee."

WHEN a red-haired youth by the name of Jack Hardwick swung an uneducated glove in his first fight, nobody took particular notice. Nobody, that is, if we except one William O'Brien, who had somehow acquired the notion that the youngster was an embryo champion.

But that was years ago. Only one man, Bill O'Brien, bothered to look twice at the boy with the red hair to see if there was anything else to be seen. Yet today, the pugilistic faithful have one man in their line of vision, one name on their lips—Jack Carroll. And this Jack Carroll is the same gentleman who was christened Jack Hardwick.

Merv Blandon's early promise remains unfulfilled, though he's as durable as they come. Blay and Delaney are long since forgotten. Ron Richards and the dashing Henneberry are still in the top flight, and Palmer is still going good.

Yet the unsung redhead of a decade ago, Carroll, has surpassed them all, and is the brightest star in the Australian boxing firmament today.

The career of Jack Carroll is a maze of contradictions. Like Chico, that remarkable fellow of "Seventh Heaven," he has climbed from the bottom to the stars. But it has been a process of fluctuation. For while Carroll has often ridden at the head of the field, he has just as often been wellnigh lost in the ruck. There have been times when it seemed that Jack had deserted the ring for his trade. For he appeared more interested in the Abattoirs than in the Stadium.

* * *

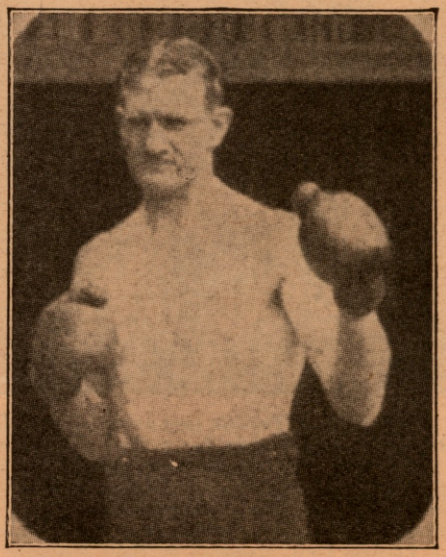
HIS ability and grit have never been questioned. At twenty-one he won the Australian welter title. At that period he had forty good scalps in his belt. And since then, he has become, pugilistically speaking, a superman. At least, we in Australia think so. His only serious setback was his K.O. at the hands of Meyer Grace about five years ago. Yet in spite of his amazing victories, and his indisputable mastery of the art of boxing, Jack was denied the popular and monetary rewards that came the way of many lesser stars.

And the fault, apparently, was entirely his own. For Carroll seemed to be utterly lacking in that source of all progress—ambition. While press and public hailed him as the most brilliant boxer in the land, Carroll earned comparatively nothing for years. At times, he had only two or three fights in a twelvemonth.

These spasmodic appearances in the ring were all against advancement. And the long intervals of inactivity ruined his chances of becoming a popular drawing card. The public likes to see its heroes often enough to keep the blood stirring. But Carroll completely neglected this very necessary phase of a boxer's career. The world forgetting, he was, usually, by the world forgotten, if I may plagiarize.

* * *

VISITING overseas critics joined with the locals in lauding Carroll. He was, and still is, their invariable choice as the fastest welter in the world. Yet here he was, lazing away his best years—and, for an athlete, growing fatally old. Though ripe for world conquest, Jack promised to wither on the tree until Time, and a younger gladiator, brought him to earth.



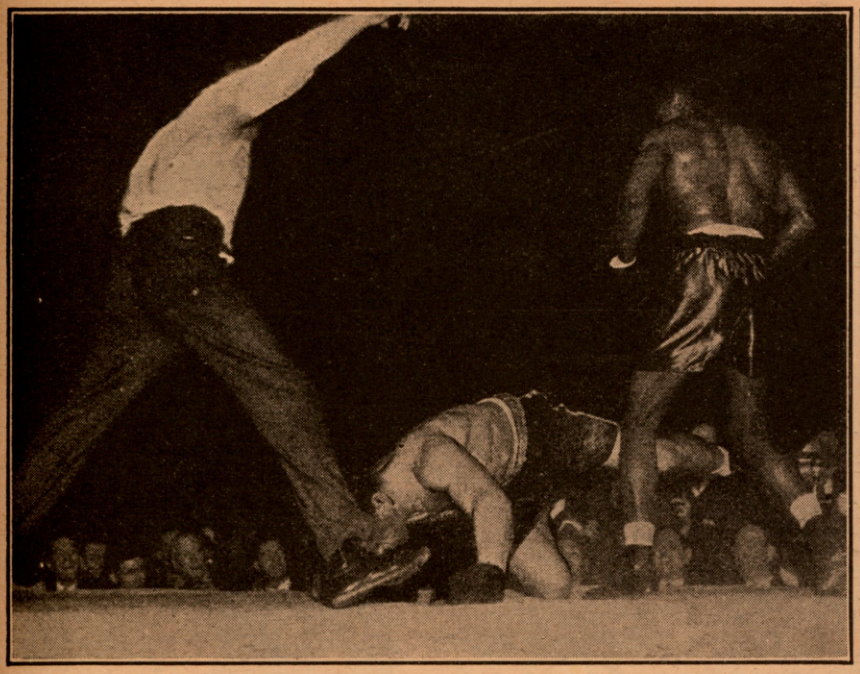
Jack Carroll, Australian welterweight king.

But the last eighteen months or so has changed the whole face of things. From its former intermittent sparkle, the Carroll star has developed a constant and dazzling radiance. Fighting with a regularity that was completely novel to him, Jack has swept through every obstacle set up by the promoters. And with his new lease on life, he appears to have developed additional punching power, with, if anything, greater skill.

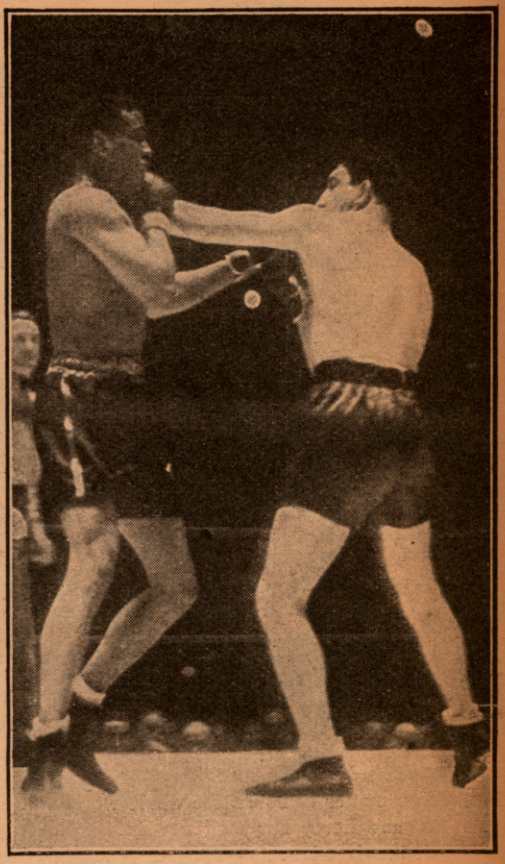
As a result, he is well on top of the Aussie boxing world, and is today the greatest "draw" in the country. He has utterly outclassed all and sundry of his latterday opponents, local and overseas alike.

In the past eighteen months, Jack Carroll has scored ridiculously easy victories over such notable local and international performers as Tod Morgan, Ron Richards, Billy Martin, *(Continued on page 47)*

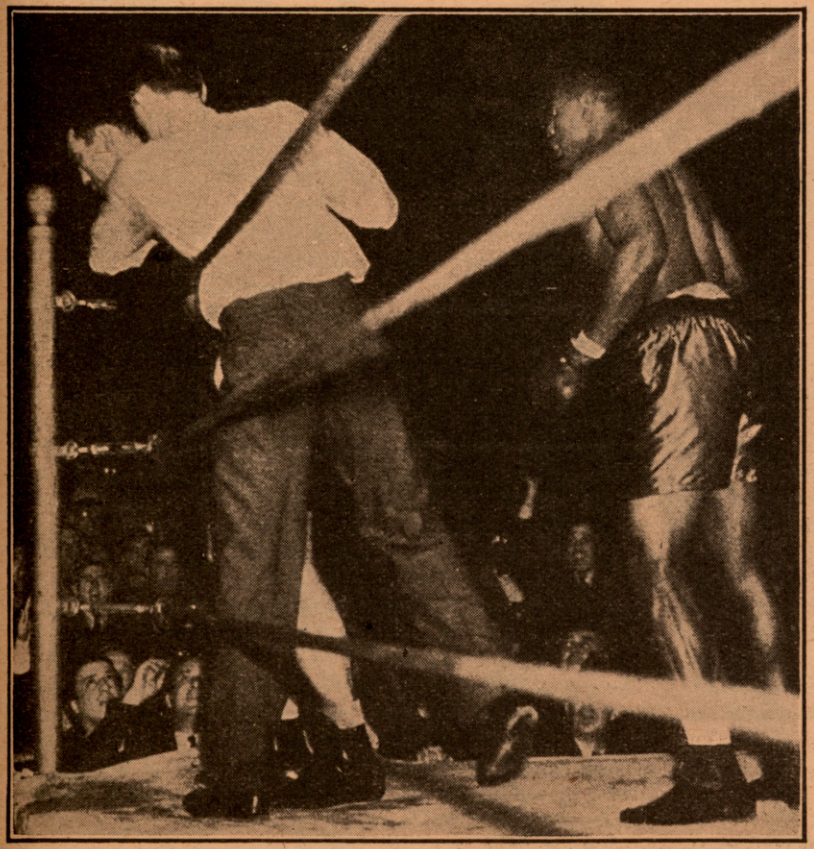
Ringside Camera Shots



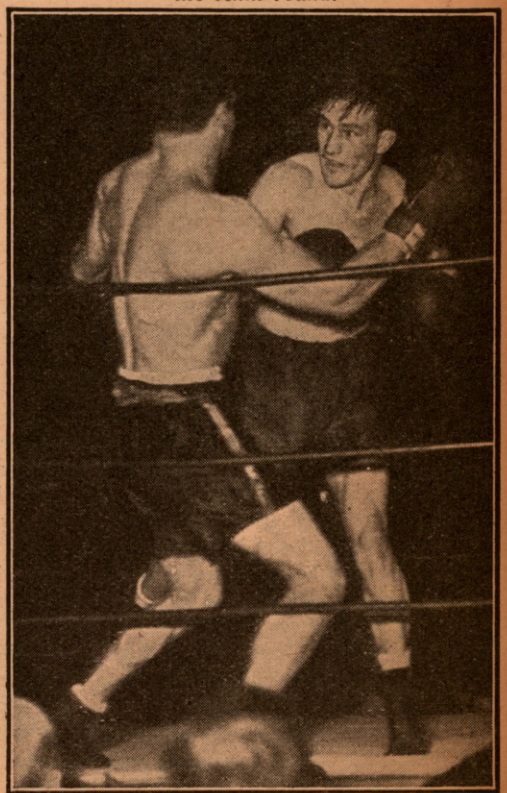
The fall of the Italian Mountain. Referee Matt Adgie counting over Primo Carnera in the second round of his bout with Leroy Haynes, which was stopped a few seconds later, with Haynes the victor.



John Henry Lewis, world light-heavyweight champion, proves too much for England's star, Jock McAvoy, in their Garden bout. A scene in the tenth round.



The end of Carnera. Here we see him quitting in his bout with Haynes. This automatically puts Carnera out of the running for heavyweight honors.

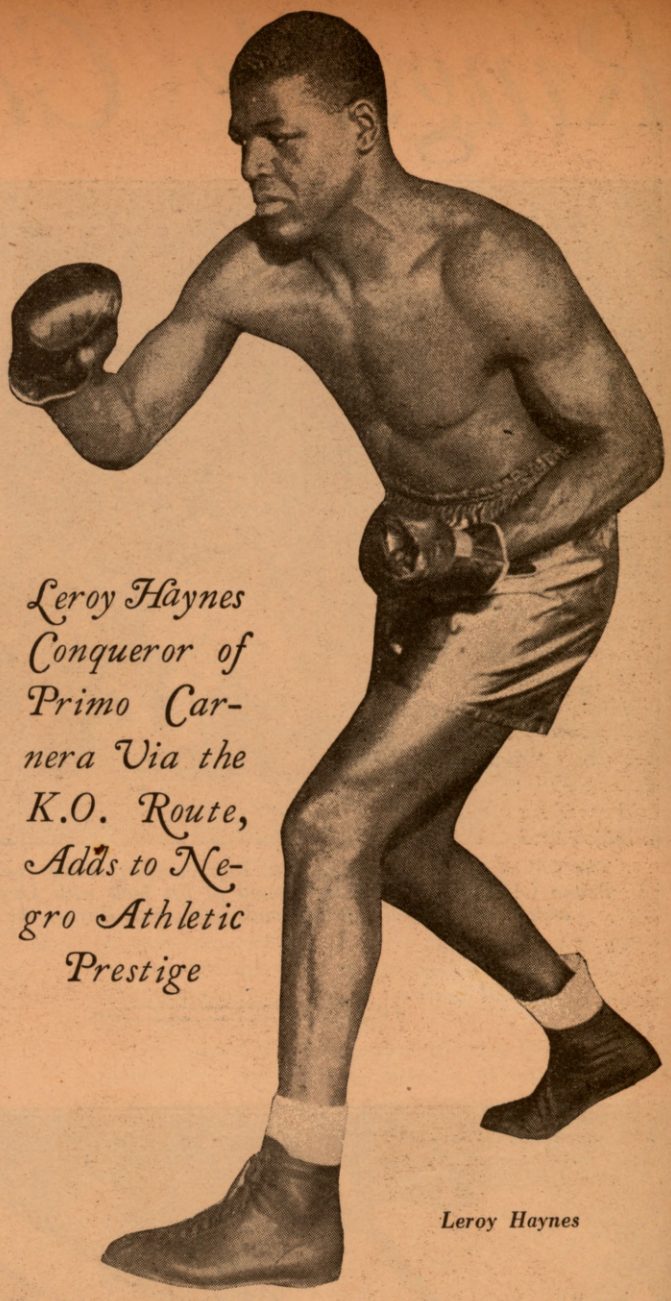


The aggressive and hard-hitting Fred Steele of Tacoma, Wash., forcing the attack in his bout with Babe Risko, American middleweight king. Steele won.

Another Black Bomber

By JOHN WEBSTER

Leroy Haynes Conqueror of Primo Carnera Via the K.O. Route, Adds to Negro Athletic Prestige



Leroy Haynes

EVEN in an age of speed, Leroy Haynes must be considered a fast young man with a glove, because he required only six minutes and fifty-three seconds to thunder from obscurity into shrill headlines.

Unlike the prophet, he was famed only in his own backyard when he climbed into the resined ring at the Philadelphia Arena on Monday night, March 16, 1936. But the roar of welcome that greeted him was ample proof that his popularity was tremendous. It was a pretty sure indication that he will win the fight crowds in any man's league.

Then the bell. Ten minutes later, the battleshed was in a mad uproar. Staid gentlemen were shrieking themselves hoarse. Charming ladies were screaming like crazy women. And strangers were asking:

"Who's Leroy Haynes?"

In a matter of hours, the whole world was echoing:

"Who's Leroy Haynes?"

In the six minutes and fifty-three seconds, Leroy Haynes, black and beautifully built, a dark Man o' War, had brought down and stopped Primo Carnera, giant from Italy, former champion of heavyweights. Hurling his mittens over the titan's guard in a red torrent, he had made Joe Louis appear a slow motion plodder and Max Baer a worse sluggard.

Leroy Haynes was the third man to blast the mountain into a molehill. Louis feinted and flailed for seventeen minutes and thirty-two seconds; Baer bopped away for eleven heats. But Leroy Haynes scored in less than three sessions.

* * *

AND who is this Leroy Haynes?

Well, in the beginning, Leroy Nelson Haynes was born of Julius and Elizabeth Haynes on Scott Street in South Bend, Indiana, on November 18, 1911. A tall, well-set-up lad, he went through the grades of the Oliver Junior High School and into the first year of high school without giving any indication that his hard fists were to be the tools of his trade.

In his tender years, while his mother would tell him tales of the many fist fights in which his Uncle Leroy had engaged, he showed no desire for further knowledge of the manly art. Though he was popular with the girls in school, he was considered a pushover by his masculine schoolmates, who frequently sent him home, bruised, battered and in tears.

Then his father took him in hand and promised him a second whipping the next time he failed to fight any street urchin—and win! That brought Leroy's first victory, for it is said that he tackled a gang of four and put them all to flight. His father died when the boy was fifteen years of age, and Leroy was forced to leave school.

Then for several years, the Negro lad worked at odd jobs about South Bend. Sometimes when he could find no work, he wandered out to the campus at Notre Dame to watch football practice. He still talks about that—and the late Knute Rockne. "Rock" took a liking to the strapping black boy and often had him don moleskins to engage in practice drill.

THERE seemed to be little in prospect for Leroy at home, however. Soon he had an opportunity to visit a married sister, Mrs. Charles Williams, in California. Seizing his chance, he headed West and went to his sister's home in Los Angeles.

When only nineteen, Leroy acted as houseman in an apartment house—and liked his new duties. His brother-in-law insisted, however, that the boy accompany him each day to the gymnasium he operated. Charles Williams, also a trainer of fighters and fight promoter, saw fistic possibilities in his young kinsman—but Leroy couldn't see it. Nothing doing, thought the Hoosier lad, it's too rough. Williams' cajoling and coaxing was all in vain.

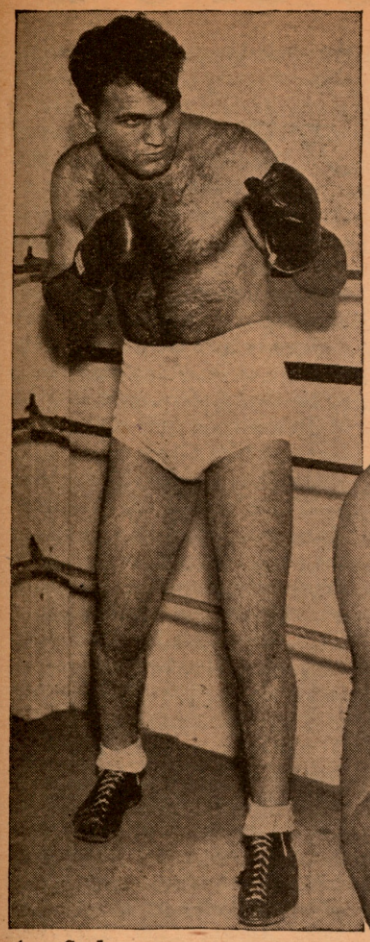
But there came a day when Leroy Haynes harked to the man's plea. The apartment house had gone into the hands of a receiver and the ex-houseman was penniless. So the trim young Negro decided he would fight some amateur bouts and turn a few honest pennies. He had already learned that one could be an amateur and still do all right!

Stricken with an attack of buck ague, when he first stepped into the roped battleground in the gaze of a thousand fight fans, he became even more frightened when he took a look at his opponent, a white husky named Sailor Costello. In a daze at the bell, he rushed in and wildly threw punches. He still had the heebie-jeebies when he kayoed Costello in the second.

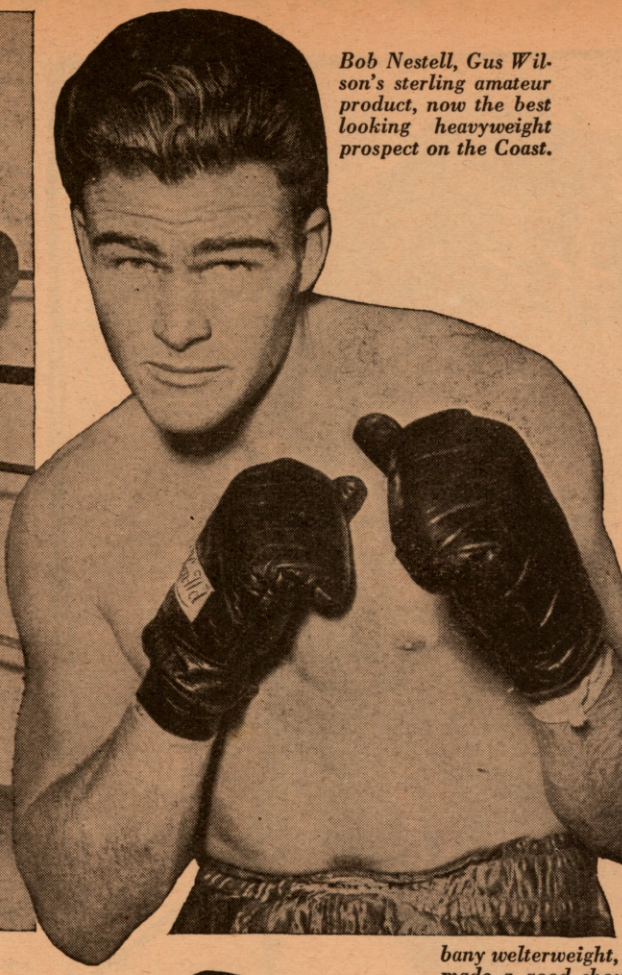
After two more "amateur" bouts, the up-and-comer turned pro. For a purse of twenty dollars, he fought Jack Gilmore a four-round draw. From that point,

(Continued on page 44)

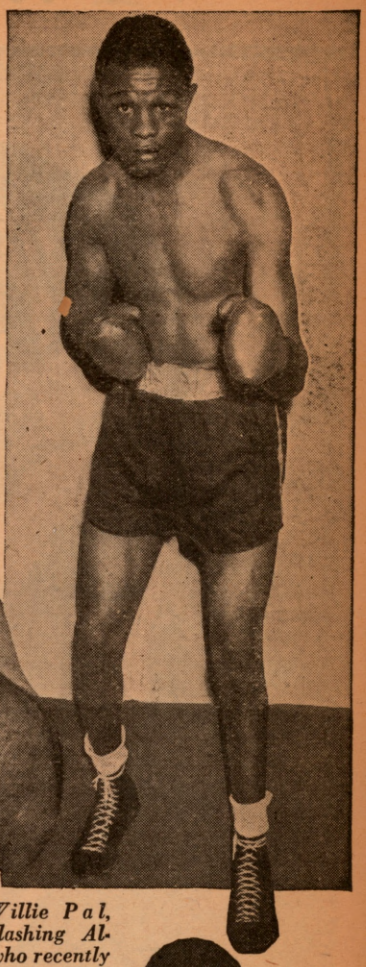
Fighting Way to the Front



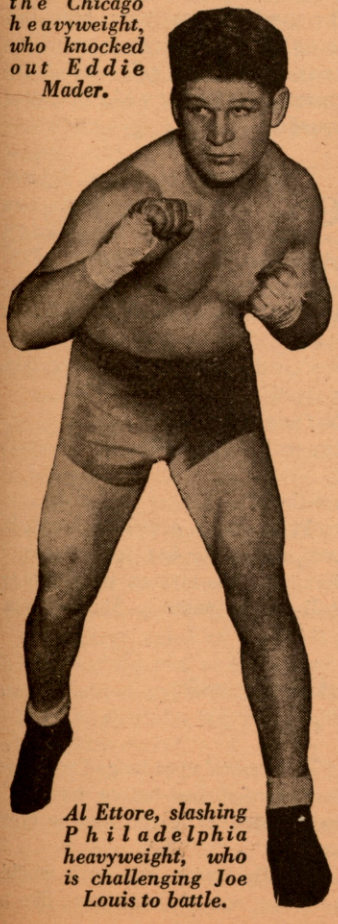
Art Sykes, the Chicago heavyweight, who knocked out Eddie Mader.



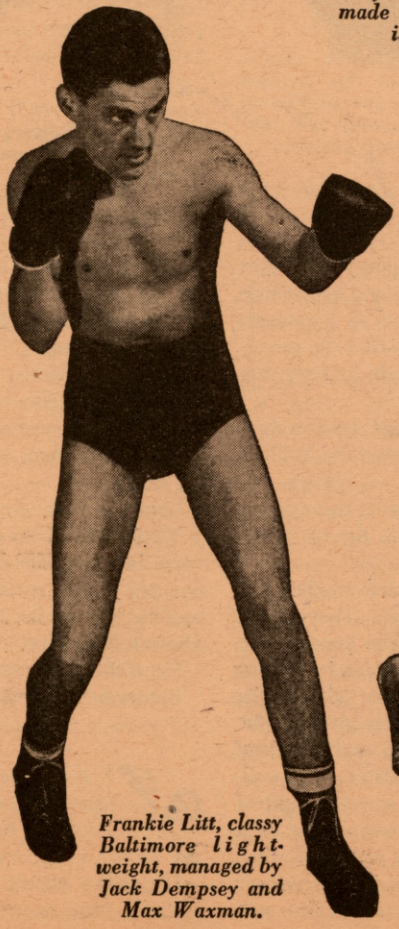
Bob Nestell, Gus Wilson's sterling amateur product, now the best looking heavyweight prospect on the Coast.



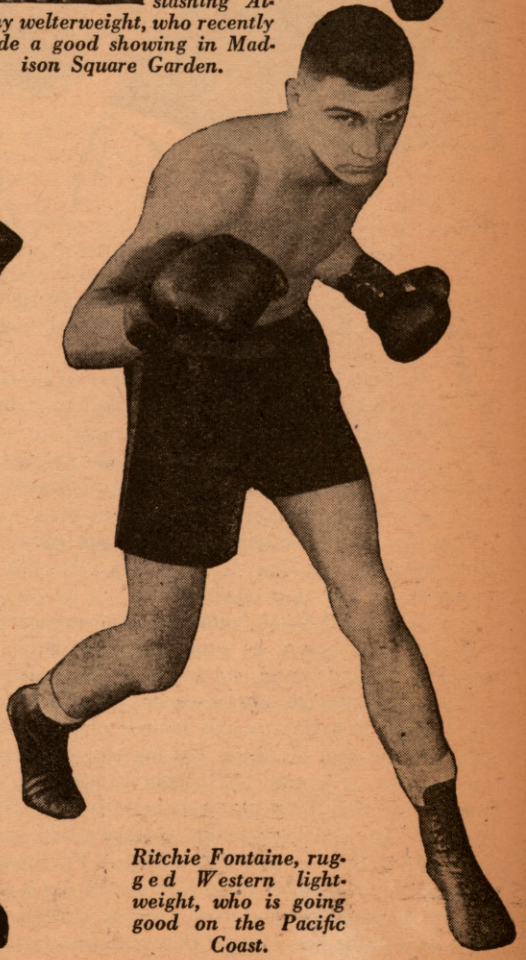
Willie Pal, slashing Albany welterweight, who recently made a good showing in Madison Square Garden.



Al Ettore, slashing Philadelphia heavyweight, who is challenging Joe Louis to battle.

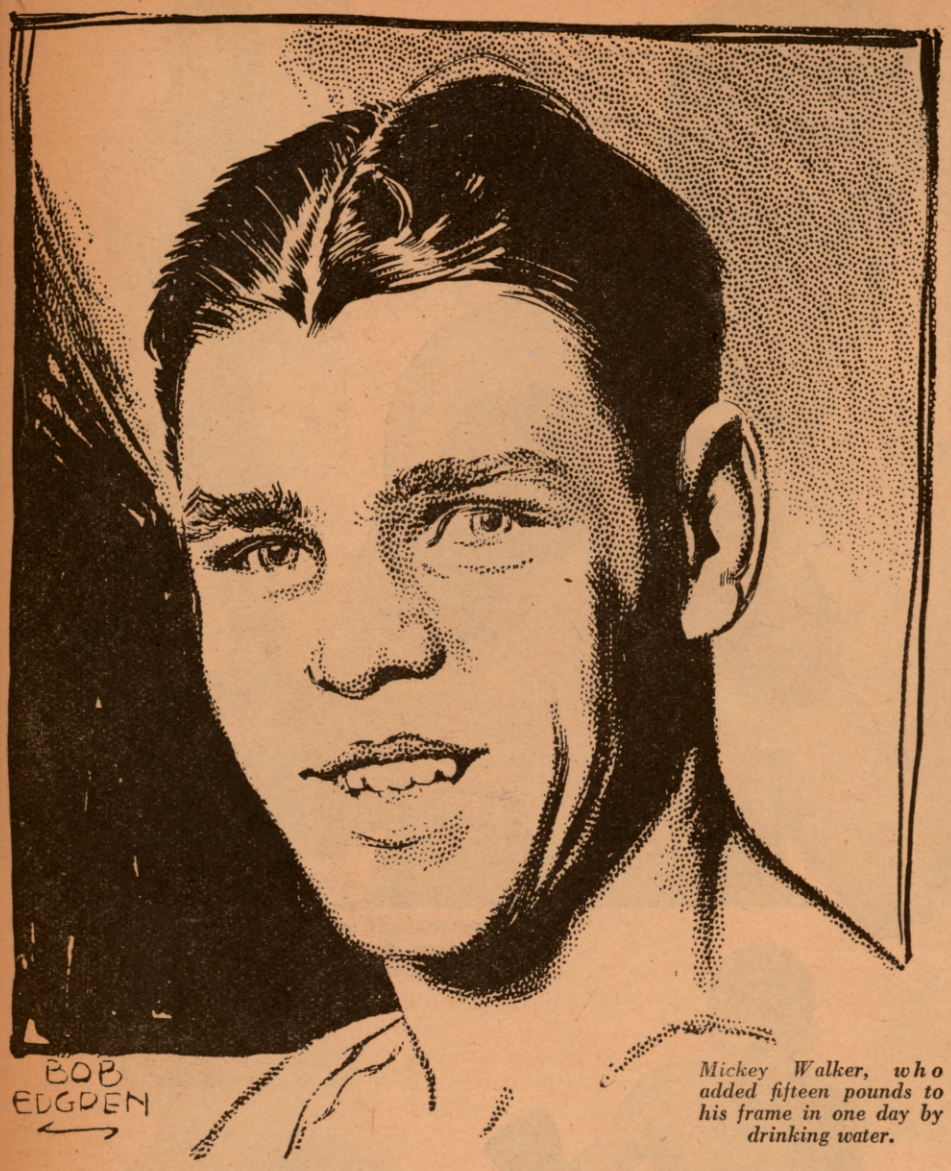


Frankie Litt, classy Baltimore lightweight, managed by Jack Dempsey and Max Waxman.



Ritchie Fontaine, rugged Western lightweight, who is going good on the Pacific Coast.

The YOUNGEST



Mickey Walker, who added fifteen pounds to his frame in one day by drinking water.

JOE LOUIS has a chance to be the youngest fighter ever to win the heavyweight title. This year he will be twenty-two—his birthday strange as it may seem to the superstitious, falling on the thirteenth of May—and the youngest heavyweight champion in modern fight history was Jack Dempsey, who won the title at twenty-four.

It's interesting to note that two of the greatest heavyweight champions were the youngest. Jack Dempsey knocked out Willard when he was twenty-four years and ten days old. When Jim Jeffries knocked out Fitzsimmons, Jim's age was just twenty-four years and fifty-five days. If Joe Louis joins the list of young champions, he'll be in good company.

In the days of Jeffries, build-up bouts were unknown. Jeff had only ten fights before he won the championship. That was a record in itself. It is an odd fact that the man he knocked out to win the heavyweight crown was the oldest champion in modern ring history. Bob Fitzsimmons himself didn't know how old he was when he won his titles. His birthday, as it is given in the record books, is wrong. He thought it was right until a friend brought over the official birth certificate from Helston, Cornwall, where the freckled heavyweight champion first saw the light of day. This certificate showed that Robert Fitzsimmons was born on May 26, 1863, which made him twenty-seven years old when he won the middleweight crown, within a month of thirty-four when he won the heavyweight title, and over forty when he won the light-heavyweight championship.

* * *

FITZSIMMONS was one of those few men who are able to combine the wisdom of age and experience with the strength of youth. That's why he will always be rated as one of the greatest fighters who ever lived; in my opinion, the greatest.

Down in St. Petersburg, Florida, a couple of years ago, they staged an old-timers' tournament, in which M. H. Emory, seventy-eight, battled four rounds to a draw with Charley Young, seventy-nine. The referee, C. W. Eldredge of Worcester, Mass., who owned up to a modest one hundred and three years, stopped the contest in the fourth when both boxers got tired out.

Of course, this bout was something of a joke, but Johnny Oebbecke, who had fought three hundred professional fights, decided to do something special to commemorate his fiftieth birthday. What he did was no joke, as anyone who has ever pulled on a pair of boxing gloves can tell you.

He boxed fifty rounds on his fiftieth birthday at the Pennsylvania Athletic Club. They were standard three-minute rounds, and the performance took him just three hours and twenty minutes; no rests and no lay-offs except the customary intervals between rounds.

* * *

IN the old days, fighters trained very hard. Can you imagine what kind of a fighter Max Baer would have been if he had worked as hard for his championship bouts as Jeffries did? When Big Jim was in training to fight Fitzsimmons for the championship, this was his daily program:

Up at six o'clock. Ten minutes on the pulley weights and take three or four short sprints for speed.

Breakfast at seven o'clock. Rest until nine.

Nine until noon, run from ten to fourteen miles on the road, get a rubdown.

Lunch at noon. Rest until two-thirty.

Two-thirty, go to gymnasium. Play several games of handball. Skip the rope 1500 to 2500 times, punch the bag ten or twenty minutes at top speed. Box from eight to sixteen three-minute rounds. Throw the medicine ball fifteen minutes. Shadow box. Shower, Rubdown.

Six o'clock, dinner. Rest.

Before bed at nine o'clock, take a long walk.

* * *

IS it any wonder that Fitzsimmons' eyes bulged when he saw Jeffries in the dressing room just before the fight? Probably there has never been a fighter who worked any harder to get into good shape.

If Jeffries hadn't been so terrifically strong, the work would probably have worn him all out. As it was, he was more like a

CHAMPIONS

By BOB EDGREN

bear than a human being when he climbed into the ring the night of the fight, and his strength and endurance were prodigious.

When Maxie the playboy won his title from Carnera, he clowned all the way through his training, was not in good shape, and had to stall for seven rounds to recover his punch after throwing away all the little reserve strength he had in the first three cantos. And what happened to him later against Braddock and Louis is too fresh in the minds of the ringsiders to bear repeating.

* * *

YOU often hear how fighters are greatly weakened by taking off a lot of weight just before an important fight. Sometimes a man can do it and still retain his strength. Jimmy Britt was once signed for a fight with Bat Nelson. The terms of the contract called for him to weigh in at 133 pounds ringside. Just before he started training, he stepped on the scales and the pointer whizzed around to 154 pounds.

Jimmy trained off those twenty-one surplus pounds on short notice, entered the ring fine and fit, and won a decision over the rugged Battler in twenty rounds!

Football players have set some remarkable weight-losing records for one game. I remember that big Bill Edwards, Princeton's famous guard and captain, lost thirty pounds in one game, when Poe of Princeton beat Yale with a last-thirty-second field goal. That is SOME weight-losing mark, and it was nearly duplicated by "Horse" Reynolds, Stanford all-America tackle, when he lost twenty-three pounds in one game against Santa Clara in 1934.

* * *

MICKEY WALKER set something of a record for putting on weight when he added fifteen pounds to his frame in one day, drinking water after a welterweight bout for which he had done a lot of reducing.

Mickey always gave the big-man enthusiasts something to worry about. When he weighed 165, he knocked out Jim Maloney in two rounds, and Carnera, who weighed 278, couldn't even hand Maloney a knockdown in twenty rounds!

Jack Sharkey won a fifteen-rounder from Carnera in the same year that he got a draw with little Mickey in a fight of the same length.

* * *

IT'S not the beef that swings the punch. Lots of light men were terrific hitters. I only have to mention Bob Fitzsimmons, Stanley Ketchel, and the youthful Sam Langford, who as a welterweight stood Jack Johnson on his head, for the reader to see that the punching power of a well-built middleweight can be as great as that of a champion heavyweight.

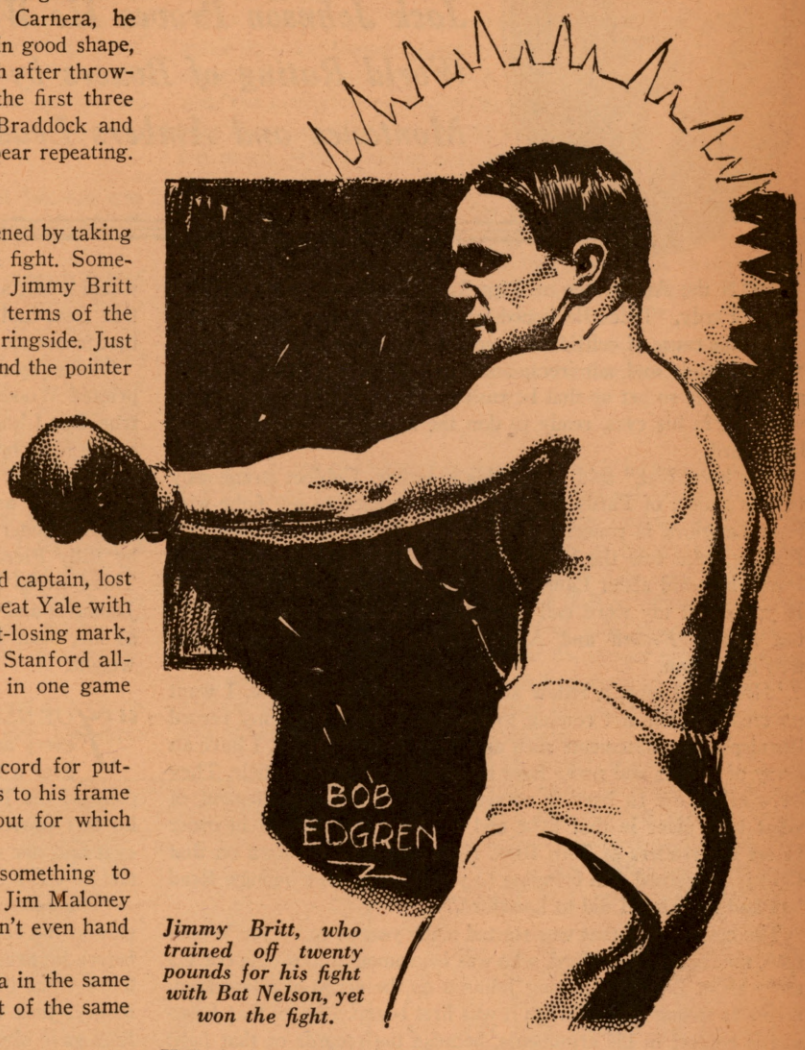
However, there have been plenty of big men who packed a potent wallop. Soldier Kearns of New York, a two hundred pounder, once fought One Round Davis of Buffalo. The Soldier landed such a clout on Davis' chin that poor Davis whirled through the air, landed on his neck, and did a sort of a somersault five or six feet further on. His feet flew up in the air in a graceful, relaxed arc, swung high over his head, and as he finally flattened out on the canvas, the ringsiders were alarmed to see that his head was doubled under him as if his neck were broken.

The referee tolled off the final ten, and rolled him over. His seconds carried him to his corner. In a few minutes he dizzily shook his head and demanded to know what round it was.

He was all right, but you couldn't have gotten a man in the crowd to bet on it!

* * *

FOR queer punching, it's hard to beat a bout between an old-time club fighter named Ray Hamilton and battling Freddy Kelly. They fought a rousing six-rounder at the old Ryan A. C. in Philadelphia, and started off the fireworks in the first round, both landing at the same time. Hamilton and Kelly both went down, and the referee was too rattled to count. Eventually they both struggled to their feet and slugged through the full six rounds without another knockdown.



Jimmy Britt, who trained off twenty pounds for his fight with Bat Nelson, yet won the fight.

Probably after the first punch landed, they were more cautious about getting hit. The referee had no chance to do any counting from then on.

* * *

ONE referee who didn't count correctly was the cause of Johnny Miler winning a decision by mail. Johnny, a Michigan scrapper, fought Joe Lipps down in North Carolina, and was awarded a draw. A few days later, when he had moved on, he got a letter from the boxing commission. They had recounted the point score of the fight and found that he had actually won it!

The referee is always a target for criticism, and his decisions are always disputed by a few of the fans. After the Baer-Carnera battle, Referee Arthur Donovan was on his way home, and a disgruntled fan who had lost a dollar or two on the big Italian was raking Donovan's work over the coals. He didn't know that the quiet fellow sitting only three or four feet away from him had refereed the fight.

"Why," growled the fan, angrily, "he didn't have any business stoppin' dat fight. I c'ud see from where I sat in de fifteent' row dat dere wasn't nuttin' de matter wit' Carnera."

"Say!" said Donovan, looking up, "I wasn't so far from the fighters myself!"

People who saw only the moving pictures of that fight got a very false impression of it. The cameras were quite a distance back from the ring, and used telescopic *(Continued on page 45)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Jack Johnson Proves He Was Sam Langford's Master
World Rating of Boxers by N. B. A. Again are Screwy
Montanez and Ambers Leading Lightweight Contenders

IN the April issue of THE RING, an article by George T. Pardy, "Titles Beckoned but They Couldn't Take It," was the cause of considerable commotion among Jack Johnson's friends and admirers, and even got the fellow with the golden smile so het up that he rushed into the office of THE RING with fire in his eyes, ready to don the mitts again in defense of his record.

"See here, Nat," said Jack, "this is unfair. I object strenuously to this article of Pardy so far as the reference to my fight with Sam Langford is concerned. You know better and so does Pop Phillips, who saw the bout in Chelsea. He'll tell you that what Pardy has said about Langford almost licking me is all the bunk. If you doubt my word call up Steve Mahoney, Sports Editor of the *Boston Record* and Alec McLean, the Boston promoter, they'll tell you.

"How long must a fellow stand that kind of nonsense. I want no credit that is not coming to me, but I don't want my record besmirched by statements such as appear in that article. I have an army of friends and many have taken issue with this article. They have asked me to have it corrected with the true statement of what took place in that fight and for your benefit, and in order to set the readers of THE RING right so far as the data on that fight is concerned, I'm bringing to you these seven clippings. Read 'em and see what I did to Langford."

The controversy that was started many years ago by Joe Woodman, manager of Langford, who was instrumental in giving out the story about Langford having Johnson on the verge of a knockout, seems as strong now as when it was first begun. I know that Johnson is correct in his arguments, because the records of that fight show clearly an overwhelming superiority of Johnson over Langford as far as that battle was waged. I have clippings in my possession, and my father-in-law, A. D. Phillips, the octogenarian sports writer, who saw that bout and many others in which Johnson was a principal, bears out Jack's claim. So far as Mr. Phillips is concerned, he says there never was a fighter in all his eighty-four years, who was the equal of Jack Johnson, and of all the pugilists past and present, he rates Johnson No. 1 man.

* * *

TO set the records straight, Johnson brought to my office an article written by "Tad," famed cartoonist and sports writer of the New York *Evening Journal,* commenting on stories that had been broadcast about Jack's near defeat. Here is what "Tad" wrote:

"Jack Johnson was given the decision over Sam Langford in a fifteen-round bout at Chelsea, Mass., on April 26, 1906. In that fight Johnson dropped his opponent and won the affair easily all the way.

"A few years later, when Johnson knocked out Tommy Burns, and won the world title, Joe Woodman, manager of Langford, eager to boom his man and start a ballyhoo towards forcing Johnson into another meeting with Langford, sent reams of copy to the newspapermen to the effect that in the Chelsea bout, Sambo had been robbed of the decision. He even added that Sam had dropped Jack for a count of nine, all of which was purely the bunk for no such thing had happened. Woodman was trying to force Jack into a return engagement because of the money such a bout would bring, and tried to discredit Johnson. To this day he insists that Sam and Jack were each floored for a count of nine, but that is not so.

"Some sports writers, without even looking into the facts, printed Woodman's story and later on kept insisting that it was true. But I know that it was not so. All they have to do is to look at the fight by rounds as published in the papers to get the facts, but they don't do that.

"Johnson and Langford fought at the old Pythian Rink in Chelsea under the auspices of the Lincoln A.C. which was run by Billy Pierce, who later became the manager of Joe Walcott. Three weeks before that fight, Langford had beaten the big Joe Jeannette and Sam at the time was not a welterweight any longer as has been repeatedly printed—He was a full-fledged middleweight.

* * *

"JOHNSON, much bigger and heavier than Langford, had every advantage. He gave Sambo as artistic a trimming as ever a man got in a ring mill and in the eighth round, he dropped the Tar Baby for a count of nine. Sam had just gotten to his feet when a right to the face caught him straight between the eyes and one of Sam's eyes began to close. His face was bruised and he was a sad sight when that round was over.

"The referee, urged by Billy Pierce, the manager of the club, slowed the count so that in reality Sam received a sixteen count before he arose, all in. Thereafter, Johnson was smart enough to know what the management expected, and both being in need of money, Jack took things easy for the rest of the fight, although Sam gave him some opposition. Langford, with his nose smashed, his eye closed, his face cut up, lip busted, finished the fight gamely, but proved no match for the man with the golden smile.

"One week later they met again at a benefit at the Grand Dame Theatre, 'ten, twenty and thirty' joint, for the benefit of the San Francisco Fire sufferers, and Sam's face was still a sorry sight from that beating of a week previously. That is the true story of the fight between Langford and Johnson, and Joe Woodman knows it to be a proper account."

* * *

IN looking through my files for additional data, to clear the atmosphere of prejudicial charges made against THE RING by Johnson's friends because of the Langford story, I drew out from my library, a volume of "The Mirror of Life," of May 22, 1909, in which Sam Langford's autobiography appears, and here is what we find to further substantiate Johnson's claim:

"In April 1906 I beat Joe Jeannette in 15 rounds and in the same ring about three weeks later, I met Jack Johnson, and he handed me the only real beating I ever took. I'll take off my hat to Johnson for that victory, although I weighed only 151 pounds to his 187. I was still sore from that licking when I lost a decision to Young Peter Jackson, but nobody agreed with the referee. I was only a light middleweight then but ever since I have been fighting mostly the big fellows."

So here again we have a confirmation of Johnson's one sided victory, and this time, coming direct from Langford, himself.

Then, to further clinch the argument in Johnson's favor, I quote the story of A. D. Phillips, who has seen every fight of impor-

tance in America over a stretch of three score or more years.

"Johnson proved beyond doubt master of the situation. He so far outclassed Langford, that for a time, until he purposely let up in the onslaught to give the fans a run, it appeared too one sided. Langford was dropped twice for counts of nine and on the first knockdown, had Referee Martin Flaherty not slowed up the count, Sam would have been counted out. As for the second down, some, among them the writer, thought that Sam had slipped. He was a sorry sight at the end of the fight, and had to be removed to a hospital so badly was he battered."

* * *

THUS we have three statements that prove that Johnson was Langford's master by a big margin, but the best proof I have, is that in the *Police Gazette*.

So persistent has Jack Johnson been to have the records delved into so that the fight public once and for all time would know the true state of affairs in that fight, that rather than take reports of the bout as they have appeared from time to time based on hearsay evidence or satements of biased persons, I unlocked the vault where I keep the precious *Police Gazette* files and removing the 1906 volume, I turned to page seven of the May 12th issue, the number that carried the account of the Langford-Johnson battle and here is the report:

"With a gameness and capacity for punishment that seemed beyond the powers of a human being, Sam Langford, the colored fighter, weighing 156 pounds, battled fifteen rounds at the Lincoln A.C. of Chelsea, Mass. on April 26, with Jack Johnson who outweighed Sam by almost thirty pounds. Johnson scaled 185 pounds. Johnson gave Langford a terrible beating and was awarded the decision.

"In the eighth round, Johnson wrestled Langford out of a clinch and then drove a terrible left hook to Sam's jaw and Sam went to the mat for a count of nine. He was all in and it looked as if the bout would have to be stopped. Johnson then tried hard to finish him and when he made a vicious swing at Sam, the latter, while trying to get out of the way, fell to the floor from exhaustion. It was no knockdown.

"Langford was up in a moment and fought Jack back so hard that the heavyweight was tired when the gong sounded. From then on, Langford showed wonderful blocking and stalling, combined with remarkable gameness.

"Johnson claimed after the fight that he had broken his left hand in the second round and an examination by a doctor immediately following the bout, proved the correctness of his statement."

So, kind readers, henceforth let's forget the story about "Langford having Johnson on the verge of a knockout, and the raw decision that gave Jack, instead of Sam, the victory," for the facts are just the reverse and Woodman's ballyhoo yarn should be discarded in favor of the true account. Thus will ring history best be served.

* * *

WE do not like to criticize an organization that is trying to do some good for boxing, but we cannot ignore the National Boxing Association's latest faux pas—its semi-annual ratings. Why an organization persists in causing ridicule to be heaped upon it by ranking boxers about whom those who make the ratings apparently know very little, is a mystery. Last year the N.B.A. listed Black Bill, who had died two years previously, as the head of the bantam contenders and Ernie Schaaf, who likewise had passed into the Great Beyond many months before, as No. 3 among the heavyweights of the world, and although the latest selections have no dead ones issued, they are subject to almost as severe criticism.

For example, the N.B.A. totally ignores Maxie Rosenbloom either as a light-heavyweight or a heavyweight, yet he is by far superior to any one in the N.B.A. rating in the heavyweight ranks with the exception of Braddock, Louis and Schmeling. At least he is deserving of a place among the first half dozen. For no reason at all, Abie Feldman is rated the world's fourth best heavyweight, yet I'll venture that there are at least a dozen heavyweights who are not rated, who could tame him. Only recently he was defeated by the veteran Jack Roper, who according to my figures, doesn't belong among the first thirty best heavyweights. Feldman is a good consistent fighter but I'm sure he is not the fourth best heavyweight in the world.

Buddy Baer, who is only a novice and has many masters and Ray Impellitiere are honored among the first ten, yet no recognition is given to Rosenbloom.

* * *

IN the light-heavyweight ranks such formidable talent as Leo Kelly and Red Bruce are omitted—two good light-heavies and in the middleweight ranks, Marcel Thil, world champion, the outstanding member of his division, doesn't even get honorable mention. How can the N.B.A. command respect when such a faux pas is pulled! If the N.B.A. officials in charge of the rating want to make themselves look ridiculous, that is their business, but it seems to me that the proper procedure when a person doesn't know the ropes, is to hire someone to do the work for him who does, or at least to place himself under the watchful eyes of one who does know the business.

Instead of giving Marcel Thil his just due, we find rated Jack Gibbons, a full-fledged light heavyweight and Joe Rossi, just an ordinary welterweight from New York. Such a fine fighter as Eric Seelig of Germany gets no mention. What a farce!

If the N. B. A. officials are out to get themselves into the fistic spot light, I'll show them many better ways to break into print than through the issuance of ridiculous ratings.

* * *

LET us now examine the welterweight class. There we find the names of Gustave Eder, a German champion and Chuck Woods, Eder may be good abroad but he yet has to receive the acid test before we know his ability and Woods is just an ordinary fighter. But Cerefino Garcia, the lad who had welter king Barney Ross on the floor twice is not listed and Al Manfredo, who whipped Garcia, are both absent.

Wesley Ramey is given top rank among the lightweight contenders despite the fact that he was eliminated from the challengers' section by his defeat at the hands of Leonard Del Genio. Perhaps President Bingo Brown who hails from Michigan, and compiled the list, can explain his preference for Ramey. Might it be just a little home town favoritism, Mr. Brown?

Lou Ambers and Pedro Montanez undoubtedly are the outstanding lightweight contenders and certainly deserve the place above Ramey now that Wesley has been licked by Del Genio.

Al Roth, Charley Gomer and Lew Feld-

Mike Belloise, America's cleverest featherweight whose K.O. of Rightmire makes him an outstanding challenger for title bout.

man are rated, but nowhere do we find the names of Frankie Klick who whipped Roth, Norment Quarles, who beat Feldman and Dennis Hubert, who recently conquered Young Peter Jackson and Lew Massey. What do you say to that, Mr. Brown?

* * *

IN the featherweight class we have Midget Wolgast listed but nowhere is the name of Juan Zurita who recently knocked out Wolgast or Henry Armstrong, who gave Wolgast a sound trouncing. Young Rightmire and Tony Chavez who kayoed Rightmire, are also among the missing.

Among the bantams are listed Small Montana, who even if he filled himself with ten quarts of water before weighing in, couldn't scale more than 112 pounds. K.O. Morgan, another Michigan product, is classified, but Johnny King, great little British scrapper, a corking bantamweight if we are properly informed by the English scribes who are now in America to cover the Schmeling-Louis fight, and Dick Welsh, who beat Pablo Dano, are left out in the cold.

In the flyweight class there is no mention of Small Montana, the American champion, Jim Warnock, British champion who recently soundly whipped Benny Lynch, and Rafaleto Valdez, who recently scored over Maurice Huguenin.

Nor are Pat Palmer, another good fighter and Phil Milligan. But we do find Bobby McGee, a bantamweight listed as a flyweight, Jackie Brown, another good bantam and Young Siki, a British trial horse.

Who's looney, now, boys? Let's not all shout at one time.

THE RING'S monthly ratings and its annual selections may not always meet with popular approval, but at least in these, you have selections based upon performances. We are not infallible but we don't rate men haphazardly simply to gain favor with managers or to please the home crowd. That, apparently, is the procedure so far as the N.B.A. is concerned.

Here is the complete listing of the National Boxing Association's choices in the various divisions. Read 'em and laugh!

Heavyweight

James J. Braddock, champion; Joe Louis, Max Schmeling, Abe Feldman, Al Ettore, LeRoy Haynes, Primo Carnera, Ray Impellitiere, Buddy Baer and Phil Brubaker.

Light-Heavyweight

John H. Lewis, champion; Jock McAvoy, Al McCoy, Ambrose Palmer, Emilio Martinez, Tony Shucco, Al Granier, Bob Olin, Joe Knight and Len Harvey.

Middleweight

Eddie Babe Risko, champion; Lou Brouillard, Freddie Steele, Ken Overlin, Jack Gibbons, Frank Battaglia, Oscar Rankins, Joe Rossie, Fred Henneberry, Solly Kreiger.

Welterweight

Barney Ross, champion; Jack Carroll, James McLarnin, Gus Eder, Bep Van Klavern, Chuck Woods, Kid Azteca, Jimmy Leto, Cleto Locatelli, Jack Portney.

Lightweight

Tony Canzoneri, champion; Wesley Ramey, Lou Ambers, Leonard Del Genio Pedro Montanez, Laurie Stevens, Ralph Hurtado, Al Roth, Charley Gomer and Lou Feldman.

Featherweight

Freddie Miller, champion; Baby Arizmendi, Young Casanova, Maurice Holtzer, Mike Belloise, Petey Sarron, Midget Wolgast, Johnny Pena, Petey Hayes and Nel Tarleton.

Bantamweight

Sixto Escobar, champion; Balcasar Sangchili, Small Montana, Louis Salica, Pablo Danno, Little Pancho, K. O. Morgan, Bobby Leyvas, Joe Archibald and Henry Hooks.

Flyweight

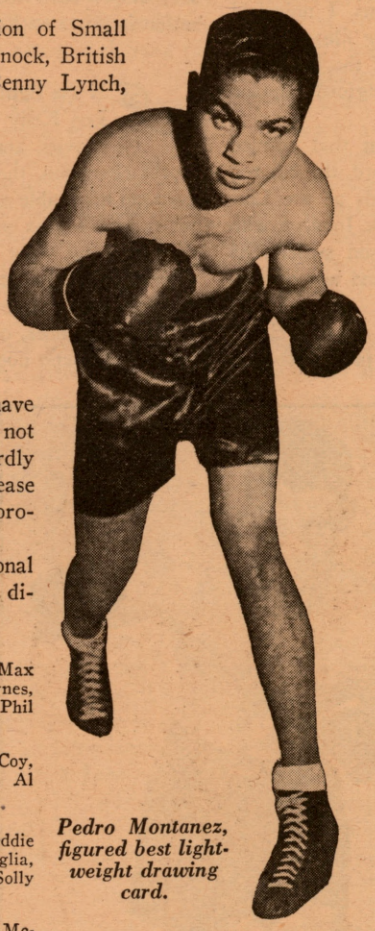
No champion, Benny Lynch, Val Angelmann, Maurice Heugenin, Jackie Brown, Bob McGee, Joe Mendiola, Tommy Pardoe, Tuffy Pierpont, James Campbell and Young Siki.

* * *

THE lightweight elimination tournament which was proposed by the New York Boxing Commission to determine a challenger for Tony Canzoneri's title was knocked into a cocked hat last month when Leonard Del Genio, stable mate of the champion, eliminated Wesley Ramey in a split decision at the St. Nicholas Rink of New York City. Ramey, a prohibitive 1 to 5 favorite, dropped a close verdict and with the defeat, lost his chance to battle for the crown. My score card showed Del Genio the winner by a margin of five rounds to four and one even, a clear point margin that entitled him to the verdict despite the general commotion that followed the announcement of the winner.

The club, like others in New York, was infested with the gamblers, and as usual, they did a big business, but this time they got so badly stung by Del Genio's form reversal, that it was their cries, not those of the fight fans, that caused the commotion following Del Genio's triumph. The winner fought the best fight of his career and clearly showed the advantage of the special coaching of Sammy Goldman, his new mentor. He had timed his blows well and fought an aggressive battle, just the opposite of what he showed when he clashed with Hurtado in the Garden a few weeks previously.

The elimination of Ramey left Canzoneri standing exactly where he was prior to the edict of the boxing board, with only Ambers and Montanez to choose from, for the defense of his crown. Under the commission ruling, Montanez was shut out as a possible challenger because of his refusal to meet Ambers in an elimination bout, and thus Ambers, as was expected, remained the final choice of the commission as leading contender. A Canzoneri-Ambers fight will be staged with Montanez left in the background, although the general opinion is that a fight between Pedro and Canzoneri will outdraw the Ambers match by possibly three to one.



Pedro Montanez, figured best lightweight drawing card.

* * *

THE failure of Montanez to receive consideration for the titular affair, rests wholly on the shoulders of his mentor, Lew Burston, who in his desire to protect his boy, steered clear of both Ramey and Ambers, thus eliminating the Porto Rican from the picture. I am not a matchmaker, but such action on the part of Montanez's manager, seems a gross injustice to a sterling fighter, for it is my opinion that the only lightweight who stands a chance to dethrone the veteran Canzoneri at this writing is Montanez.

The more one studies the working of the minds of managers, the more he must come to appreciate the standard set by Jack Dempsey and his partner, Max Waxman, who do just the opposite of what Burston has done—they turn down so-called soft spots to pit their standard bearers against the best available fighters for the purpose of gaining international prestige. It is my opinion that the mentor of Montanez pulled a boner when he refused to go through with the commission's edict to continue in its tournament.

The flashy Porto Rican who has rapidly developed into one of the best drawing cards in the country, is the fighter whom Canzoneri would like to meet. Now that the Commission has ordered Tony to give Ambers another chance, Pedro will have to wait his turn, but it is my opinion that he will be matched with the winner of the Ambers-Canzoneri bout for an outdoor shot in either July or August. If Lew Burston is wise, as I think he is, he will forget percentage talk for a while and give Pedro the chance he deserves, an opportunity to win the world lightweight crown. No fighter has a better chance to gain a crown that Pedro and nothing should be left undone by his mentor to secure that chance for him.

In his bout with Bobby Pacho, who scored a victory over Del Genio and a technical knockout over Cleto Locatelli, Montanez gave a masterly performance. His boxing and hitting skill were quite in evidence that night, but more so, was his drawing power. Despite the opposition of the Golden Gloves tourney in the Garden which drew $49,000, Pedro exhibited his wares to a $9026.87 house at the St. Nicks, with a payoff of $7500—very big money for a small club.

THE recent victory of John Henry Lewis in his bout with Jock McAvoy of England, proved that the so far as the light-heavyweights are concerned, America still boasts of the leader in the Phoenix Negro. When the contest was over, those who viewed the fight hailed Lewis as a real champion and correctly so, if his performance against McAvoy is a criterion. In victory, he showed class, and in defeat, McAvoy displayed a brand of fighting that likewise did him proud. Jock may prove more troublesome if he obtains a second chance at the title, but at this writing, we can forsee no different result in a return engagement than in the first encounter.

The thing that impressed me most in that fight, was the dandy exhibition of rolling under and slipping inside of punches. It takes a clever man to roll and slip properly, and in McAvoy's work, we saw that style at its best. It was a treat for those who are accustomed to see nothing but straight fighting as is so often the case in America.

* * *

THE sympathy of THE RING and its army of readers goes out to the family of Tony Scarpati, the young lightweight whose untimely death shocked the boxing world a few weeks ago. Tony, a lad with eighteen consecutive victories to his credit up to the night that he fought Lou Ambers at the Broadway Club, died as a result of a brain hemorrhage following a blow to the chin. Caught off balance just as the bell had sounded, he fell and his head struck the floor with a thud.

It was a most unfortunate accident, for, as the police and boxing commission investigation proved, every precaution had been taken, and only a few weeks previously, a new two inches thick mat had been installed. Thus, neither the club officials nor Ambers could be blamed.

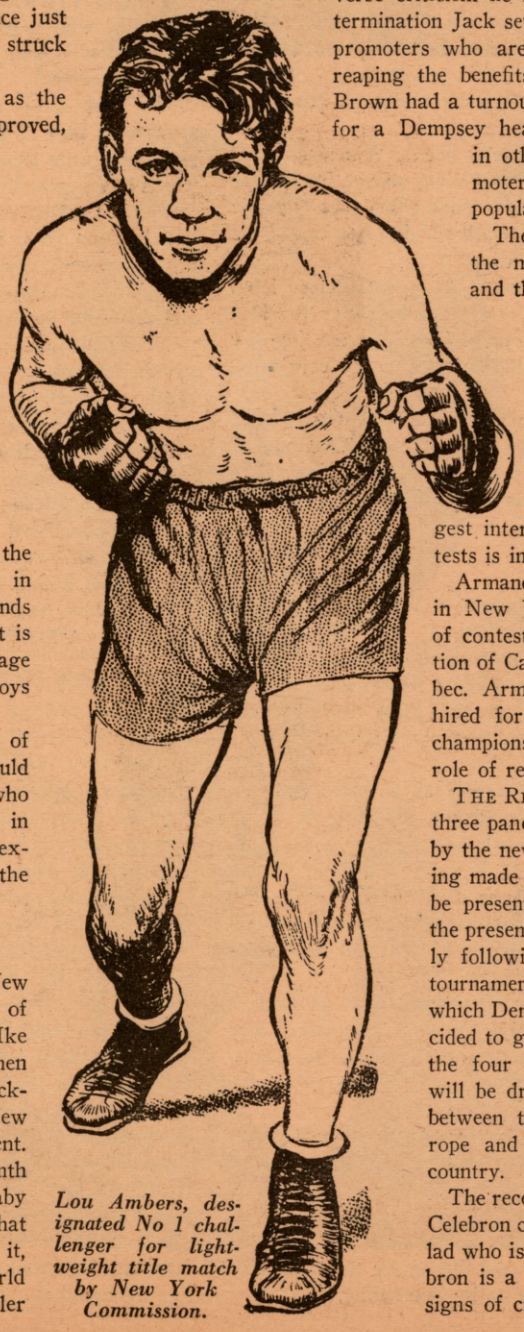
Scarpati's death was the third in boxing rings within a few weeks, a most unusual occurrence, for only two were recorded in the entire year of 1935 so far as professionals were concerned, Lorenzo Pete Pedro, who dropped dead in a California ring after being hit by his sparring mate, Eddie Kimm, and Dick Williams of Colorado, who succumbed after a bout with Wild Bill Marks in Craig, Colorado.

Of course there were also a few among the amateurs, but the total for the entire year in both, was only nine. Considering that thousands of boys engage in amateur and pro fights, it is truly remarkable how small is the percentage of fatalities in pugilism. More than 100 boys were maimed or killed in football last year.

Boxing is by far one of the safest sports of strenuous pastimes. The death of Scarpati should toss no scare into the parents of the lads who are engaged in fisticuffs. If the boys are in proper physical condition and the medical examiners are on the lookout for ailments, the danger in boxing is practically nil.

* * *

MIKE BELLOISE, the clever New York featherweight whose style of fighting reminds the old timers of the great Ike Weir, stepped a little closer to the throne when he eliminated Everett Rightmire by the knock-out route in the semi-final round of the New York and Illinois championship tournament. Mike stopped his opponent in the fourteenth round and earned the right to clash with Baby Arizmendi for the "world" title. At least that is what the two commissions have termed it, though we disagree with that because the world title holder is none other than Freddie Miller whose right to the crown cannot be disputed.



Lou Ambers, designated No 1 challenger for lightweight title match by New York Commission.

At this writing, Freddie is scheduled to clash with Pete Sarron in a return bout for the Police Fund benefit in Washington on May 11, and if Freddie wins that contest, then he will retain the world crown and the winner of the Arizmendi-Belloise battle will be entitled to first crack at the title. And that is all, for not by the widest stretch of imagination can one who follows fisticuffs with a clear mind and with unbiased thoughts, figure how Miller can be deprived of his justly earned featherweight championship through any act of the New York or Illinois Commission.

It is my opinion that if Miller and Belloise should clash, a new champion will be crowned in Belloise, whose cleverness should offset Freddie's hitting, but until Mike beats Miller, if he should first dispose of Arizmendi, or until the Mexican turns the trick should he beat Belloise, the only man entitled to international recognition as world featherweight king, is Freddie Miller.

* * *

WHEN Jack Dempsey started his national tournament for heavyweights, little did he realize what a gigantic affair this would turn out to be. It took considerable courage and patience for Dempsey to tackle this problem because of the adverse criticism he had received, yet with doggone determination Jack set about his task and both he and the promoters who are staging his tournaments are now reaping the benefits. Only a few weeks ago Playfair Brown had a turnout of almost twenty thousand persons for a Dempsey heavyweight tourney in Toronto and in other sections of the country the promoters have been turning 'em away, so popular have these affairs become.

The stage has now been reached where the mediocre talent has been eliminated and the boys throughout the country who have entered the Dempsey tournaments are looking forward to the semi-final and final rounds which eventually will determine the winners who are to take part in the international tournament that Dempsey proposes to stage at the Yankee Stadium next fall. By far the biggest interest displayed in the Dempsey contests is in Canada.

Armand Vincent, Montreal promoter, was in New York recently to arrange a series of contests to take place in the eastern section of Canada, the first to take place in Quebec. Armand has the Montreal Ball Park hired for the final round of the Canadian championships, with Dempsey occupying the role of referee in all of the contests.

THE RING Magazine is offering a beautiful three panel belt to the fighter who is selected by the newspapermen at the ringside as having made the best showing, and this belt will be presented by the Mayor of Montreal in the presence of THE RING Editor, immediately following the vote. To further help the tournament and to keep alive the interest which Dempsey is fostering THE RING has decided to give a belt to the winner in each of the four sections from which the finalists will be drawn for the international matches between the *Paris Soir* winners from Europe and the Dempsey winners from this country.

The recent defeat of Cleto Locatelli by Billy Celebron caused a big jump in the stock of the lad who is handled by Sammy Mandell. Celebron is a fine prospect, but he still displays signs of crudeness.

Ex-Sailor *in* Public Eye

Joe Waterman, Globe Trotting Manager and Promoter, Dubbed the "Miracle Man of Boxing" in California

By GENE VINASSA

Joe Waterman, matchmaker of the million-dollar Olympic Club of Los Angeles.

"THE Miracle Man of California Boxing"—that's what they call Joe Waterman, black-thatched ex-sailor, who is now making matches for the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Less than eight months ago, the Olympic, a million-dollar temple of fisticuffs, was a weak and pallid white elephant, insofar as boxing was concerned. Charley McDonald, Hollywood matchmaker, was firmly entrenched as cock o' the roost in Filmville. His position seemed impregnable; nothing short of a miracle could displace the McDonald man as top kick of Pacific Coast matchmakers.

But, strange as it may seem, the miracle occurred. His name was Joe Waterman.

Starting with a $1,500 gate, at popular prices, Waterman gave the fight fans of Los Angeles bang-up boxing shows, week after week. For two or three months, it was a tough climb. The Olympic had been a dead issue for so long that folks had gotten out of the habit of going there, except for wrestling.

Steadily, bit by bit, the receipts began to mount. Before long, they tossed the red ink bottle out of the window. For the first time in years, the accountant in charge of boxing at the Olympic was forced to use black ink, and black ink only, in computing the records of boxing shows.

The Olympic began to draw $3,000, then $3,500, then $4,000. Butch Rogers and Hank Hankinson paid off on $7,500, almost twice as much as Hollywood could draw. Rogers and Hank Bath drew $5,500. Maxie Rosenbloom and Charley Coates paid off on $7,100.

* * *

THE Olympic Auditorium has become a Tuesday night habit with Los Angeles fight fans.

Waterman has become so firmly entrenched in popular esteem, as matchmaker, that he could now draw a $4,000 gate without announcing his main event. And if you don't think that's miraculous, ask some of the Angeleno fight managers what the Olympic has been in the habit of drawing.

It's nothing new in Waterman's career as a matchmaker to take a town deeply sunk in the doldrums and drag it up to the light of day. He did it in Seattle and he did it in Portland.

In 1926 and 1927, Waterman made so much money for the city of Portland, where he was municipal matchmaker, that grateful fans and officials "kicked in" to buy him a $1,000 diamond-studded watch as a present.

To further increase local interest, Waterman has set aside a prize of $1,000 to be awarded to the best-looking amateur who turned pro during the present calendar year. To show his sportsmanship, the ex-gob has included Hollywood fighters as eligible for the prize.

A peculiar guy, is Waterman. If he wants a fight, he'll dicker with his bitterest enemy; if he doesn't want it, he won't put it in, even for his best pal.

He makes matches this way: if he, himself, would "bounce" to see a fight, he thinks it is good enough for his fans. And he makes the match. If he doesn't think that he'd like to see the fight, he'll turn it down, no matter on whose toes he is treading.

JOE WATERMAN, the Tex Rickard of the West, is an ex-sailor who is as well known in the Orient as he is in this country. Boxing folks in far-off Manila are especially familiar with that name.

The first show at the Olympic under Waterman's regime attracted a gate of $1,362. Midget Wolgast, then flyweight champion, met Little Dempsey, a rough, tough Filipino, that night. Six weeks later, eight thousand dollars' worth of customers saw Hank Hankinson, giant Akron, O., heavyweight, knock out the sensational soldier from Honolulu—Butch Rogers. Waterman followed this show with a main event battle between Hank Bath, highly publicized heavyweight of the Jack Kearns stable, and Rogers, and this drew $5,600.

Waterman has big plans in store for the spring and summer months for Los Angeles fight fans. He has King Levinsky, Freddie Steele, Paul Pirrone, Sixto Escobar and several other topnotch mittmen slated to headline shows at his southern California club.

Before coming to Los Angeles, the former sailor boy successfully staged boxing shows in the following cities: Manila, P. I.; Seattle and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. In the Philippines, Waterman was associated for many years with the late Frank Churchill. In Portland, Waterman developed Ah Wing Lee from a $20 fighter and within ten months matched him with Young Peter Jackson, Los Angeles Negro lightweight, and the fight drew a gross gate of $13,000.

* * *

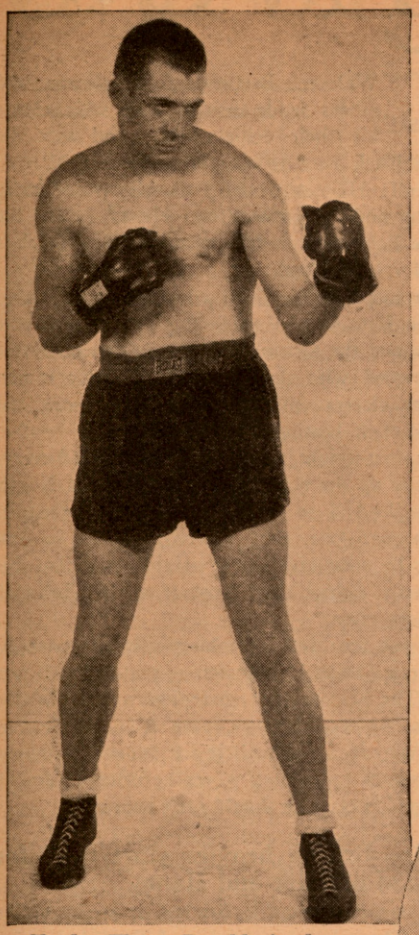
WATERMAN was practically born in the boxing game. His oldest brother was boxing in Colorado in the days of Young Corbett, Abe Attell and Kid Parker. He started as a coal shoveler in the Navy, and served Uncle Sam for twelve years, being honorably discharged as Chief Yeoman.

Listed in the group of fighters whom the Olympic matchmaker has managed during his thirty years of association in the boxing game are the names of Bud Ridley, known as the little Dempsey; Eddie McLarney; Joe Simonich, the Butte Bouncer; Doc Snell, the Dynamite Kid, and many others.

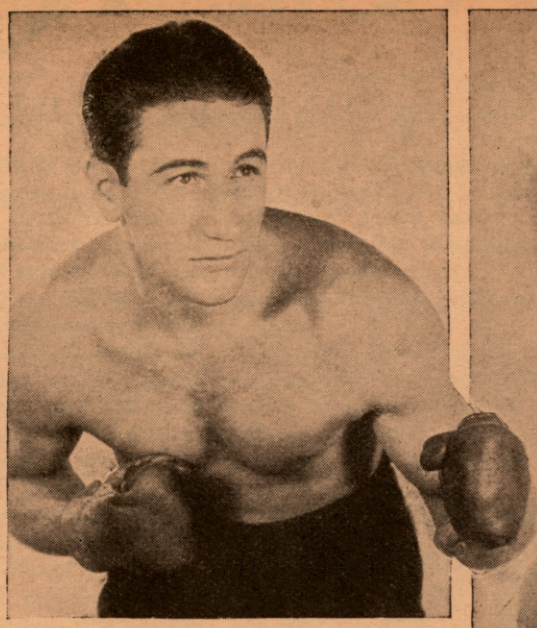
Although he spent most of his time in Manila and the Northwest after he left the Navy, Waterman calls his home Boston, Mass. He was born there December 5, 1890. Says the greatest fighter he ever saw was Sam Langford. Dencio Cabanela, the Filipino, was the greatest fighter ever produced in the Philippines, according to "Sailor Joe."

Waterman says the greatest thrill he ever got out of the boxing game was the night Jack Dempsey started his comeback tour. It was at his arena in Portland, and the "gate" broke all records, and it still stands. The Manassa Mauler drew $28,700 through the turnstiles! Waterman is glad to be in his present position as matchmaker at the Olympic, which seats 10,400, and judging from the big gates he has been drawing, I'm sure the fight fans like his matches.

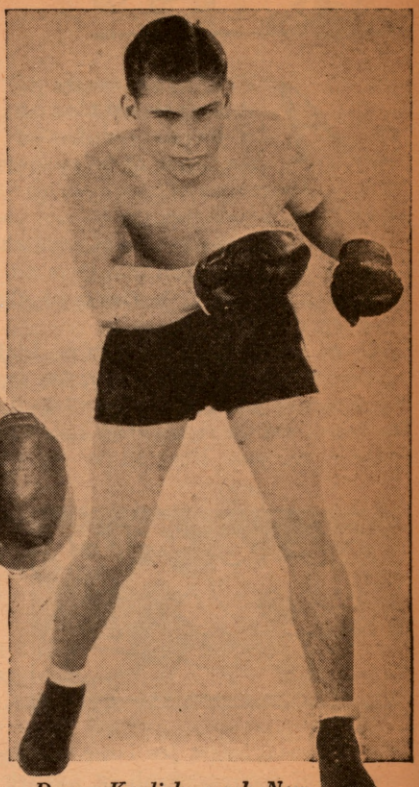
Active in New York Clubs



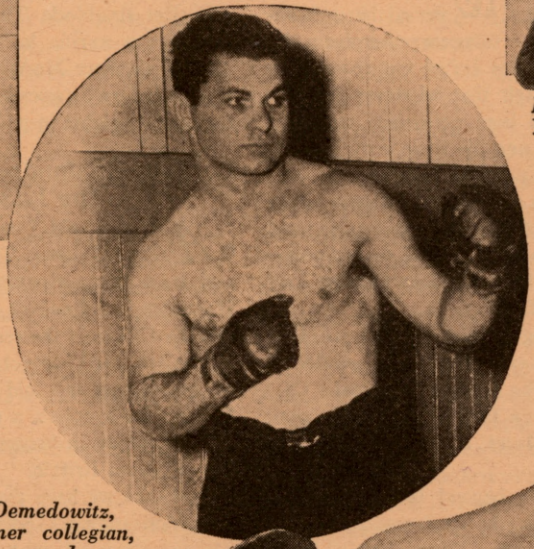
Charley Weise, Brooklyn's clever middleweight.



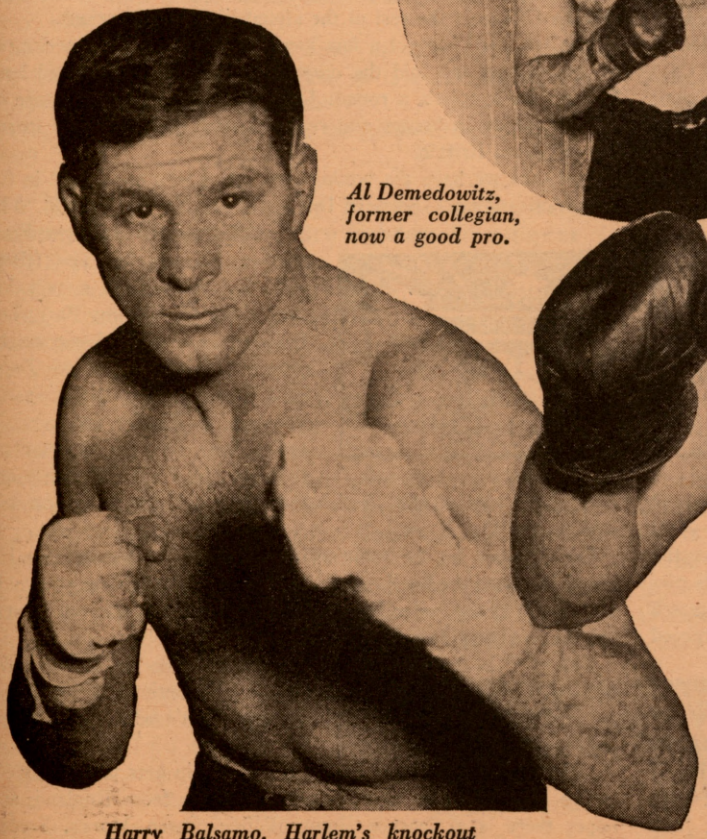
Eddie Guerra, strong and rugged Bronx welterweight.



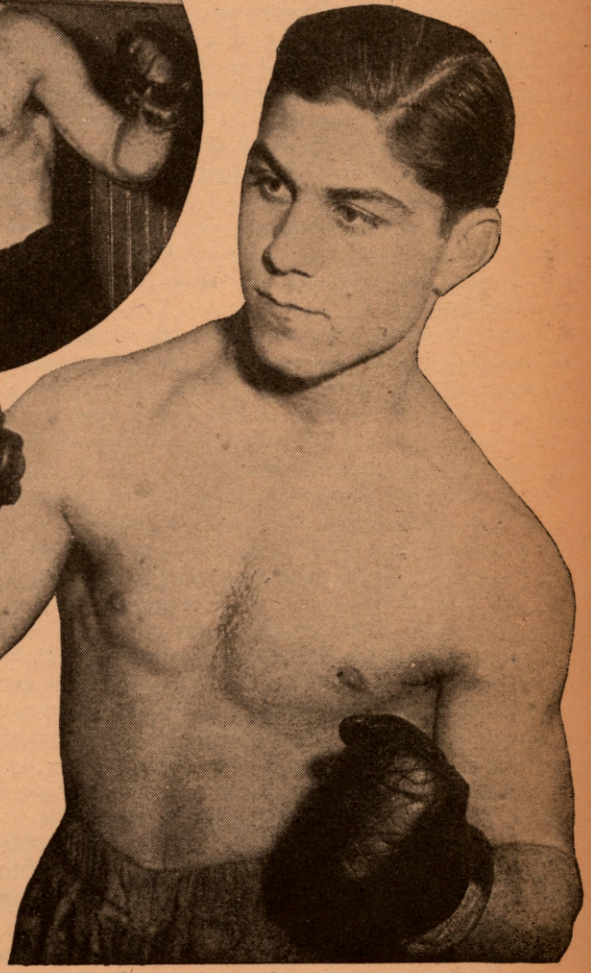
Danny Koplick, crack New York welterweight, who is bowling them over.



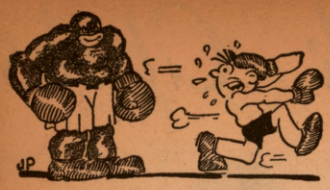
Al Demedowitz, former collegian, now a good pro.



Harry Balsamo, Harlem's knockout middleweight artist.



Al Traino, Rochester's lightweight contender, who is always in action.

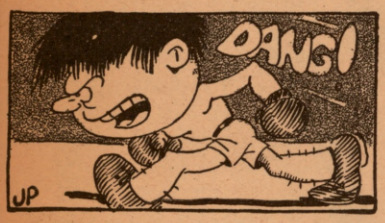


The RING'S

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

AFTER two months of showing ancient films out of the dusty shelves of the cinema of the squared circle, the Ring's Globe Trotter now returns to the screening of happenings of recent note. There is one thing to be said about boxing. No matter whether you are pleased or not with what is going on, and the Globe Trotter will admit that there are many occurrences over which you and he may be displeased—there always is something going on.

So we escort you to a seat in the Little Theatre of the roped arena, and while the Professor makes appropriate music, and donates curious sound effects, the Globe Trotter will bring to you the scenes and the sights which have made boxing history in the more recent past. Now, let 'er go, Chumley:—



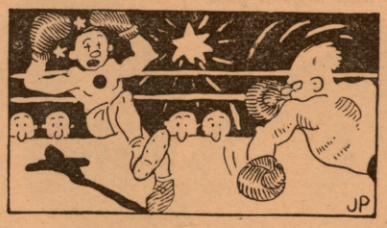
New York, N. Y.:—Primo Carnera takes a shellacking from Leroy Haynes—and so ends a Freak!

WHEN Primo Carnera, the gargantuan carpenter from the city of Genoa, fought Joe Louis and was belted out most thoroughly and unceremoniously, it was felt that whatever function Primo ever had had in the ring had been performed, and that the sound idea was for the Italian to sing his swan song and devote himself once more to carpentry, or even wrestling.

But there is that something about a career in the ring—it may be romance, it may be the allure of the resined canvas, and perhaps it is nothing more mysterious than the old do—re—mi—but anyway, there is something that keeps fighters fighting long after they should have called it all off.

Well, Primo went from the belting by the Bomber to other pastings, and then he ran into one Leroy Haynes, a gentleman of sepian hue and fistic persuasion, who proceeded to make Carnera sadder than ever over the condign fate of the pitcher that, after having been cracked in many places, has gone to the well once too often.

It was out of the sunny land from beyond the Sierras that Haynes came into the East, to deliver the final message of the Fates and the Fists to Primo the Punchy. The picture we now show will give you a fine idea of how far Primo has skidded, and how far Haynes has moved in the direction of some real dough.



You see Carnera taking it—and then taking it some more. You see the Freak of Fisticuffs finished at last. No man should urge Primo to go on and on, until that prognathous jaw of his becomes brittle beyond belief, and that long suffering chin of his delivers a brain message to begin cutting out paper dolls.

And so we see Primo done, and now, what to do with Haynes? He is to be built up. But for what? There cannot be any great demand for a Louis-Haynes fight, granted that Haynes is worthy of the engagement. However, the Globe Trotter finishes this picture with the feeling that he is quite willing to leave the match making in the hands of the managers and promoters, and proceed with a Vale to Carnera, the big man who was too big.

New York, N. Y.:—Jock McAvoy taken into tow by John Henry Lewis, the light-heavyweight champion

THIS sure is a big year for the Negro in the ring. He is busy and determined reviving the fistic glories of the days when Jack Johnson, McVey, Jeannette, Langford, Norfolk, John Lester Johnson, Harry Willis, Joe Gans, George Dixon, Joe Walcott. Battling Jim Johnson and others made arenas ring with cheers for their achievements, and sent the boxing repute of the black race to the Matterhorn peak.

Louis whips them all! Haynes trounces Carnera! And now, Chumley, crank 'er up and let us see John Henry Lewis, the Negro who holds the light heavyweight championship, outclass Mr. McAvoy, from Merrie England.

It seems that the promoter in the Garden in New York rushed McAvoy just a bit too fast. As you watch this picture, and note the skill of the Negro and the assimilation of punishment by the Briton, you are impressed with the fact that McAvoy cannot reach into the heavier classes without taking some more, and perhaps even more thorough, beatings.

Fighting men of his own weight, the Englishman showed everything that goes to make up the real fighter. Battling the Negro, McAvoy was outclassed. And so we see in this film, the picturization of two lessons:—one, that McAvoy cannot be sent against men to whom he must give away weight; two, that this Lewis person is a better fighter than most of us had believed, and should be seen more often.

The beating which you see McAvoy taking ends all conversation in the offices of one James J. Johnston to match the Briton with Jim Braddock. The heavyweight champion would give the foreigner a terrific lacing—yea, brother, even a boxing lesson! And so we place McAvoy in a pigeon hole for the time being, to rest up before he goes back to fighting where he belongs—among the middleweights in which class he should rank supreme.

London, England:—British heavies start dash for the Land of Milk and Honey

AH, dear old Lunnon! Waterloo Station, it seems to the Globe Trotter. There is a convention of English heavies, and from the conversation we gather that they are headed for Hamerica, the Land of Milk and 'Oney, Hamerica of the PWA and the CCC and the rest of the alphabetical combinations.

You see, McAvoy got a few lucrative matches in Hamerica, so he went home and told the other boys, some of whom had been fighting for a guinea a round. Jock painted a glorious picture of a land bathing in luxury and ready to shell out handsome to see battlers from Britain.

And thus we have the boxing convention you see filmed in the Waterloo station. There is Dave Crowley, a lightweight. The lad in the bowler is Davey Fine, another lightweight. The fellow with the roast beef complexion over yonder is Tommy Farr, Ted Broadribb's good heavyweight prospect. Here is Georgie Daly, bless 'is 'eart, Jeff Dickson's office boy, a lightie, and now in comes Len Beynon, the bantam champion of Wales. But they are only about half of the British lads who are deserting dear old London for New York.

Let Crowley be the spokesman. "I am going to America because it seems to be the one land where the boxing patron is willing to pay the boxer for his services." Right as a trivet, Davey, old boy, right as Sam Weller.

But let it be understood before this dash for the Land of the Sucker begins in real earnest, that the Hamerican will pay and pay, but he wants a run for his money. That's why we'll all fare well because we are goods, eh, Dave?

"Righto!" replies Dave, and the merry trip gets under way.

The Globe Trotter welcomes the invasion from England, and hopes there is at least a Jimmy Wilde, Owen Moran, Freddy Welch or Dave Driscoll among the lot. Even a Bombardier

GLOBE TROTTER

Wells among the heavies, would make things interesting here.

Primo's finish, McAvoy's upset, Jacobs' gigantic plans, and a lot of other fistic flashes from all parts of the world.

New York, N. Y.:—Mike Jacobs announces $40 tops for the Louis-Schmeling Fight this Summer

HERE is a fight film connected with things financial—and financial in a big way. The gent shown on the screen is Michael Jacobs, the New York boxing promoter and heir presumptive to the toga left behind by his friend and associate Tex Rickard. Mr. Jacobs clears his throat, takes a glass of water, and let's go:

"Gentlemen of America. The time has come to return to the financial glories of the Rickard heyday. Things are looking up. The country is on the upgrade. Fewer of our millionaires are on the dole. Only last week some half dozen of the Six Hundred Millionairies of Madison Square Garden went off relief, and built for themselves an additional tap room in their Garden Club house. In other words, it looks like a fine time to jack up the prices for fights. If Jim Bush and other Garden associates can buy for themselves the Kenilworth Racetrack, then it's time for me to get busy and relieve them of their surplus shekels.

"With this in mind I have decided to set a forty buck tops for the Louis-Schmeling fight this Summer. I figure that for my big fights this Summer, I will rake in three million gross. Yeah, I said three million. Who says I am goofy? Well, wait until the final figures are turned in and then come around and give me the hoss laugh. When I'm through showing Joe Louis and other top notchers in New York and other high spots, I'll probably relieve those Garden Millionairies of their race track.

"It is just as easy to sell the best seats for forty as it is for twenty bucks. In fact, easier. I dunno about the psychology of the matter. But I do know that if the price is high, many folks reach for it with greater enthusiasm. That sounds like human nature, what?

"So I tell you now, put your order in early, because with a forty buck tops, the Louis-Schmeling go is a sure sellout. Come one, come all, and hurry, hurry, hurry!"

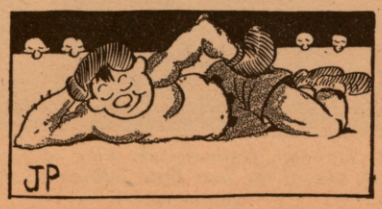
Well, it looks like a $40 tops for the Louis-Schmeling business, doesn't it?

New York, N. Y.:—Freddy Miller, featherweight champion, hollers for more fighters to conquer

THE picture now on the screen discloses Freddy Miller, of Cincinnati, who is the world's featherweight champion in Florida, Timbuctoo, Ohio, Senegal, the Straits Settlements, Johannesburg, Hoboken, Atlanta and Birmingham—but not in New York.

Next to Freddy is Pete Reilly, ready to give the hot foot to anybody who is in any humor for that pastime—and anybody who isn't—especially his three pals on the New York Boxing Commission. Reilly has carried the enlightening civilization of the hot foot to all parts of the world, including the Scandinavian. He almost introduced it to the King of England when he was the Prince of Wales.

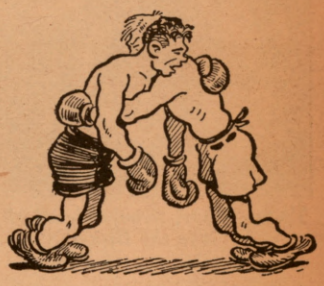
Many years ago Alexander the Great conquered all the districts in his part of the world, including the suburbs of Babylon, and, yawning on the terrace of his pent house, ALECK hollered, "Give me more worlds to conquer." This was before those cruises around the world became popular, and the tourist could move around and spend his dough.



Well, Miller is like Aleck of old. We see him in the film hollering for more worlds and scrappers to conquer, and more victories to convince the New York Commission that he is the real McCoy.

Here is a flash of the Miller victory over Petey Sarron, in Miami. Now we see Miller beating Echeverria in Havana. Five days later, we see him winning another fight in Birmingham, Ala. He flies through the air with the greatest of ease, fighting anybody, anywhere, eager and ready, and a battler of the old school. And now we see him signing with good old Heinie Miller to defend his title for the Police Fund of Washington, D. C. against Pete Sarron in a return engagement. Ever see such a busy little bee in the fight game? And yet New York shuns the lad!

This bird Miller is a throwback to the champions of the old days. You remember when men like Jeffries fought twice in five weeks, do you, Chumley?



Mexico City:—Juan Zurita knocks out Midget Wolgast in the fifth round, senor!

AH, that beautiful Mexico City! Frijoles, tortillas, chili con carne, chili con queso, chili plain and then chili. Mexico City, with its so beautiful senoritas, its dancing girls, its dancing lights, and its high altitude.

Ah, that altitude! It is deadly, senor. Deadly for the fighter who is not accustomed to it. Here we see Midget Wolgast, once flyweight champion and now grown into a genuine feather, battling Juan Zurita, native of that so beautiful Mehicko. It is 7,500 feet above the sea level. The air is heady, like champagne!

Midget goeth into the war knowing full well that this high altitude brings a kayo to Lou Farber; that it brings defeat for Freddy Miller by Young Casanova, defeat for Eddie Kid Wolfe by Kid Azteca. After the third round, you see Wolgast complaining that he cannot breathe. The high altitude, the rare air, tire the American scrapper, and the local fans holler while Juan the Conqueror, takes the Midget even as Montezuma took it on the chin from the Spanish conquistadores.

Viva, Zurita. Viva, Mehicko. Viva, Juan. Viva, los senoritas belladonnas. And if you fight in Mexico City, ask for a change of venue to a lower altitude.

New York, N. Y.:—Paris Paper will run big heavy tournament in conjunction with Dempsey

YES, a familiar scene, Chumley! It is Jack Dempsey's restaurant, and Jack himself is on the screen, making a violent talk. This heavyweight tournament idea of his has become almost an obsession.

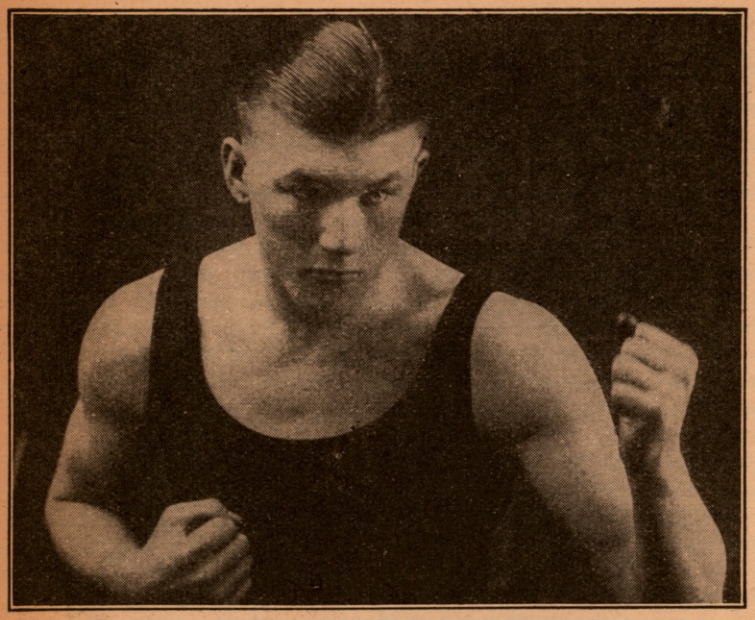
Jack discloses an interesting story. He will conduct an international competition with finals in Yankee Stadium in New York late in September, or early in October.

The European end of the tournament will be run by the newspaper *Paris Soir*. Nine nations will be asked to send their novices to compete in Paris. Not a White Hope tournament, as Negroes are not barred.

It is calculated that some 15,000 lads will take part in this tremendous fistic carnival, which will run here and there, overseas and over hills, all Summer and culminate in the finale in New York. The Paris finals will be fought in September and then the winners will rush over to Gotham on the Subway.

(Continued on page 47)

British Boxers



Tommy Farr, heavyweight, who needs more schooling and expects to get it in the United States. He recently won the decision over Tommy Loughran and Bob Olin.

IF Jock McAvoy failed to carry away from John Henry Lewis the light-heavyweight championship of the world, he did do something to raise the prestige of British boxing by his visit to America. His tour has had another effect that may lead to all his good work being undone.

There hardly seems to be a boxer of any class (or of no class) in England today who isn't thinking about passports and visas. They all seem to think that McAvoy's success is due not to the fact that he is a good fighter, but that he is an Englishman.

I should like to be able, like Balaam, to prophesy nothing but good. I wish I could say truthfully that all an English fighter has to do is to come to New York, to see, to conquer, to pay his income-tax and to depart—a champion. But I am no Balaam. I am merely a Cassandra, a bringer of gloomy tidings.

The truth of the matter is that McAvoy stands out among British fighters. I have thought that for a long time. I can't prove that I have had that opinion, and, if you get any kick out of it, you can write me down as one who is wise after the event.

Let me, however, take a fleeting glance at the British fighters at various weights, and let me give an opinion on them. It's my opinion, and mine alone. If anyone is to be blamed for these opinions, blame me. If anyone is to be praised, well, I'm waiting for bouquets.

* * *

JACK PETERSEN is our heavyweight champion. At least, he is at the time of writing. McAvoy may well have put Jack into the past tense as far as champions are concerned by the time that you read this.

I wish that I thought as much of Petersen as do his really whole-hearted admirers. He is owed a debt by every British fighter because he has made purse-moneys look less like carfares. He is, in England and Wales, a real box-office attraction. He is a real spectacular fighter. But that doesn't make him a world-beating heavyweight. His two defeats by Walter Neusel show that.

Nel Tarleton, featherweight king of England, one of the best little fellows on the Continent.

There are other heavyweights in our shores. There is Len Harvey, Eddie Phillips, and two more who are, like Petersen, Welshmen—Jim Wilde and Tommy Farr.

As far as these men are concerned, you can put them all, I think, among the also-rans, a pretty dreary lot. Harvey is a clever defensive fighter who will not open out if there is any risk of his being smacked around the ring. Phillips seems to prefer anything to actual boxing. He is supposed to be our light-heavyweight champion, but he seems quite uninterested in the whole business.

And he has said that he is no longer to be regarded as able to make the light-heavyweight limit. He is also a fair defensive fighter, but he either can't or won't open up. Harvey pasted him well and truly last year.

There is really little to be said about the other two. Farr is good up to a point, but he needs more experience. He lacks the killer instinct, but with Ted Broadribb training him, he is a likely prospect. Wilde is, I think, a better man than most people give him credit for being, but he isn't all that. He is not, in spite of what many people say, related in any way to the other Jimmy Wilde.

I cannot see any of this bunch getting to the top in American rings. The two Neusel fight results will tell you all you need to know about Petersen. But the fact does remain that what he lacks in skill, he makes up for by providing something exciting.

* * *

NOW, as far as British light-heavyweights are concerned, I think you won't be more than one out if you choose to say that there are none at all. Whatever weight Jock McAvoy cares to come into a ring in New York, I am dead certain that he is still a natural middleweight. Harvey, I fancy, can still make the light-heavyweight limit with ease, but he doesn't seem to take any sort of interest in light-heavies. So the fact remains, dismally, that our light-heavyweight champion must be our middleweight champion.

There are other middleweights besides McAvoy, just as there were great men before Agamemnon. But it may be regarded as something of a breach of taste to mention these others in the same breath as the champion.

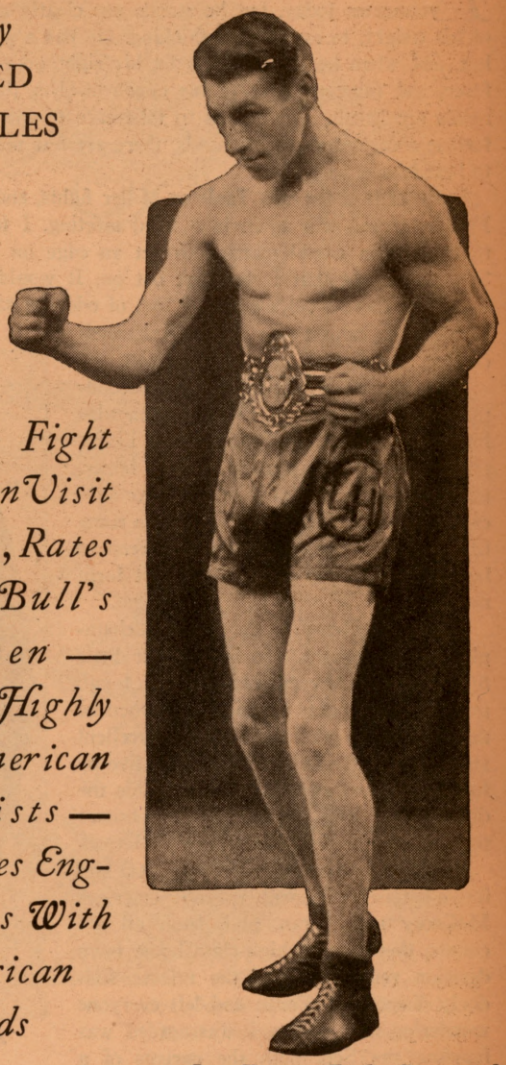
I should say that the next best to Jock is Archie Sexton. You can hardly be sued for libel if you call Archie a veteran these days. But he is still winning fights, so what does it matter what the birth certificate reveals? Sexton was knocked out by McAvoy in a title bout some time ago, and I think he would just as surely be knocked out by him again today. Nevertheless, he's my best of the bunch, a clever fighter with a singularly damaging left hook.

Next we should have Jack Hyams, also no youngster. A clever fighter, inclined to be uninteresting, because he knows all there is to be known about defense (not forgetting a little holding while we are at it). He has twice lost to McAvoy, being disqualified (holding, I fancy), and losing on points. He fought in the States

As I See Them

By TED SCALES

London Fight Critic, on Visit to U. S., Rates John Bull's Ringmen — Thinks Highly of American Pugilists — Compares English Boys With American Lads



Len Harvey, England's second best heavyweight.

as a welterweight, as did Sexton. Neither caused anyone to turn over in bed, I believe.

Frank Hough, a Londoner like the other two, is a different sort of fighter. He's a youngster in comparison. He is a fiercely aggressive fighter, who has a lethal left uppercut. He is improving as the months pass. But Sexton has twice proved too much for him.

So much for Londoners. The north of England has two men to be considered. They are Cock Moffitt and Tommy Moore. Moore is the cleverer boxer, but Moffitt has a homicidal punch. Each has knocked the other out. I cannot see either cutting much ice with the other three previously mentioned.

From what I have seen of American middleweights, McAvoy has the beating of them all. I do not think that the other British middles would prove so effective. Hough might be a success because of his punch, but he falls rather to pieces when he is hit good and proper. At least he certainly did when he met Sexton the first time. Sexton won on a knockout.

* * *

I FEEL inclined to hang the head somewhat when it comes to the welterweights. We have, for a start, no champion. Pat Butler, a boy from the Leicester district, did hold this title, but something went wrong with him as soon as he won it. He chalked up the uninspiring record of fourteen defeats in eighteen fights last year, and was then wise enough to toss his crown back to our control board.

We have two men left high and dry from an extremely prolonged and tedious eliminating competition. One is Ernie Roderick, the other Chuck Parker. Things look like being held up again, as I learn that Roderick has earned himself six months' suspension in some way or other. I think that Parker will prove himself narrowly to be the better man of the two. He is the better boxer, clever, but certainly not highly exciting. He outsmarts his opponents. Roderick puts his to sleep. He can box, but he finds that persistent aggression gets him places more effectively. Parker should be too tricky for him.

There is another dark horse in the wood-pile (doesn't sound quite right as a mere matter of English language), and he is a former amateur champion, by name Dave McCleave. Roderick eliminated him, but he hasn't done nearly so badly since then, and certain shouts are occasionally to be heard about his claims.

Roderick and McCleave wouldn't be unpopular in the States. I do not think that they could go in for a protracted course of ice-cutting, but they might make a friend or two. But as I haven't seen any of the topnotch American welterweights, who am I to say this, that or the other?

* * *

THE lightweights are suffering, in one way, from creeping paralysis. The champion has been, for some time, your old friend Kid Berg, and nobody seems to be able to produce any good reason why he should have failed to defend his title for close on eighteen months. He did finally get paired with Jimmy Walsh, but things had to be postponed while Berg traveled into the southern hemisphere to shake hands with one Laurie Stevens. Berg returned and there have been still more postponements. Possibly they will have met before this meets your eye. But I'm doubtful.

And, anyway, it is generally considered that Joe Connelly, a Scottish ex-amateur, is a better man than either. He has twice met Walsh, beating him and drawing with him.

Walsh is a fine out-fighter, with an accurate and hard left hand. Form makes him a better man than Berg is today. Berg himself hardly needs any description in this stage of the world's history. But it has to be said that he is absolutely undoubtedly but a shadow of the old Berg whom we used to know.

There are other lightweights to be considered. There is, for instance, Harry Mizler, a former champion, whom Berg beat for the championship. He pleased his supporters when he beat the aged Gustave Huméry, but his display left me quite unconvinced. He was spattered all over the floor of the ring, but Huméry was too wild to make his job clear-cut. So Mizler dragged out enough strength to land a lucky right on Gustave's notoriously glass jaw, and Gustave quit. Hardly a famous victory within the meaning of the act.

* * *

IN point of fact, I think that there is little real doubt that there is one man who has the beating of all our lightweights, and that man is our featherweight champion, Nel Tarleton. He will beat Walsh and Connelly, and would probably beat Berg even more easily.

The lightweight division is weak in ability if it is particularly strong in numbers. I have seen most of the fancied American lightweights, Lou Ambers, Wesley Ramey, Ralph Hurtado, Pedro Montanez, and the champion, Canzoneri. Walsh did take a verdict from Ramey, but it struck me as the vilest of decisions, for Walsh was floored with a sweet right-hand punch to the body—and then, to every man's amazement, disqualified. But I cannot see Walsh doing much good in New York. He would find the fighters there too strong for him.

Connelly would do better. He is an active little boxer, and he has a right hook that is apt to shove any man on the floor. He is a much improved boxer, and he will finish up a better man still than he is today. He fights frequently and learns something from every fight.

Mizler does not seem able to cope with a swinging attack to

the body, and I fear that he would find many men to cut him to pieces if he were to cross the Atlantic for combat.

* * *

THE featherweight champion is Nel Tarleton. Nel is no youngster today, but he stands out clearly among the men of his weight, to my way of thinking. He has a glorious straight left, and when he does care to let his right go with all the old force, sad things happen to his opponent. But the bones of his hands are brittle, and he has to take care of them. When he is feeling confident about his hands, there are few men in the world to beat him.

I saw each of the two Tarleton-Miller fights, and I believe that Freddie would win again in a third meeting. I fancy, however, that Tarleton would manage to get an edge on Mike Belloise. That is a fight that I shouldn't bet on. It would be a glorious fight, and there wouldn't be any sort of odds on any one of three verdicts. I cannot see Babe Arizmendi cutting any sort of ice with Tarleton.

The form-book says no, but my second-place featherweight is Chris Foran, also known as Ginger, like Tarleton, a Liverpudlian. He is a delightfully polished boxer, and has some brand of high explosive concealed in his hooks. He suffered from some brand of eye-trouble last year, but seems to be finding his way back to his best form now.

Johnny McGrory is the Scottish champion at the weight. He is a clever little fighter, too apt to regard himself as a tough guy. He loses fights by mixing it, when he might win by the use of his excellent straight left. He failed last year to live up to his promise, and was beaten inside the distance by Phil Zwick and an obscure fighter by name K.O. Morgan from Detroit.

Zwick broke his collar-bone, and sent him into a longish retirement. When he emerged, McGrory met Foran, and, from all accounts, there was a high-class home town decision rendered when the referee suddenly disqualified Foran and left everyone wondering why. Foran, it was agreed, was handing the Scot both the parents of a sound lacing.

* * *

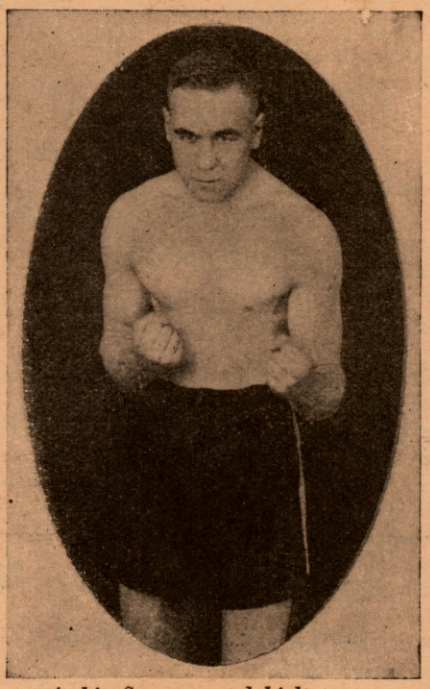
AND then there is a real lad of promise, Ronnie James, a mere child from South Wales. He has but two blots on a brilliant record. He lost to Sangchili, the Spaniard who blighted the life of Al Brown, and he also lost to Dave Crowley. Each time the referee made himself an unpopular man.

When he met Crowley, James was disqualified for a blow that seemed quite legitimate to everyone. When he met Sangchili, the referee, a different one, seemed quite determined that there should be no disqualifications. Accordingly, Sangchili was permitted to show just what Spanish bulls are like and to butt James all around the ring.

Three other mentionable featherweights are all Londoners—Dave Crowley, Dick Corbett and Benny Caplan. Corbett has beaten Crowley twice out of three times; Caplan has beaten and drawn with Crowley; Caplan and Corbett have for some reason not met to date. I think Caplan just the best of the trio, but he is remarkably tame and unenterprising. I think that most people disagree with me in this matter and consider that Crowley is to be regarded as a better man.

* * *

IF you want the featherweights sorted out into a kind of rating according to my personal views, here you are: Miller, Tarleton, Belloise, Foran, Arizmendi, James, McGrory and then the Londoners, whom I just cannot attempt to place in an order. It may well be that there are plenty of featherweights whom I have not seen, who should be shoved in immediately after Arizmendi. Can't blame me for that.



Archie Sexton, rated high among the middleweights.

For instance, I do not know enough of the recent form of Maurice Holtzer. He recently lost a decision to Dick Corbett, but his victory, unavenged, over Freddie Miller, has to be remembered. Foran would certainly beat Arizmendi if he could show the form he showed when he gave Varias Milling a most complete beating.

* * *

JOHNNY KING is the bantamweight king. There is some sort of doubt about how strong he is at the strict weight limit, but he seemed to lack nothing in efficiency the last time he weighed in at 118 pounds to meet Jackie Brown and knock him singularly cold. King gains his artistic effects more by power of punch than by Jem Driscoll skill. When he does choose to box à la textbook, he does well enough to make people wish he would do it more often. His best display last year was to gain a decision over Tarleton. They met again later in the year and boxed a draw. But Tarleton would have received my vote beyond all doubt.

First among King's challengers comes John Cusick. His record is as hard to trace as Hitler's Aryan descent. He did most of his fighting, until the middle of last year, in unlicensed—outlaw—clubs, and his victories escaped the notice of the press.

Since becoming a licensed boxer, he has swept everything before him. His most impressive job was to knock out Len Hampston. Hampston had travelled the full fifteen rounds with Johnny King and had never before been knocked out. Cusick's work was excellent. He is in the main a defensive fighter, but he'll do anything when he feels like it.

I should think Hampston the next best to him. He is tough and has a devastating punch. He keeps coming at his man, and there are few who can stand up to him.

He is followed by Jackie Brown, the former flyweight champion. Brown has speed, speed and then speed. He also carries a neat punch and has won many of his recent fights inside the distance. He is not, however, the force that he was as a flyweight.

One might also mention Len Beynon, the Welsh champion. He is a skilful defensive boxer who should go a long way. He is now in America with George Daly and Tommy Farr. King beat him in six rounds in a non-title bout last year.

* * *

IF there are any bantamweights floating around in New York, they have been successfully hushed up from me, so we can avoid losing friends by making comparisons.

The same thing would apply to the flyweights. There may be some class flyweights in New York, but if there are, they must be doing their fighting in their dressing rooms as far as I am concerned.

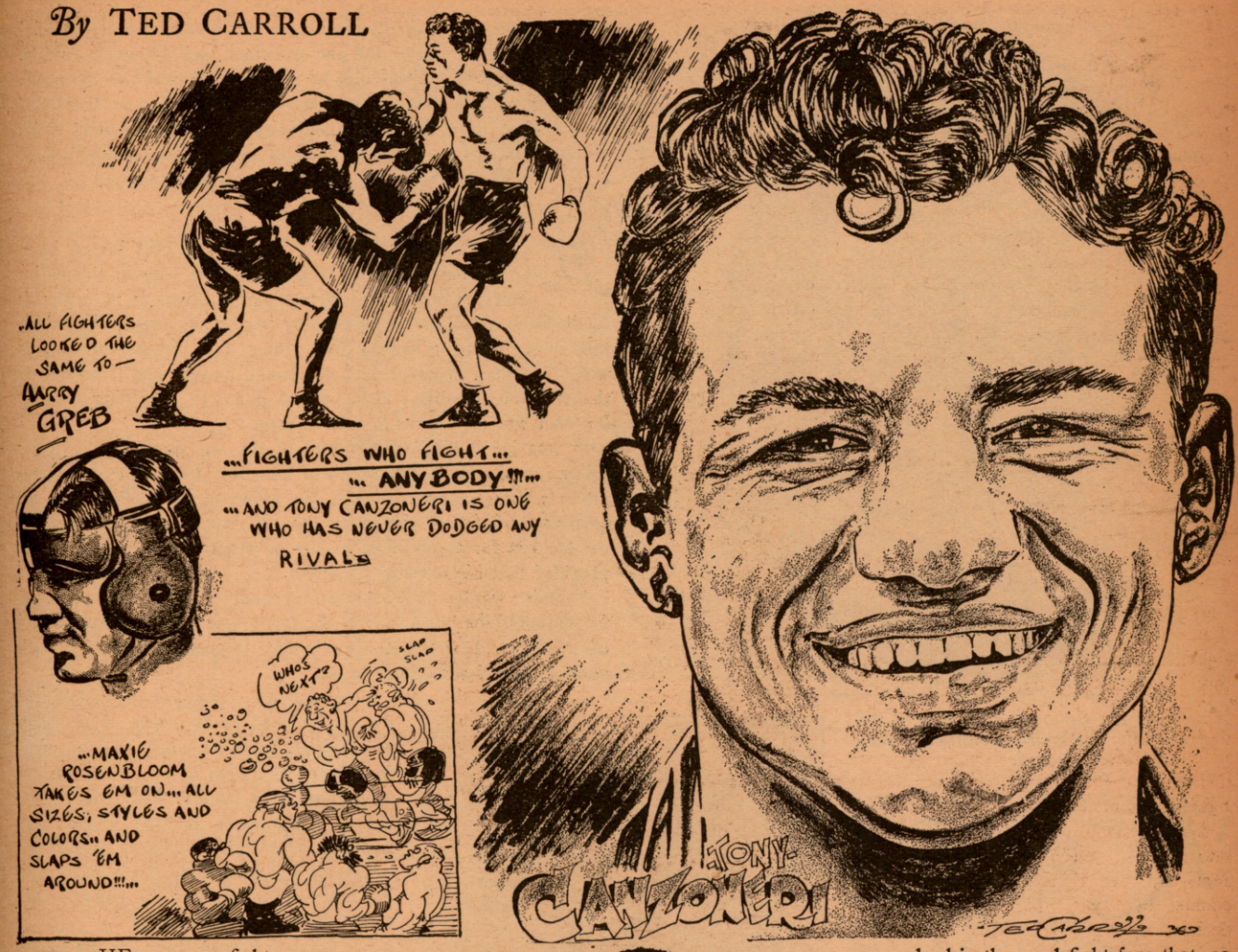
Anyway, our champion at 112 pounds is Benny Lynch. He is also regarded by the British Boxing Board of Control as the world's champion—and by me. I do not think that Jackie Brown's title claims were seriously challenged, especially after the departure from the scene of Midget Wolgast, and Lynch was beyond all doubt the first man to beat Brown at the championship weight when he held that title. However, what's the odds?

Lynch may not measure up to the midget giants of the past, but he is certainly good enough to get by. When he was winning his way to his title match with Brown, and in that actual match, little Benny looked like all of the million-dollar fighter. But the crown seems to put unease upon his head and he has not yet found his way back to that sparkling form.

Lynch was recently given a handsome trimming by a Belfast southpaw, Jimmy Warnock. He has hardly fought outside Belfast, and I have yet to see him in the ring. *(Continued on page 43)*

FIGHTERS *WHO* FIGHT!

By TED CARROLL



THE average fighter, regardless of ability, seems bent upon selecting as many soft spots as he can, especially so if he happens to be a champion or topnotcher. If left to the fighter himself, the chances are that he would much prefer to test his skill against high class talent because he derives a real kick out of a victory over one who rates high in pugilism. The case of Tony Canzoneri is one of unusual merit. Here is a fighter, still a young man so far as age is concerned, but a veteran in ring experience who, ever since he entered the professional field, has taken a keen delight in clashing only with top-flight opponents.

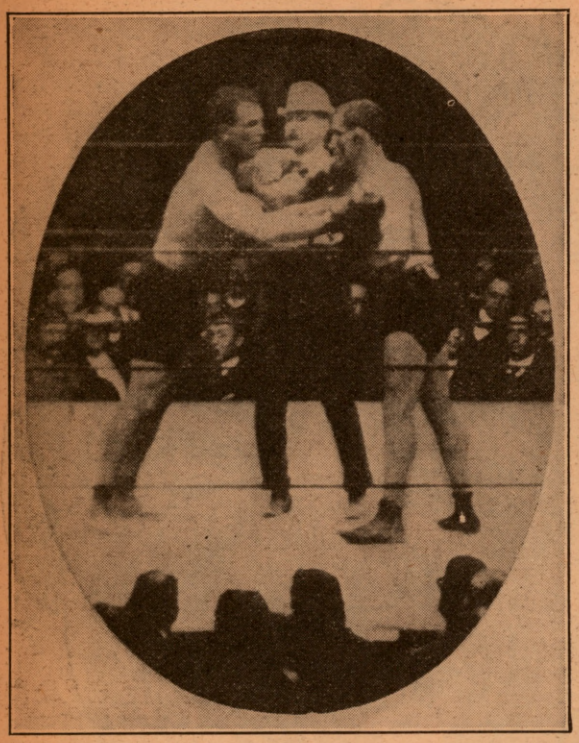
When Canzoneri recently agreed to accept a match with Jimmy McLarnin, he indirectly took a slap at Barney Ross, the welterweight king, who had refused $35,000 guarantee for a fight with Tony for the welterweight championship and thereby left the impression among dyed-in-the-wool fight fans that, so far as Barney was concerned, he wanted no more of Tony's game. Balked by Ross, Tony immediately went into action and obtained as an opponent the hard-hitting McLarnin, generally recognized as the chief contender for Ross' crown. Thus again Tony selected for himself the toughest possible opponent to prove to the fighting world that softies have no place in his list of opponents.

Jimmy McLarnin, who, after a year's inactivity, has returned to the ring.

It will be recalled that McLarnin put the crusher on many aspiring lightweights who thought that they could successfully spot Jimmy several pounds. Jimmy has been aided in his entire career by the knowledge that he had the better of the weights and through that medium he was enabled to register knockouts over many corking lightweights.

Al Singer, who ruled the lightweight throne prior to Canzoneri's advent, made a valiant effort to turn the tide against Jimmy. He dropped Jimmy to his knees in the first round but succumbed in the third round after a slashing battle. McLarnin, more or less, was instrumental *(Continued on page 44)*

TOM SHARKEY—

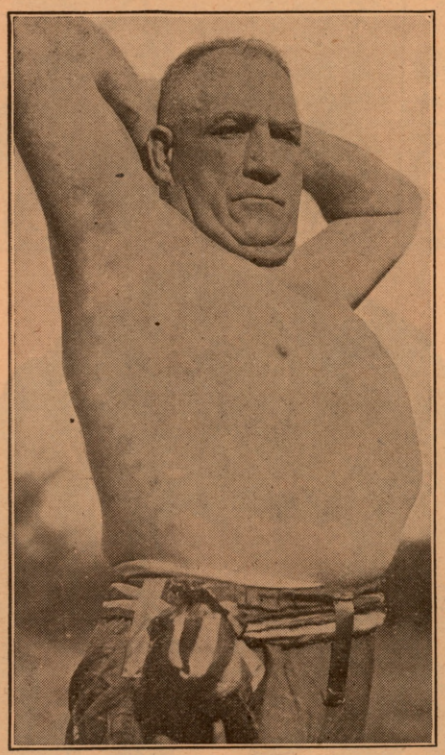


A scene in the twenty-third round of the Jeffries (left) and Sharkey battle at Coney Island.

ROUGH, tough and game were the many sons of the Emerald Isle who earned a living with their fists, from bare knuckle days down to the present era of the gloves and Marquis of Queensberry rules, but never a one was rougher, tougher or gamer than Tom Sharkey, that pugnacious product of the old sod who got his early training with the mitts aboard the warships of the United States Navy. It was not on the cards dealt him by Fate that he should ever wear a championship crown, but it was only by a hairsbreadth that he missed attaining the highest honors of his profession, and his name lives in fistic annals as a veritable fighting bulldog of extraordinary strength, grit and iron nerve.

Probably he was about the nearest of near champions the ring has ever known, and certainly had he reached the topmost pinnacle of pugilistic fame, he would have been one of the most popular title-bearers in the history of the sport. In his prime, he was as formidable as he was quaint and picturesque and a rare physical specimen. For the fighting sailor was literally a sawed-off Hercules, with great bulging muscles and a capacious chest which became famous in caricatures and newspaper pictures, and stood only five feet, eight and one-half inches in his socks.

If ever there was what is called a "natural" fighter, Thomas J. Sharkey belonged in that category. His was no artificial gymnasium strength, he was just born that way, and he possessed that tigerlike love of scrapping which distinguished such firebrands as John L. Sullivan, Terry McGovern, Harry Greb, Mickey Walker, Ace Hudkins, Jack Dempsey; and which was so conspicuously absent from the make-ups of such purely commercial champs as Jess Willard and the so-called Jack Sharkey. And be it remembered that at his best he never scaled over the 180 mark, only five pounds more than what is known today as the light-heavyweight limit, so that in a majority of battles he fought under a weight handicap of from fifteen to twenty-five pounds, and so far as height went, all his opponents towered above him.



Sharkey expanding his chest. This photo was taken only three years ago.

* * *

HE was born on November 26, 1873, at Hill Street, Dundalk, County Louth, Ireland, a little seaport whose inhabitants take to the breast of old ocean as naturally as do ducks to a mill-pond. There were hardy lads among the fisherfolk there, but none hardier than young Tom, whose dad himself was a bad man to tackle in a rough-and-tumble, and Tom upheld the scrapping tradition thus handed down by becoming cock of the walk among the neighborhood kids.

It was inevitable that the lure of the sea should make many sailor recruits out of the youth of Dundalk. Few contented themselves with employment among the crews of the fishing fleet. As soon as a youngster passed his twelfth year he was generally on the lookout for a job as cabin boy on coaster or deep-sea vessel, provided that his physical condition was okay.

Captains wanted no weaklings, especially in those days of plentiful sailing ships when life on the briny was anything save a bed of roses, and the new apprentice frequently found himself aboard a species of floating hell.

Tom was not fifteen when he followed the trail blazed by so many of his older companions. In other words, he ran away from home and went to sea. That was the usual thing for a Dundalk kid to do. Probably in many cases parents would have raised no objections, anyway, having had a taste of sailoring themselves, and knowing that sooner or later the stormy main would claim their offspring.

But "taking French leave" as the saying was, had more romance about it than the other way, and when did the spirit of youth ever resist the adventurous, romantic appeal? So Tom Sharkey was fairly launched. First as a cabin boy, but that didn't last long. Because this particular cabin boy even in his early teens possessed muscular strength and daredevil courage that one many years his senior might well have been proud of.

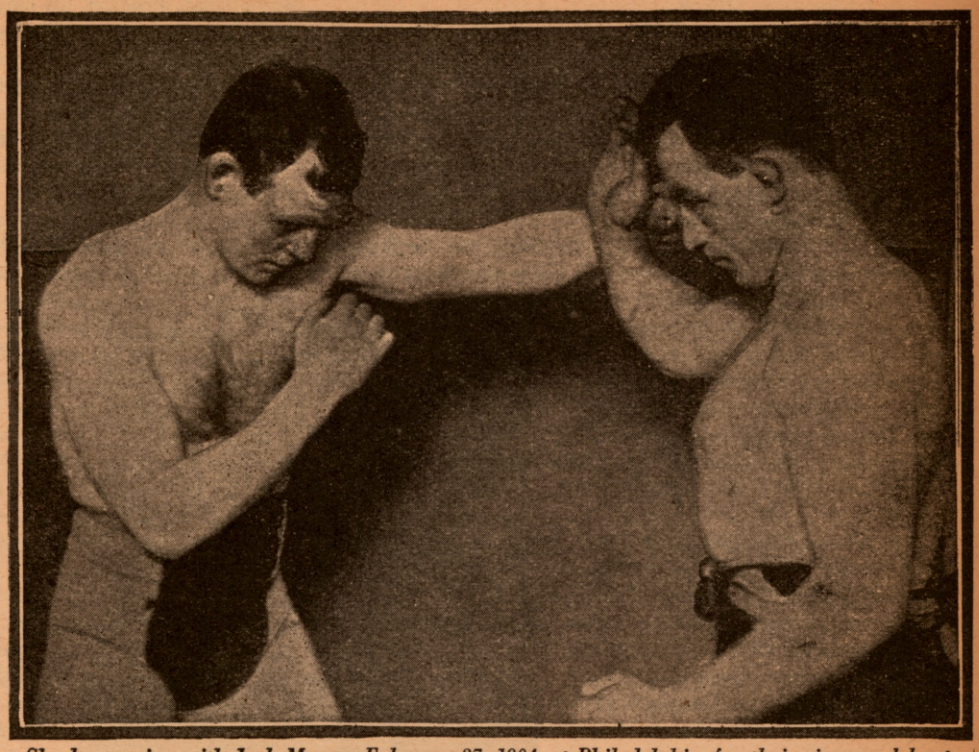
* * *

AGE-OLD sea tradition established a cabin boy's status as a sort of human football who could be kicked around with impunity by any member of a crew who had a grouch to work off. Some lived through this ordeal to become big enough to turn the tables on their tormentors, others died or deserted and sought the friendly haven of the shore with their romantic notions of the sea thoroughly eliminated.

But from the day young Sharkey first set his foot in a forecastle, he was out to assert himself against the sea bullies. There was no resenting a clout on the lug from mates or captain, that was according to ship-law, as he well knew, both from hearsay and the accepted conditions even aboard fishing craft. But equipped with two iron fists, a frame compact of whalebone and steel, a hot temper and genuine love of fighting for fighting's sake, the kid from Dundalk wasn't going to submit mildly to buffets from those he considered merely his equals.

Celtic Fighter of the Sea

By GEORGE T. PARDY



Sharkey posing with Jack Munro, February 27, 1904, at Philadelphia, for their six round bout.

Now this equality idea was something veteran seamen simply wouldn't admit, where a cabin boy was concerned. So it followed that for a time life was just one mixup after another for Thomas J. It would be idle boasting to maintain that he had the better of all such encounters. The odds against him were altogether too heavy for that. But no matter how big an opponent was, none ever escaped scot-free and unmarked from a tussle with young Tom. And the exasperating thing about it was that he never stayed licked. There always had to be an impromptu return-match, and on such occasions it was noticeable that Tom came out on top.

Remember, these fights aboard ship weren't conducted under regular rules. Most everything went, including free use of feet, head and even teeth, for a little mayhem break wasn't looked upon as anything out of the ordinary. Some youngsters would have gone all to pieces under such strenuous maulings. Tom Sharkey didn't. On the contrary he thrived upon the rough fistic diet. Also, he was growing bigger and tougher as time went on, so much so, that he was shortly doing his bit "before the mast," and finally registered as the possessor of an A.B. certificate.

* * *

IT was while the good ship Martha Daly was rounding the Horn on Tom's third deep-sea voyage, that he engaged in a forecastle squabble which made him cock of the roost there as definitely as when he was topdog among the youth of Dundalk. His opponent was a gigantic Swede who from the moment he came aboard had been at direct loggerheads with the youngster and took every opportunity of showing his dislike. For a time Tom stood the huge man's bullying ways without resenting them, but on this particular night the Swede followed up a string of vocal abuse by a back-handed slap that sent Sharkey staggering backward.

The next instant the big man must have thought that he had stepped into the teeth of a whizzing buzz saw, for the youngster was upon him fighting with a speed and fury that completely bewildered his slow-thinking antagonist. The Swede swung his long, heavy arms fiercely in futile endeavour to beat back his assailant. But, although boxing science in the true sense was unknown to Sharkey he had picked up something of the art of self-defense fighting his way through life from boyhood, and he knew enough to duck and counter in effective fashion to nullify the Swede's clumsy onslaughts.

Youth and grim determination did the rest and scarcely two minutes had elapsed before the Swede was lying prostrate, his features a merely bloody pulp, and yelling for mercy. The affair created quite a stir among Sharkey's shipmates, for the beaten giant had been looked upon by them as a sort of marine terror who could lick anyone aboard if put to the test. When the news of Sharkey's unexpected exploit reached the ears of the first mate and was retailed by him to the captain, the Old Man snorted and said: "Licked that bullhead Swede, did he? Well, if the kid did that he's man enough for real work. Put him in your watch, Mister!"

And so it was that Tom's cabin-boy days faded behind him.

* * *

FEW men have seen more of the world in a comparatively short period than did Sharkey in those early days of seafaring before the mast. He visited nearly every country on the face of the globe, from China, Japan and Africa up into the Arctic one. Four times he was shipwrecked. Once while sailing from Hong Kong the ship was disabled in a typhoon, the masts going by the board.

She was an ancient, none too seaworthy craft, and the following morning her battered hulk developed a leak that no amount of pumping could overcome. She was sinking so rapidly that the crew had to take to the small boats without waiting to take as much as an ounce of fresh water or a ship biscuit with them. From a Monday morning at four o'clock until the next Wednesday night, when they were picked up by a British steamer, the castaways had neither food nor drink.

"And," said Sharkey, who always waxed eloquent regarding this particular experience, "the weather was so flaming hot there in the tropics that three of the sailors went clean out of their minds in our boat, drew knives and went for the rest of us. They were knocked on the head with boat stretchers and the Old Man ordered them chucked overboard for fear they'd start another killing rampage if they came to. So over they went to the sharks. On the third day a big Finn went crazy, jumped the Old Man and was shot through the heart by him. When he was about to be thrown over the side, I hollered out:

" 'Hold on there, Captain, let's eat him!'

"The Old Man sort of hesitated a moment, but then shook his head, and a few seconds later the sharks were having a full meal. And don't you know, I kind of envied them? Sounds tough, I suppose, but just try drifting around the Pacific for days and nights with an empty stomach, and see if it won't rub civilization off of you."

* * *

LIKE most of his countrymen, who revere nobody so much as a good fighter of their own blood, Sharkey's admiration of John L. Sullivan amounted to sheer idolatry. Lucky indeed he thought himself when the ship he was aboard in September,

1892, made port at New Orleans. For on the seventh of that month John L. was scheduled to defend his championship against one James J. Corbett, and with three of his Celtic shipmates he would be among those present.

They saw the old champion, slow and overweight, go gallantly down to defeat in the twenty-first round before the cool, scientific onslaughts of the younger man. Having loyally bet every cent in their possession on the loser they went aboard dead-broke, far more distressed by their favorite's downfall than the resultant empty pockets. That the victor in the title-bout was every whit as Irish as the man he had beaten brought no consolation to them. For there was only one John L.!

As Sharkey watched that battle, it is not likely that the thought occurred to him that he would ever face the winner in a ring, for at that time he had no thought of becoming a professional boxer. But he was not favorably impressed by Gentleman Jim's skill and methods, for that sort of scrapping was never his forte, either then or after he became a glove-wielder. As he confided to a chum aboard, he believed he could have whipped Corbett in a go-as-you-please argument. And, as a matter of fact, his rough-house tactics were one day to cause much serious discomfort to Sullivan's conqueror.

* * *

IN describing Sharkey's career, writers have frequently made the mistake of calling him a "marine." This is incorrect. He reached New York City in the same year that he had witnessed Sullivan's defeat, went to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and signed on in the U. S. Navy as an ordinary seaman. He spent some time aboard the "guards," as a receiving ship is known in sea lingo, and while there was initiated for the first time into the mysteries of sparring with gloves. There were a couple of hundred men in training there, and every evening from seven till nine boxing bouts were scheduled, with officers as referees.

Sharkey was never destined to become a scientist in the strict sense of the term. But he learned the rudiments of the game in this school, and picked up a system of defense which, added to his natural strength and knowledge of rough-and-tumble scrapping, made him a bad proposition for any man to tackle.

Finally he was assigned to the cruiser Philadelphia. There chanced to be a vacancy for "ship's corporal" and Sharkey, because it was a job demanding the possession of physical superiority by the incumbent, was duly installed. He made good so decisively that he was shortly promoted to master-at-arms, first class, just before the Philadelphia was rushed to the Hawaiian Islands to protect American interests during a revolution which had broken out there.

* * *

IN his capacity as master-at-arms Sharkey had pretty nearly absolute authority over men returning from shore liberty drunk, and quite often in taking offenders "to the mast" to be inspected by the officer of the deck, Tom had his hands full. For when Jackie fills himself full of red-eye, it is traditional that he imagines himself in duty bound to whip anybody who is willing to give him a fight. However, the new "Jimmy Legs," as master-at-arms is termed in navy slang, soon demonstrated that he was physically the boss of all his shipmates. They learned to respect his authority, and one scowl from Tom was sufficient to quiet the most boisterous sailor.

It was at Honolulu that Sharkey first took part in regular ring battles. There were English war ships on station there, and when the news got around that there was a tough fighting man aboard the U. S. Philadelphia, several British sailors took turns in trying to "do the Yank" with the gloves. The luck of the challengers was all bad, however. In quick succession Sharkey knocked out Jack Langley, Rough Thompson, J. Picket, Jack Walsh, Jim Harvey and Jim Barrington, none of whom lasted four rounds.

Then the Britons played their trump card and sent out the English fleet champion, Jim Gardner, a giant of a man who had fought successfully in all quarters of the globe. But Gardner fared no better than his mates, for the fourth round saw him stretched prostrate, dead to the world temporarily. It was apparent that Sharkey was ripe for real ring customers. The match with Gardner was for one thousand dollars a side, quite a decent sum for those days; and arrangements were made to fetch Nick Burley from San Francisco and see how the Irish-American sailor lad would fare against a professional of reputation.

Burley was known as the Pacific Coast champion and the men who brought him to Honolulu were gamblers who expected to clean up nicely on the trip, as every sailor and officer on the American ships was willing to stake his last cent on the Philadelphia's champion. So, for that matter, were the English navy men who had seen Tom whip their best and bravest.

But the cleanup never materialized so far as the Burley contingent was concerned. Burley was a big husky who knew a lot more about boxing than did Tom Sharkey and had weight, height and reach advantages over his short, stocky opponent. They fought with skin tight gloves, and the first punch Burley landed broke Tom's nose. This merely served to make Sharkey fighting mad, and he tore into huge Nick like a wildcat. Burley did all he knew to save the money his backers wagered on him, and made a better showing than any of Sharkey's other antagonists. He succeeded in staving Tom off up to the eighth round, when the sailor caught him with a terrific left swing that knocked the recipient unconscious.

Tom Sharkey as he looked when in his prime.

* * *

SHARKEY'S sensational victory over Burley gave him a ring-standing he had not previously possessed and California promoters began angling for him. During 1894 and 1895 he fought around Vallejo and Colma, California, with unvarying success, scoring knockout after knockout, among the most prominent of his victims being no less a famous gladiator than Australian Billy Smith, who was stopped in seven rounds. Smith, as hardy a chap and game as ever the antipodes produced, took a great liking to his conqueror, whom he trained for several affairs, and the sailor benefited to no small degree by the advice and instruction he received from the veteran.

Tom's first appearance on the big time was on March 12, 1896, when he went eight rounds to a draw with the well-known light-heavyweight, Alec Greggains at San Francisco. Had not Alec made a runaway, jab-and-clinch bout of it he would never had lasted the limit. The sailor boy really won, but the referee favored the Native Son, as San Francisco referees were wont to do at that shady period of ring history, and, on the whole, Sharkey was fortunate that he did not receive a worse deal.

Joe Choynski, then at the top of his form, witnessed the Sharkey-Greggains engagement, and came forward with a proposal to stop Tom in eight rounds, or forfeit the decision. Sharkey accepted at once, and they met at the People's Palace, San Francisco, April 16, 1896. Right at the tap of the bell Sharkey rushed, beat down Joe's guard, and connected with a left to the jaw that

sent Choynski headfirst through the ropes and out of the ring.

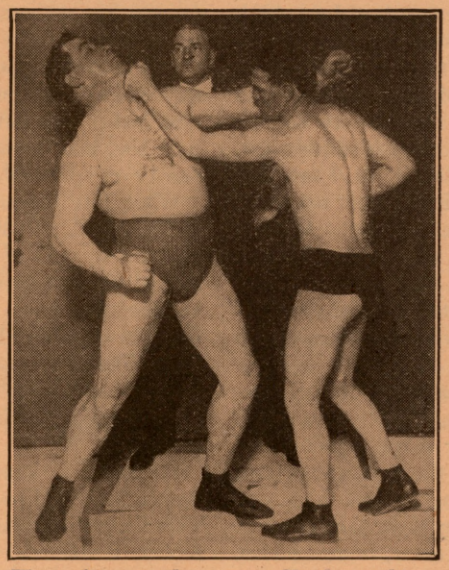
The gamblers were backing Joe and it was probably owing to that fact that the police called a temporary halt, and much wrangling ensued before the fight was allowed to continue. When it did, Choynski, warned by his unlooked-for experience, played safe, and up to the final round it was Sharkey instead of his opponent, who was trying for a knockout. He did not succeed, for Choynski, one of the finest ring generals of all time, took no chances. But Joe had failed to make good his contract and the decision accordingly went to the husky navy youth.

* * *

THIS was the bout which brought about a four-round tussle between Tom and the then heavyweight champion, James J. Corbett. The latter saw the Sharkey-Choynski fracas, and confident in his superior speed and science figured that he could easily outpoint the somewhat crude and impetuous son of ocean. Since January, 1894, when he kayoed Charlie Mitchell in defense of his title, Corbett had not fought, save for an unimportant bout before the Kinetoscope in which he stopped a no-account boxer known as Peter Courtney in six rounds.

Jim had been fulfilling theatrical engagements for over two years, and naturally his physical condition was not what it should have been for participation in even a short tryout with such a rough customer as the man who had outroughed sturdy Choynski. And the champ's overconfidence nearly proved his undoing.

For Sharkey, hard as nails, delighted with the opportunity of meeting the top-notcher of 'em all, stormed into the boxer who had whipped John L. Sullivan as viciously as a female grizzly bear robbed of her cubs. For three frames Corbett sidestepped, jabbed, clinched and brought into play every trick of which he was master to escape the clumsy but horribly effective onslaughts of his young and Herculean adversary.



Three famous characters—Sharkey taking it on the chin. Terry McGovern landing the blow and Joe Humphreys "refereeing."

But the champ tired rapidly, while in the clinches Sharkey handled him as though he were a child, roughing him remorselessly from rope to rope, never giving Jim a chance to "get set," and in the fourth, after Corbett had been hurled to the ring-floor as they came to close grips, the police climbed into the ring and halted hostilities, much to the relief of the thoroughly exhausted champion. The bout was declared a draw, owing to police interference, but there was not a shadow of doubt left on the spectators' minds that Corbett had taken a very complete licking.

* * *

IMMEDIATELY, the National Athletic Club of San Francisco came to bat with a $20,000 offer for a title bout between Corbett and Sharkey. The latter gleefully accepted and signed, as did the champion. But nothing came of the signing, for Corbett undoubtedly figured that there was easier game in the market, and Sharkey finally started East, after a vain wait on the coast of several weeks. While en route to New York the sailor met all comers and added four knockouts to his record at the expense of Ed Cuffe, Jack Marks, Jimmy Ryan and Jack Rudderham.

His fame had preceded him and everybody in Gotham wanted to see the man who had nearly stopped Jim Corbett. Tom was given a tremendous reception by Big Tim Sullivan and the latter's faithful Hibernian cohorts. With Big Tim he visited the saloon of Jim Wakely, backer of John L. Sullivan, and was introduced to his old-time idol, the defeated heavyweight champion. Wakely suggested a benefit for John L., and Sharkey quickly consented to spar four rounds with the former king of the arena.

The Sullivan benefit was staged at old Madison Square Garden and drew a banner house, the profits of which swelled John L.'s bank account by some $12,000. The ex-champ, always a square-shooter, insisted that Sharkey should take a share of the receipts. But the latter, who has frequently been falsely described as a "tight-wad" by writers who ought to, and may have, known better, refused to touch a cent.

"The show was for Mr. Sullivan," he told Wakely. "He needs the coin. I'm a young fellow and expect to make a lot of money before I quit the business. Let John L. keep it all, it's little enough for the great man he was!"

* * *

SHARKEY'S next ring appearance was against Bob Fitzsimmons for a $10,000 purse in San Francisco. They met on December 2, 1896, and Sharkey was declared winner on a foul in the eighth session. There was much crooked work in ring affairs on the Coast at that juncture. Within gambling circles it was frankly stated that Sharkey's number was already up, and Fitzsimmons due for a trimming.

Whatever truth there may have been in this statement, nobody who knew Sharkey believed for a moment that the sailor was a party to any such arrangement. He had always fought hard and given the best he had when in action, no suspicion of double-dealing had ever clouded his reputation, and he certainly was confident of his ability to whip any man in the world, without resorting to outside help.

It was a great fight for six rounds, with neither having any advantage, Sharkey rushing in his customary hurricane style, Fitzsimmons countering, shooting occasional jolts to the face, but mostly concentrating his attack on the body. These tactics eventually slowed up the impetuous sailor, who was badly punished and plainly groggy as he went to his corner in the seventh frame. The eighth saw Sharkey fighting furiously, but with much of the oldtime force lacking in his deliveries. Suddenly Fitz landed two uppercuts to the chin in swift succession, and followed with a terrific right drive to the stomach that dropped Sharkey in a heap.

Wyatt Earp, a famous Western gunman of the period, was referee. When Sharkey fell, Earp tolled off the fatal "ten" seconds. Then, with a dramatic gesture, Earp raised his hand, addressed the crowd, stated that Sharkey had been fouled—and declared the sailor victor. The crowd didn't like that announcement, and for a few minutes it looked as though a riot would begin.

* * *

AN ordinary third-man-in-the-ring might have found himself in a position of no small peril, and would probably have sought protection by some of the ringside cops. But Wyatt Earp was no ordinary person. He was emphatically "bad medicine" to take. If any disgruntled sport present contemplated mentally the pleasure it would give him and his friends to beat up the referee, he had a second thought as to Earp's peculiar efficiency in handling the forty-five Colt he always carried, and smothered his aggressive feelings. Mr. Earp strolled carelessly out of the ring and walked through the crowd unmolested. Those who selected him for his official rôle made no mistake in their choice, if iron nerve was all they wanted.

In 1897 Sharkey, after fighting an undecisive bout with Peter Maher in New York, which was halted by police interference, toured the British Isles, meeting all-comers, and scoring a series of one-round knockouts over minor lights of the English ring. On his return the year following, he knocked out Joe Goddard, the Australian Barrier Giant, in six rounds and fought an eight-round draw with Choynski.

He lost a close decision to Jim Jeffries in twenty rounds at San Francisco, May 6, 1898, knocked out Gus Ruhlin in less than a round at Coney Island in June, and *(Continued on page 43)*

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

AS an old reader of RING Magazine, I wish you would publish the following in your page of RING, "Letters from Our Readers." In reading April's edition of RING Magazine, I see where George T. Pardy wrote an article, "Titles Beckoned, But They Did Not Make It." In one part of this article he writes about the "go" between old "Fitz" and Joe Choynski, where Choynski had old Fitz down for eight seconds but he got up and clinched, and Fitz then in next round put Choynski down for four seconds, and Choynski arose and slugged savagely, when police halted the proceedings.

Now, Mr. Editor, I beg to differ with Mr. Pardy about this affair. I am seventy years of age and in the month of June, 1894, I visited Boston. At this time, Bob Fitzsimmons was middleweight champion of the world and was billed to appear in a friendly boxing match with Joe Choynski. My friend asked me to go and see old Fitz box, as he (Fitz) was all the rage then on account of defeating Nonpareil Jack Dempsey and others in quick order. Now, it is true that Choynski did put old Bob down. I saw that all right. But I also saw something Mr. Pardy does not write about, and that was when Bob Fitzsimmons repeatedly knocked Choynski down afterwards. When Choynski would get to his feet, Fitz would tell him, "Take your time, Joe, take your time," and then send him down with a thud, time after time. It was Choynski who did the crossing. He had no chance with Bob Fitzsimmons that night.

Articles like the Pardy story spoil the reading of RING Magazine and if Mr. Pardy got his information from other parties, I will tell him he got wrong information, for it was common talk around Boston for days after the contest that police interfered to save Choynski from being "killed," as ring fans put it.

Also, why don't RING writers stop talking about Jack Sharkey and Primo Carnera? Both of those boxers never, in my opinion, could be classed with old-time heavyweights It's about time they both retired.

JOSEPH CARNEY,
Point Levis, Quebec.

Editor's note: I turned this letter over to Mr. Pardy, who, like yourself, is an old-timer, a former Chicago "Inter-Ocean" sports editor, and here is his answer:

It is true that Fitzsimmons put down Choynski a couple of times, after the latter floored Fitzsimmons. The police, in the person, I think, of an officer named McGlory, interfered and halted the bout. Fitzsimmons undoubtedly had the better of the affair. That does not detract from my assertion that Choynski fought back and slugged with Fitz.

Nobody ever accused Choynski of being "yellow." Choynski was certainly groggy when the bout was stopped. But one may accept with reservations the prediction that he would have been "killed" in the event of the police not stepping in. He might have keen knocked out, but Choynski took many a worse beating than he stood up under on that occasion without suffering fatal consequences. As to who did the double-crossing, if there was any, nothing was ever proved, and like many other curious happenings in ring history, it remains a matter of personal opinion.

GEORGE T. PARDY.

* * *

IN your issue of April, 1936, in an article by George T. Pardy, we find:

"But Maher did land a right to the jaw in the early stages of the battle that dropped Fitz like a sack of coal. Ask anyone that saw that scrap and you will be told that Fitzsimmons was out cold—but saved from the full count by the bell, which was rung ahead of time, cutting the round short . . . ."

I dispute the correctness of this account of the Fitz and Maher fight. I was there in a seat at the ringside, front row. The exact account of the fight is as follows:

In an early round, I believe the second, Fitz hit Maher a terrific blow on the nose with his right. The blow broke the thumb of Fitz. Maher, maddened and blinded by the blow, flailed at Fitz with both gloves and Fitz was struck by one of the blows, and he was knocked to the lowest rope of the ring, on which he sat, and Maher struck out blindly at Fitz.

Fitz bobbed his head from side to side, avoiding the blows of Maher. The bell rang and Choynski, who was seconding Fitz, ran across the ring and carried Fitz to his corner. Fitz came out of his corner for the next round fresh and active, but it was seen that he did not use his right at all for the rest of the fight, except to fake a blow that would not land, and it was learned that his thumb on the right hand was broken.

For the balance of the fight, they would walk out of their corners, Fitz without any evidence of injuries, but Maher, in a few seconds, would have a stream of blood running down his torso, and to be struck repeatedly by Fitz's left, and the blood would be spattered all over the ring. It was the bloodiest fight that I ever saw. Maher must have lost blood in such an amount that it weakened him, and it was one of the greatest exhibitions of courage that I ever witnessed, by Maher.

When Fitz fought in New Orleans, the first time he trained at West End, on Lake Pontchartrain. The fight was with a man named Ashton, or of a name similar to that, who was a fine specimen of physical development, but Fitz knocked him out without knocking him down. It was a short arm punch and Fitz took him by the arm and laid him on the floor, as he was dead to the world. I met Fitz at his training quarters, and he caught me looking at his knuckles, and he said that the sharp ridges of his knuckles did great damage to his opponents, as they cut them up by their sharpness.

Fitzsimmons' knuckles were not like those of the ordinary fighter, large and round, but were large, high and sharp, and they were a great handicap to him later on, because they were so easily broken. I have read that every bone of his knuckles was at some time, at different times, broken.

Peter Maher in this fight gave one of the gamest exhibitions under Fitz's terrible punishment by the left-hand drives to his broken nose that I ever witnessed. How Maher stood the agony for so many rounds I could not understand.

E. J. THILBORGER,
New Orleans, La.

P.S.: Ask Choynski if Fitzsimmons was knocked cold.

* * *

THE recent death of Mick Dooley has removed the very last of the Jem Mace school of Australian glove fighters of the 'eighties and 'nineties. This school of fighter varied distinctly in technique from the school of Jim Corbett, the founder, I imagine, of the more modern scientific school.

Fighters such as Peter Jackson, Mick Dooley and Jim Hall never used a left hook in the ring.

Footwork and parrying were their main means of defense. Weaving, ducking and slipping were not used by them.

They were of a school which would be equally at home under old London rules. The Corbett school was more specialized for glove fighting—and Nonpareil Jack Dempsey and Kid McCoy helped also to found this latter school, undeniably the more efficient under modern rules. Many great Australian fighters, of course, were not of the Jem Mace school at all—Bob Fitzsimmons, for example, was a great left hooker, and Joe Goddard was a 180-pound edition of Harry Greb.

To turn to another subject, Joe Louis seems a really great fighter. If he gets a title chance against Braddock, it will be a great tribute to the influence and advocacy of THE RING. Without your paper's backing, it is extremely probable that he would be sidestepped, as was Peter Jackson forty-eight years ago.

He seems a tremendous one-punch hitter—but accurate comparison with old-timers is really impossible as gloves are heavier now, and tape regulations very different. He should beat Braddock, but being too strong a favorite is a distinct hardship.

A RING READER,
West Australia.

I NOTICE in the January issue of THE RING that you are appealing to readers for the sale or exchange of copies of William Doherty's "In the Days of the Giants." I have one, which I am sending, and at the same time I shall take the opportunity of airing a few of my views on the sport which is so well represented in your magazine.

My conclusions are drawn to a large extent from the news and opinions contained in THE RING, because there is nothing like it published over here. Your courageous policy of exposing raw decisions and giving credit where it's due, regardless of race or creed, will continue to get the support of sporting men the world over. However, despite the aforementioned fairness and impartiality on your part, there have been occasions in the past when I have considered you showed unreasonable prejudice against fighters from over here. I'll admit you've had reason to complain about many of them, but the bad examples seem to have caused you to regard them all with a jaundiced eye. Nevertheless, I'm glad to see that you rate Jock McAvoy as a man after your own heart, capable of holding his own in the best of company. He possesses aggressiveness, which Len Harvey lacked.

Tommy Loughran, as you know, is over here and he seems to be making a very good impression, socially as well as fistically, even if he isn't a consistent winner. One of our leading sports writers dwells considerably on Tommy's culture and conversational powers and rates him as good as, and perhaps better than, Tunney in that respect.

Wrestlers, or what goes for wrestling, is popular over here just now.

In conclusion, may THE RING continue to get the support it deserves.

A. DRING,
Surrey, England.

* * *

I RECEIVED your height increase course and it's great. I have never seen anything like it. After working conscientiously for three months, I have added one inch to my height, and my body is developing to such an extent that some of my friends asked me what did I take to alter my appearance. Why, it's like a miracle has been performed! I thank you from the bottom of my heart, Mr. Fleischer, for what you have done for me and are doing for others.

VALENTINE WILLIAMS,
Lagos, S. Nigeria.

* * *

I HAVE been a regular reader of THE RING for a considerable time and I am sure that there is no book in the world on boxing or wrestling that is nearly as good and unprejudiced as THE RING. I enjoy reading your magazine and have an album with hundreds of photos of boxers and wrestlers.

I would like to congratulate you on the fearless and straightforward manner in which you have criticized the policy of Hitler towards Catholic and Jewish boxers. I hope you'll publish this. Best of luck to you and yours. You are a real sport.

LIONEL SAFRIN,
Benoi, South Africa.

* * *

I HAVE just finished reading your life story of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. It was great. I recall every incident you mention in your article. I feel I can add something to the story when I tell you I was in the Caledonian A. C. in Philadelphia, December, 1896, when Philadelphia Jack boxed Isador Strauss six rounds in his *first professional engagement*. I afterwards saw him when he was at his peak, defeat Larry Temple and break two of Temple's ribs.

Jack O'Brien was one of the cleverest boxers that ever lived, and I have seen all of the good ones since the days of George Dixon, who, by the way, in my opinion, was the greatest of them all. When Jack O'Brien was boxing in England, he had his two sisters being educated in the finest schools for young ladies he knew of, and his boxing ability was sending them through school. Philadelphia Jack had a very promising young brother who was very good. I met them both in Bellingham, Washington, just after young Philadelphia Jack boxed Freddy Welch fifteen rounds in Vancouver for the lightweight title. Jack O'Brien and his young brother put in about a month there in Bellingham. Young Jack boxed Percy Cove while there and defeated him. This was about 1913. I would indeed like to know what has become of the stars of thirty years ago.

JOHN W. STEWART,
Washington, D. C.

* * *

AS a reader of your magazine, THE RING, since it came out, I would like to venture my opinion on the value of the book. If ever there was a good, real, honest, full of news, facts, stories of the ring, pictures, etc., magazine like THE RING, I would like to see it.

I read the book every time it comes out, and I got ten of my friends to get it regularly, too! And oh, boy! Are they satisfied! They said I couldn't have put them on anything better.

Now we are interested in some of the books you advertise in THE RING and would like you to send us by return mail a catalogue and price-list of all your books, and if possible to state the prices in English money, as we are ignorant and dumb so far as dollars are concerned in this country.

JOHN VAN DER LITH,
Turffontein, South Africa.

* * *

BEING an enthusiastic fight supporter, and never missing a contest of any importance, naturally I have seen many fighters come and go. I am always interested in the eventual outcome of noted fights in America, THE RING Magazine supplying me with a lot of information.

Now, as a matter of fact, we have with us here in England, a useful American featherweight, namely, Phil Zwick, who is, by the way, a clean-cut and jolly fine lad, and no doubt the best puncher and most stylish featherweight that has performed in this country for some considerable time, and all the sporting people who have witnessed his boxing displays and punching ability will stand by these statements.

To say the least, the American has shown his worth in this country, first of all giving away ten pounds to the Welsh lightweight champion, Boyo Rees, and above all, knocking him out in two rounds—a feat no other boxer had done before. Also, Zwick has beaten the leading contender for the British title, Johnny McGrory, in seven rounds, and crowning it all with a four-round knockout over Tommy Spiers, lightweight champion of Scotland.

LAURENCE REID,
Liverpool, England.

* * *

TO yourself, to the great old magazine, and to RING readers the world over, I extend the compliments of 1936 and Kia Ora from New Zealand. First in my small budget of news is the important announcement that Billy Murphy, ex-featherweight champion of the world, is NOT dead. He has recovered from his recent serious accident and is around the town once more. It happened that during the critical stage of Billy's sojourn in hospital another patient at the institution named Murphy died and the news was flashed around New Zealand that the deceased was the famous Billy. Even the local papers printed the death notice together with long columns of the boxer's career. Billy is as erect as ever and still weighing just about the featherweight limit. The wrestling season is drawing to a close here. The matmen have had another successful year, with the biggest share of the spoils going to Earl McCready and Walter Miller. Boxing is quiet throughout New Zealand. The game needs another fillup like it experienced when Pete Sarron toured this way. Fights were frequent and money plentiful in those days.

Jack Carroll, the Australian welter champ, defeated Bep Van Klaveren on points in fifteen rounds in Sydney. The fight was an open-air affair and rain marred an otherwise wonderful scrap. The gross takings were £4,522; Carroll's share, £998; and Van Klaveren's, £948. That runs about $5,000 apiece.

SYD BARCLAY,
Auckland, New Zealand.

"LEO,

Here's the droll mountaineer himself.

WELL, settle down, dear little wrestling fans, and let grandma tell you the story of 'lil bitty 245 pound, six foot three, Leo Daniel Boone Savage. And please, in deference to your struggling, correspondent, refrain from yelling "bunk" until you have heard me out.

To begin with, it isn't possible for you to be as skeptical of Leo Savage, his ability and publicity, as was yours truly. When it came to swallowing the undeniable far-fetched yarns about the "bearded biggie," I was perhaps the most cynical of the cynics. "Hillbilly!" I snorted and proceeded to air my belief that Leo was simply some other wrestler in disguise. "Frame-up!" I would mutter under my breath as I watched him toss all the local favorites with the greatest of ease. In short, I was very thoroughly convinced that Leo Savage was just another "stunt" and his popularity would soon wane.

Today it is difficult for me to temper my enthusiasm for Savage. I am likely at any moment to burst forth babbling about him. For I truly believe that Leo is the "tops" in wrestling and there isn't a man in the game today who can toss him. In behalf of Leo, I'd like to make that an open challenge.

But I digress. This isn't a story of my opinion of Leo. Soon enough you'll find out for yourself just how good he is.

* * *

WHEN my boss, Nat Fleischer, suggested I interview Savage I thought it was a good idea. When I arrived on the scene of said interview, I promptly changed my mind and silently wished I had taken up knitting sweaters for the starving Armenians as a "life-work" instead of asking burly brutes questions and writing stories on them.

Leo Daniel Boone, himself, bedecked in overalls and a bright red and white checkered shirt (he's wearing it in the picture where he has a possum ensnared), met me at the door. A trifle reluctant, and giving one last look into the hall, I stepped inside and managed a somewhat feeble smile and a decidedly weak "hello."

"Hyah," said Leo, a little shyly as he extended a big, friendly hand, and then, "I guess being a city gal you will want the light on, won't you? I jest use my lantern here—not so gol-dern hard on yore eyes." And take it or leave it, folks, there from the ceiling fan hung a real lantern. I blinked my astonishment and told Leo that if he didn't mind I'd take a good old forty watt, or wattever watts watts are.

But as Captain Henry would say, that was only the beginning, folks, only the beginning.

* * *

NO sooner had I stepped inside the door than three enormous beasts came bounding at me. I suppressed a yip and ducked behind Leo's big back but the spirit of the chase had been aroused in the hounds and they pursued me madly. Finally I grabbed Leo's arm and hung on for dear life to keep from being knocked flat by the dogs. Leo chuckled and assured me that their intentions were purely friendly, but to my dying day I shall never forget the glint in their eyes as they thundered toward me.

When the dogs were convinced that I was quite a harmless and inconsequential person, two of them, "Faithful" and "Lead," went off to sleep, but the largest and friendliest, "Ranger," took a decided fancy to me and parked himself at my feet. Frequently he made attempts to elevate himself to my lap and plant sticky kisses on me, at which times I looked

Leo Daniel Boone at his favorite indoor sport—whittlin'.

the LAMB"

By BERNICE SANDBOE

Bearded Hill-Billy, a Big Drawing Card in Wrestling Circles Below Mason and Dixon Line

pleadingly and agonizingly at Leo, who alone could make the dogs behave. A sharp word from his master placed "Ranger" again at my feet.

* * *

AFTER this distressing incident, I whipped out my notebook and pencil and was determined to get the interview over in as short a time as possible. But 'twas not to be.

Leo suddenly recalled that he had not shown me his possums, which he kept in a crate under his bed. He had caught eight of them the night before and was exceptionally proud of the feat. Leo got down on his hands and knees and dragged out the crate while I shrunk back in a corner wondering what fate was to befall me now. "Come on over and see them," said Leo, yanking me toward him, so down on my knees I went and viewed the possums, which were quite alive and ornery looking.

"Tell you what I'll do," Leo said eagerly. "You're a purty nice lil' gal, and I'm just gonna give you one of these here possums for telling people all about me." It took several minutes to convince Leo, without hurting his feelings, that somehow or other, possessing a possum didn't at the moment appeal to me.

Once more I grabbed my notebook, clutched my pencil and commenced firing questions at Leo, but it seems he was not yet in the proper mood to answer. Had I ever heard a fox-horn, he asked me, and upon receiving my negative answer, rummaged through a gunny-sack and produced said fox-horn.

Leo with one of the possums he captured and wanted to present to the writer of this article.

Now, if I didn't make him laugh, he said, he would blow the horn for me. Several attempts at blowing the horn failed, because you know if someone says not to laugh, you are going to laugh, and so I laughed and so did Leo. However, eventually he blew the horn, which made an indescribable, very ponderous noise, and I remember thinking that perhaps the management would stalk in and I could, in the ensuing turmoil, slink out.

But it seems Leo is a privileged person in the hotel. He may make noises, encamp herds of hounds in his room, keep crates of possums under his bed, and once he even ambled into the lobby with a rooster tucked under his arm, said rooster for the purpose of awakening him in the morning. It took practically the entire hotel staff, combined with all Leo's friends, to convince him that the jingle of the telephone bell is a more practical and suitable way to arouse one from sleep in a hotel room, and reluctantly he relinquished the rooster.

* * *

WELL, by the time Leo had blown the horn for me and I had even tried my luck at it (finding myself decidedly lacking in the necessary wind required to produce sound), I had rather gotten into the swing of things. I even forgave "Ranger" for trying to park on my lap and engaged in a mild tussle with him. It was only after several polite hints from Leo that he would be glad to tell me now about his kin-folks back in Kentucky, that I recalled that I was a reporter, and brushed "Ranger" aside to once again take up my notebook.

This time we really got somewhere. Leo Daniel Boone (I'll get around to that Daniel Boone part later) Savage was born twenty-eight years ago in Boyd County, in the whiskey-flavored hills of old Kentucky. "Last time I counted," said Leo, "I had eight brothers and sisters, and every one of them, 'n' my mom 'n' pappy are agin my scufflin'."

Mamma and Pappa Savage didn't want their youngest son, Leo Daniel Boone, to leave the homeplace and run around the country a-fightin' with people, because folks up in Boyd County don't figure that money made that way will bring you any good.

Money doesn't mean a thing to Leo. He has turned down offers to wrestle all over the country and innumerable movie offers, besides, simply because he likes to stay around the South where folks are friendly to him. There is nothing he values more than friends, and he hasn't an enemy in the world. Unless, may I be feminine and feline enough to remark, it's Dan O'Mahoney. Do you know why? Well, it was Danno who dropped Leo on his head out of the ring and Leo was a patient for a time in the Memorial Hospital of Houston.

* * *

LEO is fundamentally religious. He is honest and sincere in everything he does, and though he may not go to church every Sunday when he is traveling about the country, he sits in the family pew whenever he is back home. "Last time I was home," he hung his shaggy head bashfully, "the preacher told everybody about me. Said I was a good boy and that folks round about were proud of me and that I was going to get 'way up in the world." And somehow, when you know Leo, you know that what that preacher in the little hillbilly church said is right.

Even here in Houston, one of our most prominent ministers, Rev. States Jacobs, preached a sermon on Leo one Sunday, remarking on his childlike faith and truly good character.

"I've never tasted tobacco in my life," Leo said proudly, but with a twinkle in his eye added, "but I can't lie to you and say I never tasted likker—because I have." But, being from Kentucky, you can't hold that against Leo, do you think?

Leo was named Daniel Boone because his mother is a direct descendant of the famous American pioneer. "Folks up in Boyd County say I look just like old Daniel when I go huntin' round the country with my hounds." It seems also that near the Savage farm is the original home of

(Continued on page 45)

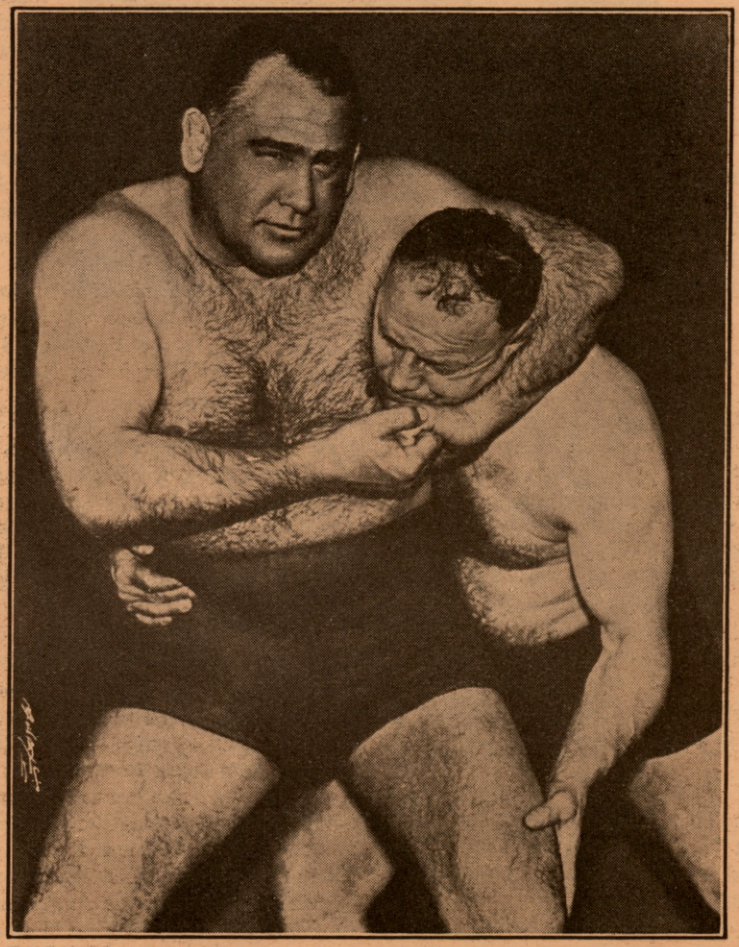
ATTRACTIVE

The greatest family of wrestlers—the Dusek boys—signing for an all-family affair. Top row, left to right, Rudy, Emil and Joe, with brother Ernie, the toughest of the group, sitting. The Dusek boys are not to be trifled with.

I WAS asked by THE RING Editor, "What is in store for the wrestling fans for the outdoor season?" and my answer was, "More good matches than we have had in the metropolitan district since 1931."

How come? Well, there is an abundance of fine talent in the East at this writing, and if the matches which are contemplated should materialize, then the wrestling fans will have plenty of good entertainment in store for them for the outdoor season.

Chief among the newcomers who are expected to figure considerably in the season's best shows are Yvon Robert, the young Canadian; Vincent Lopez, the Coast star who is being groomed for a championship match by the veteran, Ed Lewis; Sandor Vary, the agile Hungarian; Hank Barber, former Dartmouth football star, and Dean Detton, who only a few weeks ago was crowned the world champion by the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission after Shikat had refused to go through with a bout scheduled for him by Ray Fabiani, who then, with the sanction of the Pennsylvania Boxing Board, conducted a tournament to crown a new champion for his state.



Ed Strangler Lewis (left), headlock king, who is still at his old tricks. Age doesn't soften him up.

Of course, in addition to these stars, there will be seen all of the best of the veterans, including Jim Browning, Ed Lewis, Gino Garibaldi, Rudy Dusek, and the great Jim Londos, who has decided to make a big play for the championship again. Londos has been bowling them over in tune-up matches and has announced that he feels in perfect physical condition and ready to resume work against the leaders of his profession.

* * *

THE victory of Shikat and his severance of relations with the group that gave him a chance to win the title from O'Mahoney, has muddled the wrestling championship situation, for whereas a few weeks ago there were only two "world" champions in America, Lopez on the Coast and O'Mahoney in the East, we now find Massachusetts continuing to recognize Danno as the title-holder on the ground that New York doesn't recognize championship matches and therefore O'Mahoney couldn't possibly have lost his title (that's the contention of those who handled the affairs of the Irishman); Detton, the Pennsylvania "world" champion; Robert, the Canadian world title-holder, and Shikat, the New York State "world" champion. We'll soon find as many champions traveling around the country as there are states.

* * *

ACCORDING to advance information, there will be many important outdoor wrestling shows this summer in various parts of the country. Probably the most important will be that between Vince Lopez, world's title-holder so far as California is concerned and Dean Detton, who recently won the championship international tourney in Philadelphia.

Many clubs have bids in for the proposed Detton-Lopez bout. Lou Daro wants it in Los Angeles; Musty Musgrave has put in a bid for it for Seattle, Wash., and Ray Fabiani is seeking it for Philadelphia.

Lopez became the title-holder in California when he won the honors in the

MATCHES

By MATMAN

Eastern Mat Moguls Plan Big Things for Outdoor Season, with Robert, Londos, Detton and Shikat Headliners

tourney conducted in Los Angeles last summer. The California Commission inaugurated the tourney after Jim Londos, then title claimant, had run out of a signed bout with Chief Little Wolf.

Detton was a big factor in the tourney until he injured his leg after having won nine bouts. Lopez was given a $15,000 cash prize and a championship belt as a result of his victory.

Detton defeated two former world's champions, Jim Browning, and Ed Strangler Lewis, in order to capture the honors in the tourney in Philadelphia. It was because Danno O'Mahoney had run out on a bout with Sergei Kalmikoff that the Pennsylvania Commission sanctioned the tourney, in which stars from all over the world entered.

Detton and Lewis were the finalists and the former emerged the winner after having eliminated, among others, Kalmikoff, the innocent cause of the tourney. Detton has been acclaimed champion in Pennsylvania as a result of his victory, thus further complicating the wrestling situation.

Lopez has been a big drawing card since he earned his world's titular recognition.

* * *

JIM LONDOS, the famous Greek, will meet Yvon Robert, sensational French-Canadian, in New York, at either the Polo Grounds or Yankee Stadium.

O'Mahoney may have an outdoor shot with Robert in Boston. When they met during the winter at the Boston Garden, they drew the biggest gate in years. Robert, who jumped into the limelight when he pinned the Irishman in an unscheduled bout in Holyoke, Mass., gave Danno a tough tussle in the Hub, and his followers think, should he face the Irishman again, that he will win.

Another big card is expected in the Hub if Detton and O'Mahoney clash as Promoter Paul Bowser is trying to arrange it. Detton is also sought in New York for an engagement with Londos.

Still another bout that New York, Los Angeles and Boston are seeking is a set-to between the two ex-title-holders, Ed Don George and Jim Londos. Wolf and Detton are also an attraction that Lou Daro hopes to secure for Los Angeles.

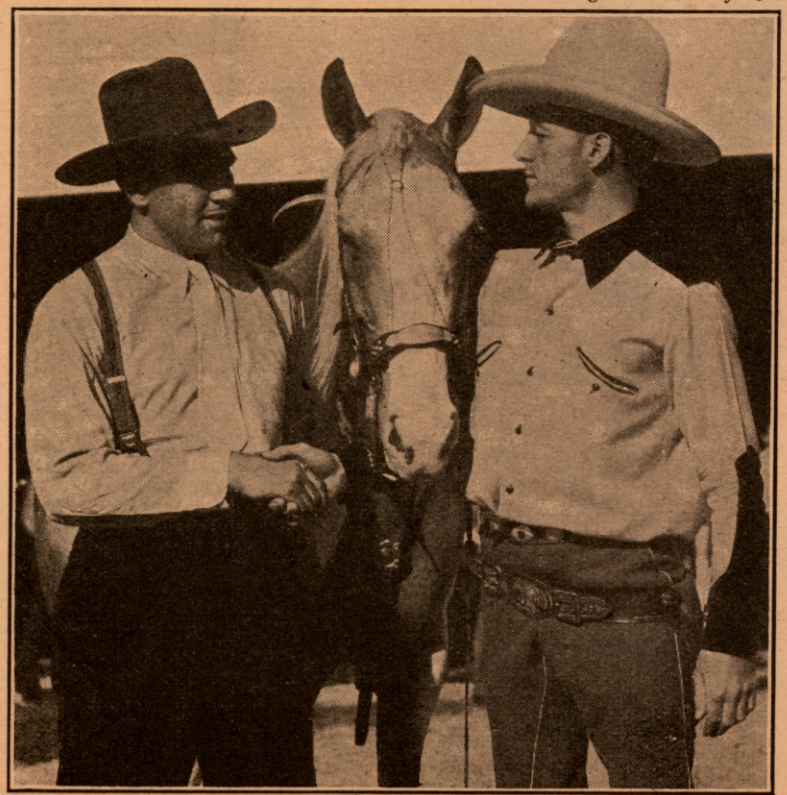
* * *

JIM BROWNING has been ill, but he may be able to get into some big bout before the summer ends. Ed Lewis may figure in one or two big shots.

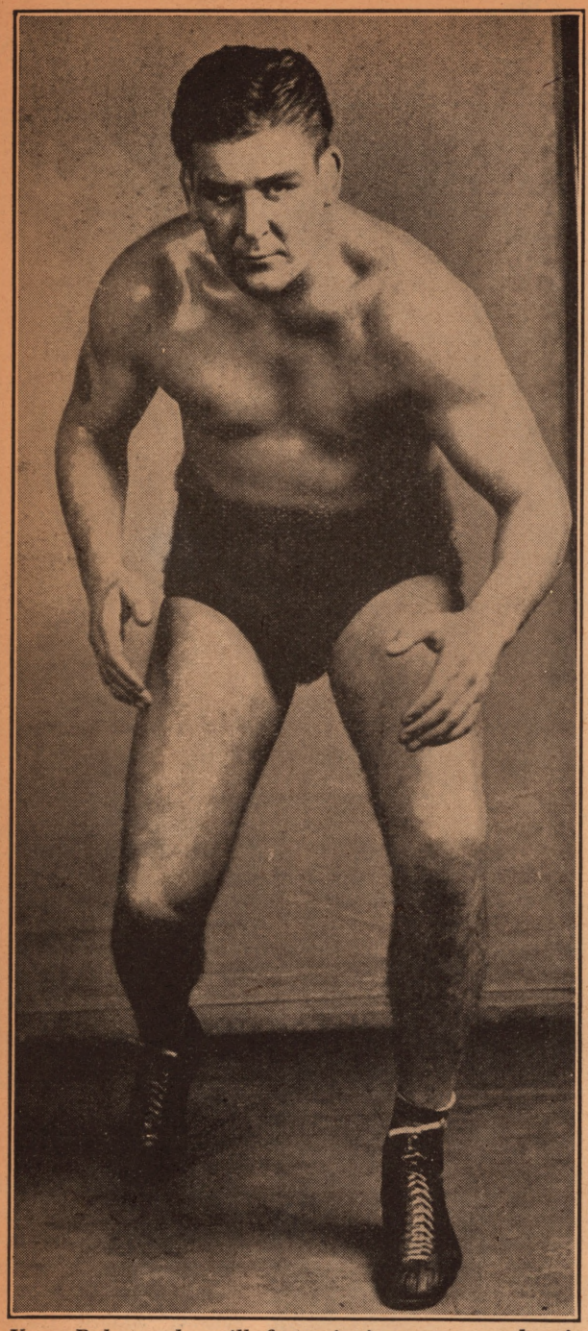
The four Duseks, known as the Riot Squad, will figure in several big attractions. In the several indoor shows at which all four met the best men available, they drew capacity crowds and in many outdoor spots this summer against championship claimants or foremost contenders, it is believed they will draw unusually big gates. They are by far the most colorful combination in wrestling. The four Duseks comprise Rudy, the veteran of the flock; Ernie, Emil and Joe. They are such rough and tough matmen that they arouse the fans wherever they go.

There has been talk of a Dick Shikat-Everett Marshall bout in Denver or Columbus, O., for the summer. Although the German made O'Mahoney quit in New York, he hasn't been able to capitalize much on the

The great and only—Jim Londos.



Vincent Lopez, California's world champion (left), making friends with a State trooper, "just in case—"



Yvon Robert, who will figure in important matches in the East this summer.

victory so far. Marshall is recognized champion in Colorado and Shikat claims the world title by virtue of his recent victory over O'Mahoney. Both seem to be outside the pale of organized wrestling at this writing.

In my opinion, the best piece of news that has come out of the wrestling headquarters is that of the definite return of Londos. There can be no denying that Jemmy is a most attractive drawing card and his presence on New York cards will add considerably to the interest.

Londos has taken on a little weight but he is just as agile a performer as he ever was, and that means class. He just cannot keep away from the sport which made him a wealthy man. It is safe to predict that before the summer is over, the clever Greek will have added $50,000 to his bank roll.

It is reported in Broadway circles that those in charge of Everett Marshall—the Sandow-Pfeffer group—raised $30,000 to give Dick Shikat to throw the rival clan over, and Shikat didn't hesitate to go over to the other side. Perhaps it is only stage money—we really don't know. It is also said by those in the know that when the proposed outdoor match between Marshall and Shikat is staged, possibly in the Middle West, Marshall will emerge the victor.

Ever since Sandow took over the contract of Marshall, he has been eager to get the crown for Everett, and his first move was to have the Colorado Boxing Commission dub Marshall the "world" champion in that state. Maneuvering of this kind is what has done more to injure the sport of wrestling than any of the antics of the wrestlers themselves.

* * *

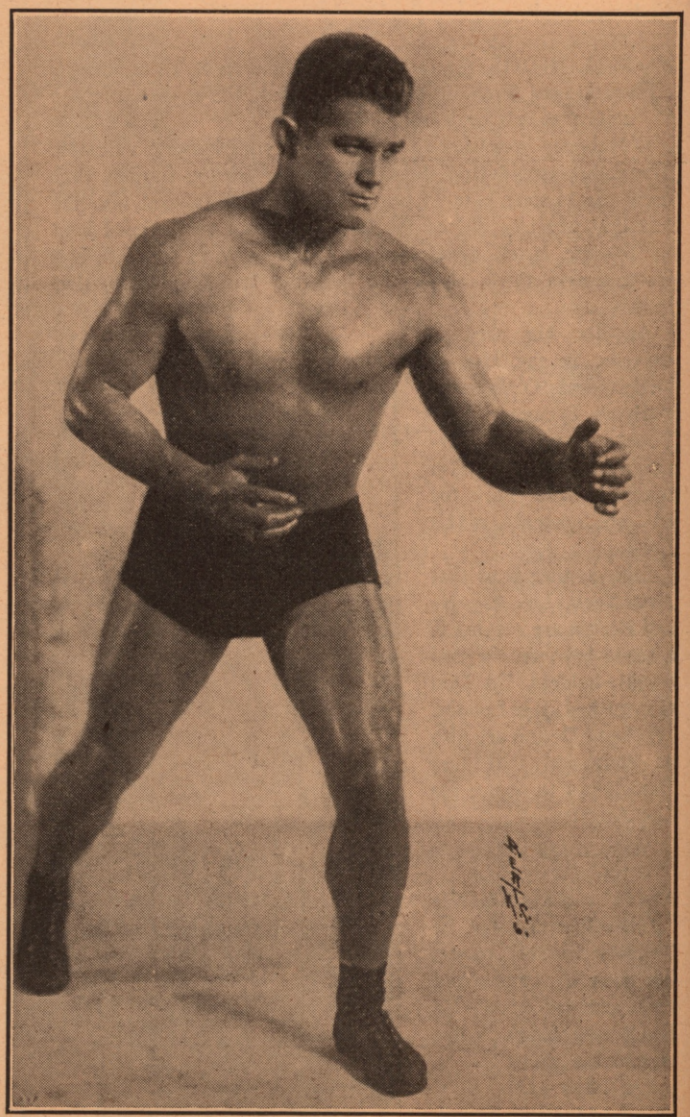
REPORTS from the Coast boost the stock of Paul Boesch, the Long Beach, L. I. life guard, to the skies. Paul has developed into a wrestler of no mean ability, and with his fine appearance to help him, he has become the idol of the fair sex in California. Boesch is one of the most popular matmen to appear in California during the past winter and with his added prestige, he should figure well in the big Eastern matches this summer.

In a letter to the writer, Boesch speaks highly of the ability of Vincent Lopez. "He's a good matman," says Paul, and if given the opportunity to face Dick Shikat, I'd take Lopez as my choice to emerge the undisputed world heavyweight king. What Vincent knows about the mat sport, he owes to the greatest of present day teachers, Ed Strangler Lewis.

* * *

GINO GARIBALDI, the St. Louis Italian, is going along better than ever in his career. It was only recently that he beat George Calza in the finals of a tourney held in San Francisco for the Italian heavyweight championship.

Gino has been grappling professionally *(Continued on page 47)*



Gino Garibaldi, veteran New Yorker, who improves with age. Gino is one of the most finished wrestlers in the sport. He'll be seen in many outdoor matches this year.

An Indian's REVENGE

By MAJOR JAY THOMAS ARNESON

(In collaboration with Mr. Rex Ellis of Pendleton, Oregon).

How a Northwest Redskin Got His "Pound of Flesh" after Frank Gotch Had Twisted His Arm in a Hammerlock on Barnstorming Trip

MANY stories have been told of wrestlers who tried to take Frank Gotch into camp when he was barnstorming in various parts of the country, but the one I'm about to tell has never appeared in print though it often has been the cause of lively arguments in this neck of the woods. I have followed the articles of A. D. Phillips in his Milo to Londos history of wrestling, but if he wants to keep the records absolutely straight, he had better incorporate the following yarn, that of a Umatilla County Redskin who lays claim to having won the world heavyweight wrestling championship from the famed Gotch. How come? Well, here's the story:

It happened in 1904, according to tales still related among the Indians of the Umatilla Reservation. Frank Gotch was then World's Champion wrestler but a Umatilla Indian named Motanic made him pound the mat at Pendleton, Oregon. Officially, the Indian received no credit as Gotch loudly protested his opponent's tactics and claimed a foul, but every Red Man on the reservation to this day claims that Gotch was the first to resort to unfair tactics, and that an Indian had won the World's Championship.

After the great Frank Gotch had become world's champion, he made a barnstorming trip through the Northwest, in company with a number of other top notch wrestlers and fighters. Their coming was ballyhooed with large bill board posters, which proclaimed that anyone who could successfully stay in the ring with Gotch for fifteen minutes without being pinned to the mat, would receive one hundred dollars cash.

* * *

AT the Storie Ranch, on the Umatilla Reservation, the cowboys urged Motanic to accept the challenge. Motanic was a man of exceptionally powerful build. He could pack a deer on his back for miles apparently without effort, and had been seen to pick up a two-hundred and fifty pound hog, which was kicking and squirming, and throw it into a buckboard.

Now, as Gotch did not weigh as much as the hog, and knowing how difficult a hog is to handle with bare hands, the boys at the ranch were convinced that Motanic could throw the champion. The more they talked it up, the more certain they were of victory.

But the next thing was to get the Indian to wrestle. He declared he could throw any Indian in Oregon, but he did not know about this white champion, Gotch. In Indian fashion, all one has to do is throw one's opponent off his feet and the match is over. The idea of pinning two shoulders to the mat had never occurred to the Indian, nor to the boys at the ranch.

Frank Gotch as he looked when in his prime.

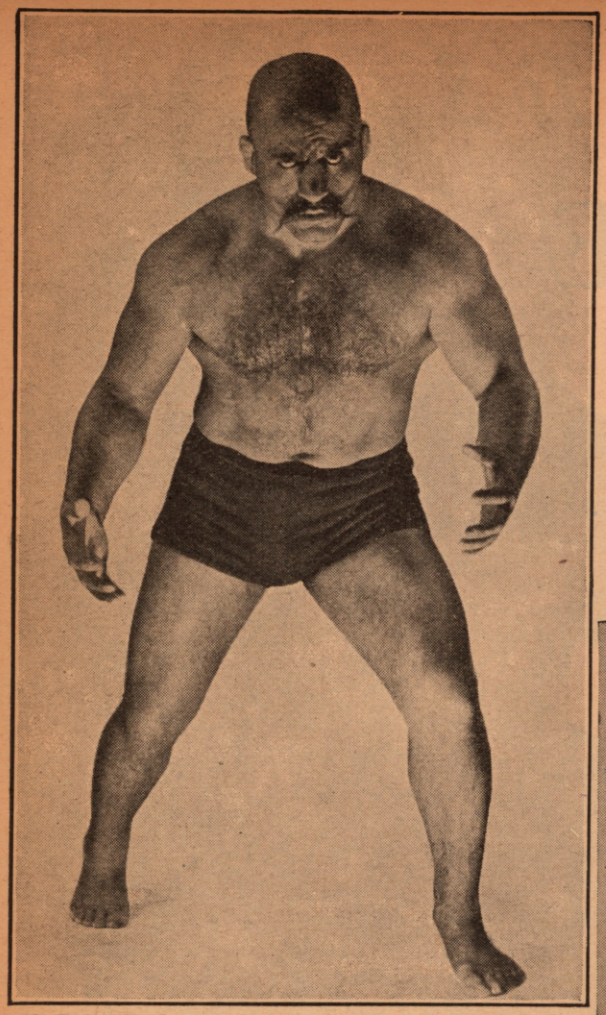
THIS was before the day of the automobile, and the radio had not yet been conceived. The only news from the outside world was obtained through the columns of the local weekly paper and gossip with the city drummers around the big stove at the store.

Pictures of Gotch and Jeffries and other champions of the time had been printed in the local paper. Most of these pictures showed them in various training poses, frequently running up a street, doing "roadwork." These pictures inspired the Indian's self-appointed promoters to rig him out in long winter underwear and chase him all over the country.

One of the boys at the ranch, who had earned a reputation as a fighter on Saturday night special shows was selected as trainer. After the first day, the training was so strenuous that he went on horseback with the Indian, who dog-trotted across plowed fields and up mountain sides on foot. To this day the boys declare the Indian could have outlasted the horse. *(Continued on page 45)*

GETTING

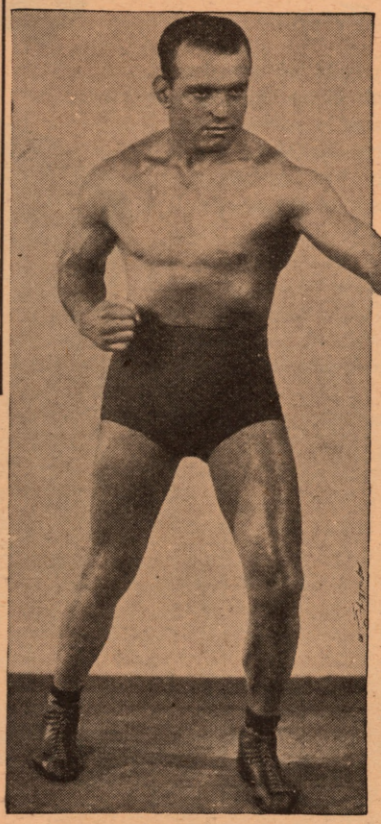
By EMERY CLARKE



Ali Baba, Turk grappler who has been doing well in America.

ONE of the most dangerous fellows on the mat and yet one of the most colorful, is George Koverly. Kovacevich is his right moniker, but he adopted the name of Koverly when he applied for his citizenship papers. George was born in Belgrade, Jugo-Slavia, on November 22, 1907, and weighs around 215 pounds. He first came to this country seven years ago to seek the heavyweight boxing title which was then in the hands of Gene Tunney. He first landed in New York and participated in several matches around the Metropolitan city. Then he hied to California, which is now his permanent residence.

Prior to his departure for these shores, Koverly won the heavyweight title of his own country and it was that which inspired him to seek bigger fame and fortune. He boxed four years in this country. Listed among his opponents were Jose Santa, Les Kennedy, John O'Brien and many other good heavyweights. It was shortly after his arrival in this country that Jack Dempsey approached him in regard to managing him but George had already made up his mind to make pro wrestling instead of boxing, his profession, and from that time on, he has been bending and twisting the bones of many well known wrestlers.



George Koverly, Jugo-Slovakian standard bearer.

Dobie Osburn, the Gatesville, Texas cowboy.

Koverly also acted as sparring partner for Max Schmeling and helped Max Baer in his training for the Baer-Carnera fracas.

* * *

DOBIE OSBORN of Gatesville, Texas, is regarded as one of the best card-playing pachyderms in the country. It is said that Dobie, whose hobby is stud-poker, earns enough money travelling around from city to city to bank about five thousand profit a season in addition to his mat earnings.

Osborn is only thirty years old, weighs 214 pounds, stands five feet eleven and a half inches and has been grappling professionally ten years. Dobie is a former rodeo bull-dogger, a good horseman and has worked in the Texas oil fields. He was once kicked in the head by a mule and for a long time his life was in danger.

* * *

EVERETTE MARSHALL, who with Dick Shikat, forms the backbone of the Sandow-Pfeffer combination in the handling of mat stars, will be a headliner in many New York shows this spring and summer. Everette, when a member of the rival group, the combine which Shikat double-crossed, beat many of the stars of that organization. Marshall's record is too well known for further comment, here.

As the recognized "world" champion in Colorado, of course he has piled up a clean record, although when with the Curley group, he occasionally, like Shikat, found himself on the wrong end. Marshall is an excellent wrestler and a championship match with Shikat, which is now in the making for the mid-west, will prove a big attraction.

* * *

ALI BABA is no walking advertisement for hair restorer. He does not believe in giving opponents a chance to grab him by his curley locks which he keeps constantly shaved. He has a most ferocious appearance, sports a long jet black mustache which adds to his menacing make up, and if he laid claim to direct descent to the famed Ali Baba of the Arabian Night days, one wouldn't blame him for he certainly looks the part. However, he asserts that he doesn't require the aid of the Forty Thieves to help him win mat glory as he feels sure that he can depend wholly on his own ability as a wrestler.

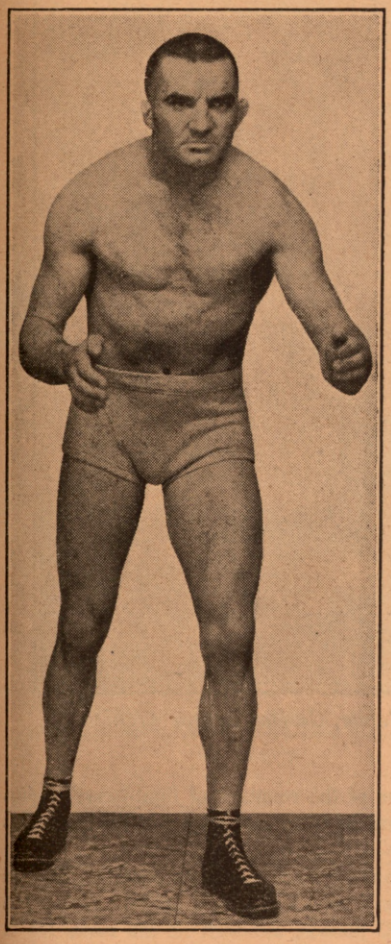
Out West, Ali Baba has been a sensation. He has won all his matches and expects to continue his victorious streak when he comes to New York shortly for an extended campaign. He weighs two hundred pounds.

* * *

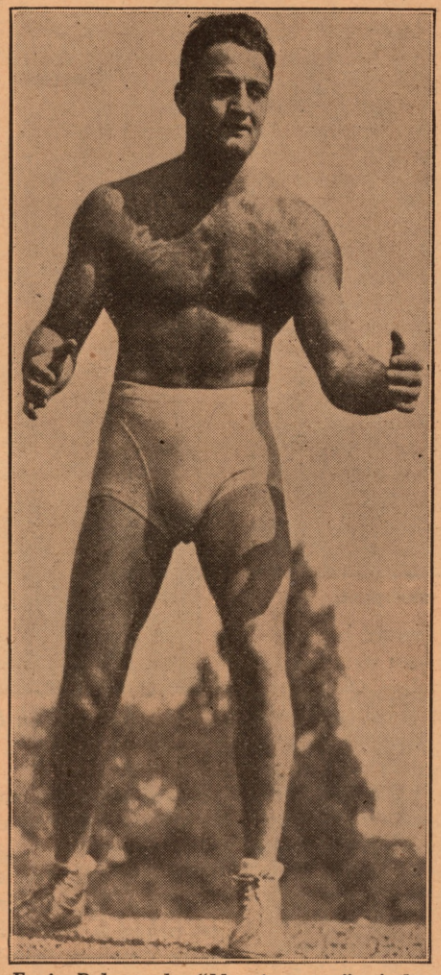
DAVE LEVIN, whose biography appeared in these pages a few months ago, is making rapid progress. He is regarded as one of the most popular wrestlers in New York

ACQUAINTED

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions



Paul Bozzell, Kentucky light-heavyweight.



Ernie Paluso, the "Meanie tamer" of the Northwest.

and vicinity. His rise has been sensational. He is a splendid athlete, a strong chap and agile.

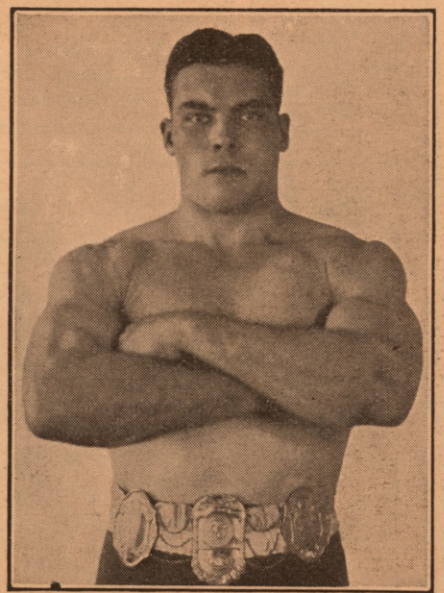
He is travelling now in the fastest of wrestling company, all of which speaks highly of his ability.

* * *

PAUL SHIKAT, brother of the world champion, is another of the younger matmen who is making a hit around New York. Paul is being tutored by his brother Dick and shows much of Dick's technique. While in Europe, Paul participated in several International tournaments which are so popular there but the big money he says is on this side of the Atlantic hence his reason for coming to America.

* * *

BIG CHIEF SANOOKE is the largest Judean matman ever seen in a ring. He stands 6 feet 6 in his moccasins, weighs 340 pounds and is



Dave Levin, New Yorker who is making rapid progress.

Paul Shikat, brother of the world champion.

only 27 years old. Quite a man!

He has been campaigning in the East and to date has disposed of his opponents with ease and rapidity. Despite his tremendous weight, he has no superfluous fat. He is a well trained athlete who was discovered and coached by a former champion of the world, one of the best of all time—Charley Cutler of Chicago.

Cutler, who now lives in Chicago where he is part owner of a tavern, believes that his "find" will be the next heavyweight champion. So far the mighty Cherokee Indian Chief has not been extended so that it is difficult to say how good he really is.

* * *

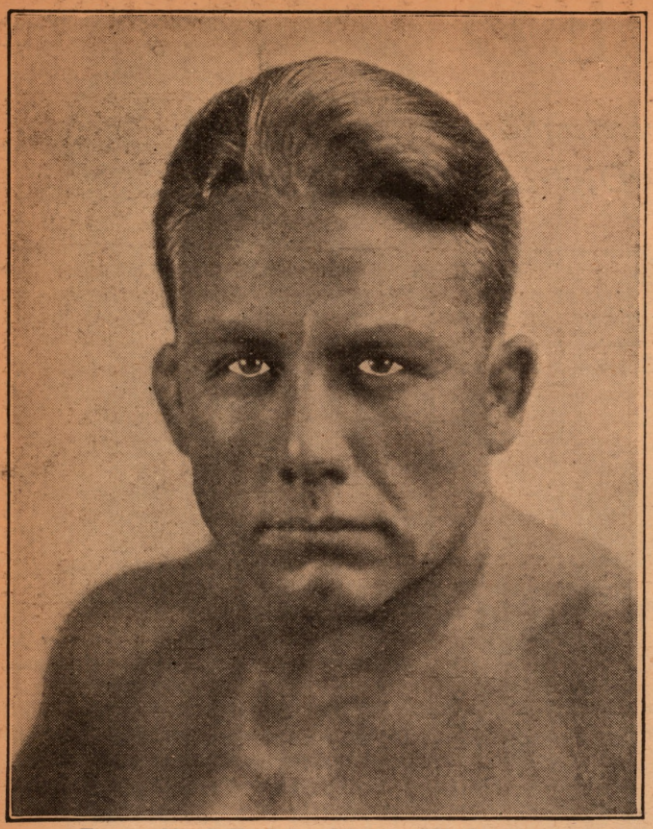
ERNEST VON HEFNER, German aviator, 220 pounds is endowed with terrific strength. He came here to campaign for the heavyweight title and made such rapid strides that he has been featured in some of the most important wrestling spots in the country. Twice he met Everette Marshall, dropped one match to the Colorado Miner and held him to a draw on another occasion.

Von Hefner was the first man to meet Dick Shikat when the new champion risked his crown. Dick won in 51 minutes but the German was far from disgraced. Time and again Shikat tried to apply the famous hammerlock which won him the title, but Hefner was very cagey and escaped from the deadly hold. Shikat's superior experience and Hefner's over-anxiety, combined to defeat him.

* * *

KENTUCKY hasn't developed a wrestling threat since the early days of Strangler Lewis but the Blue Grass State might receive a fair bit of recognition if Paul Bozzell continues his climb in the light-heavyweight division, as he has been doing around Toledo and northern states rings of late.

Paul is billed from Oklahoma but he was



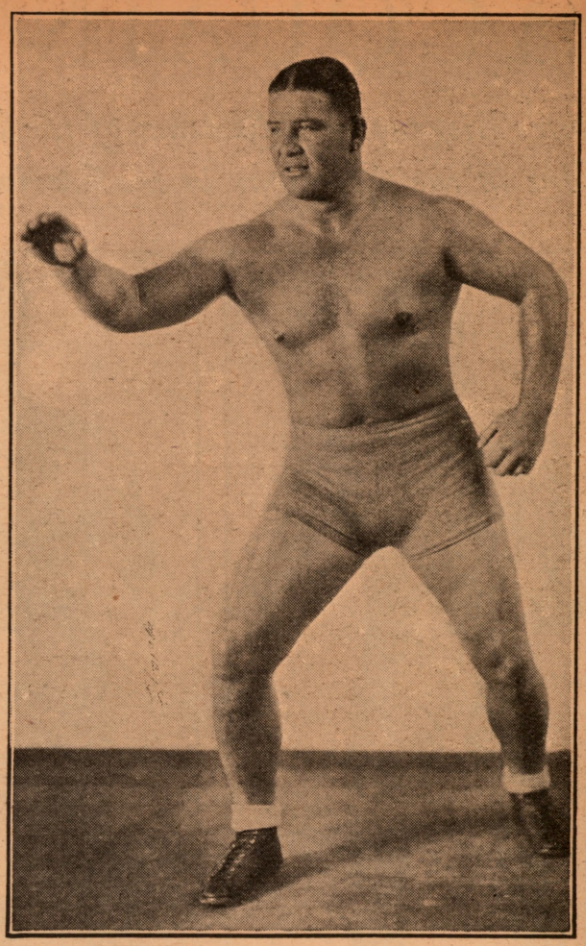
Everett Marshall, Colorado's "world" champion.

born in Clinton, Ky. on January 31, 1903. He learned his wrestling while a youngster in high school. He has been wrestling as a professional for 11 years. His home is in Okmulgee, Okla. Bozzell claims a wrestling record of 52 consecutive weeks of one match per week in the year of 1935.

Bozzell is one of the most hated wrestlers in the ring, yet one of the most liked gentlemen outside of the ring. Early in 1936 he wrestled George Sauer in Michigan and one irate fan, incensed at Paul's rough tactics, stabbed the Oklahoma rough man. Bozzell, nothing to stop him, even a Michigan knife, has improved since then and is anxious to meet Sauer in Kalamazoo without a referee.

Ace Freeman, mid-western welterweight.

Big Chief Sanooke, 6 feet 6 Indian who scales 327 pounds



George Von Hefner, German aviator wrestler.

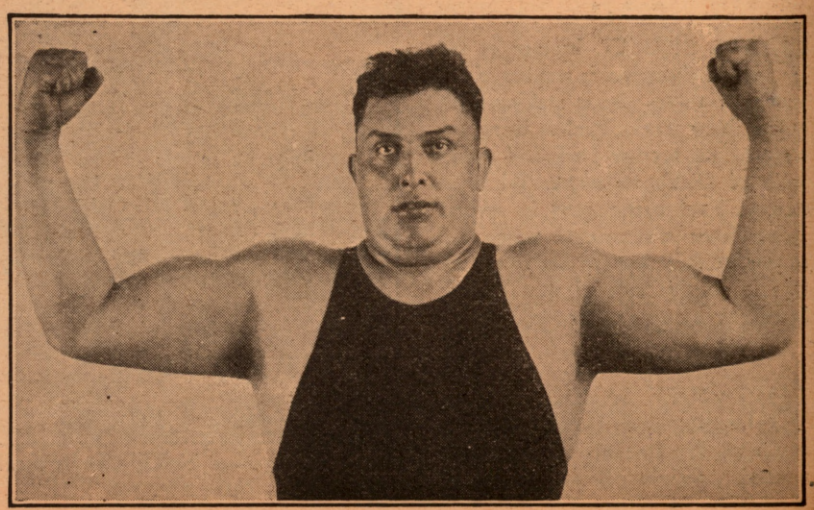
Bozzell prides the name of the roughest of light-heavyweights. He is a good drawing card in Ohio and Michigan because of his rough tactics.

The former Kentuckian always keeps in good condition. Weight lifting and daily training at the Y.M.C.A.'s account for it. His best weight is around 185 pounds, although he can make 175 in tip top shape as a light-heavyweight. His favorite hold is the Boston Crab and he has had the best give the "give up" sign with this hold.

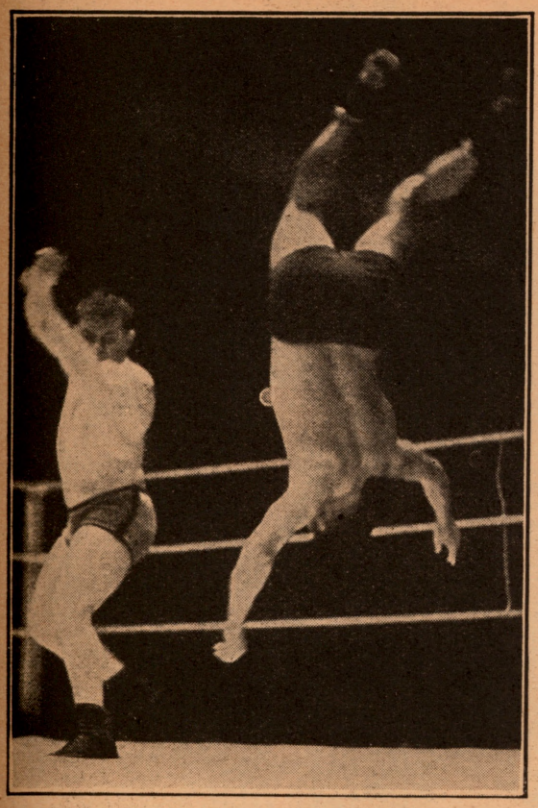
Bozzell asserts that leverage means much in wrestling and that a wrestler can last a long time if he eats the right kind of food.

* * *

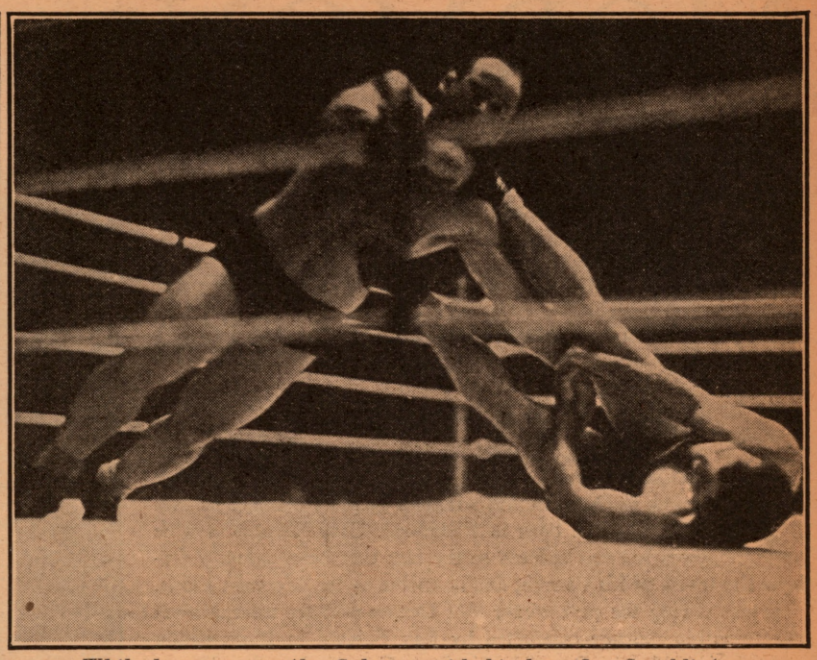
THE premiere "meanie tamer" of the Pacific Northwest is the title earned by the Italian middleweight wrestling ace, Ernie Paluso of Portland, Ore. *(Continued on page 47)*



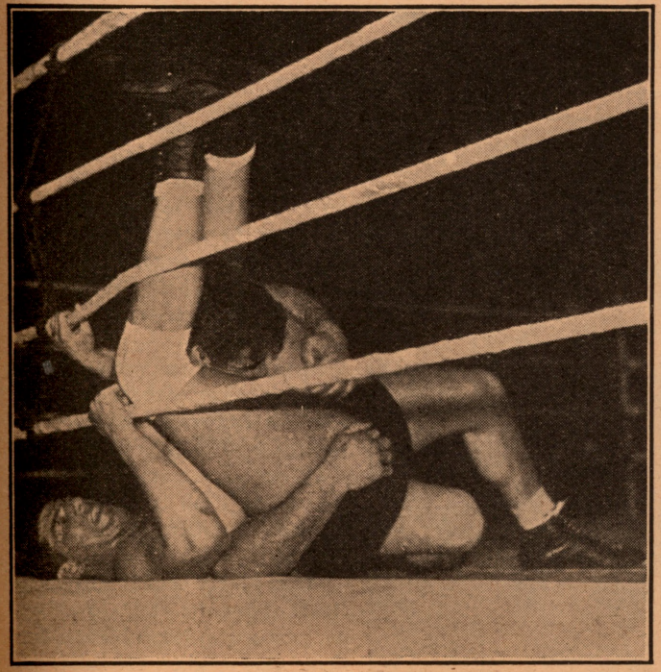
Acrobats? No, Just Wrestlers



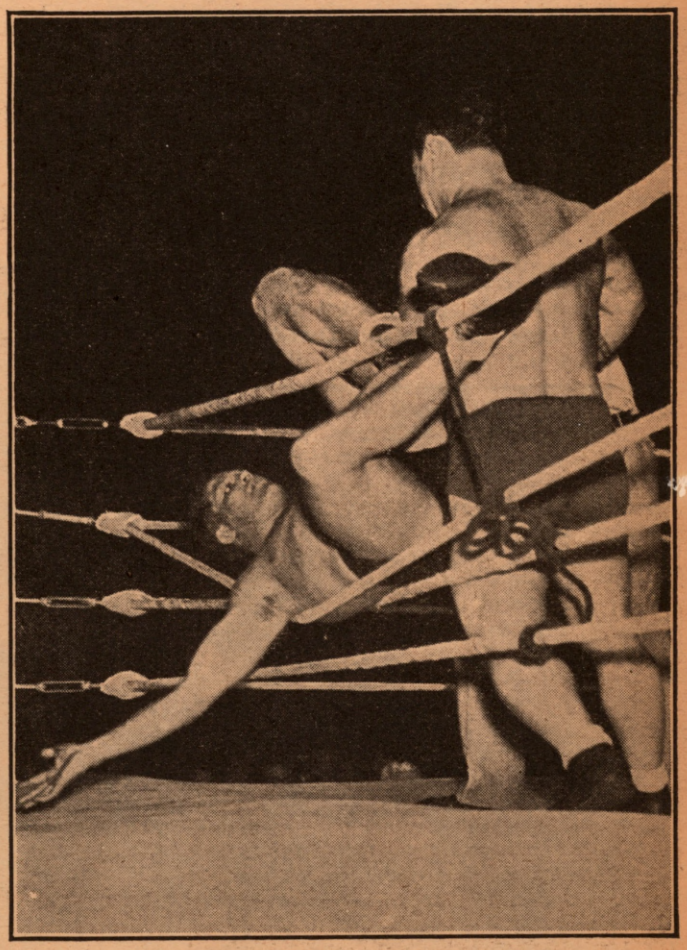
Try this one. A scene in the match between Henri DeGlane (left) and Bronowitz in Paris. Bronowitz hit the boards with a thump and a few minutes later DeGlane was declared the winner.



While he supports Abe Coleman with his legs, Joe Savoldi (on mat) tries his utmost to pull Abe Coleman's arm out of its socket in Jack Curley's show at the Seventy-First Regiment Armory of New York City. The bout ended in a draw.



Here's a headlock that dazed Gino Garibaldi and angered him to the extent that he went after Hank Barber (on mat) with a vengeance when Gino recovered his equilibrium, and gained the verdict.



Abe Coleman, the Bad Man of the wrestling world, tosses Dean Detton out of the ring, just for a little amusement. Coleman got his when Detton returned to the ring and Dean won the bout.

The MORMON FLASH

Dean Detton One of the Classiest of Present Heavyweight Wrestling Crop

By ALEX SULLIVAN

THE first Mormon to win real attention in the wrestling world, is Dean Detton who is a genuine member of that faith. He was born in Richmond, Utah. Detton says he owes his mat success to the fact that he religiously follows the tenets of his Church, and is known as the Mormon Flash.

It was during the past winter that Detton won the international championship tourney conducted by Ray Fabiani in Philadelphia and sanctioned by the Pennsylvania State Commission after Danno O'Mahoney had failed to carry out a contract there to meet Sergei Kalmikoff, the Bearded Russian.

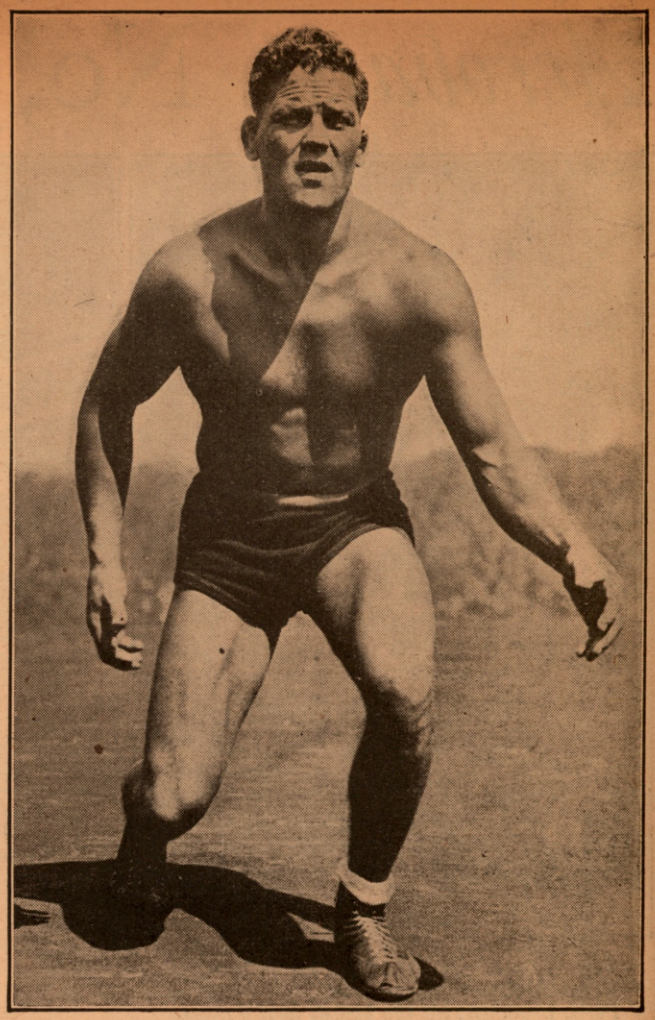
Detton, in order to battle his way to the finals, eliminated such starts as Jim Browning, Sandor Szabo, Kalmikoff, Hans Steinke and Hank Barber, the Jewish star.

It was the famous old war-horse, Ed Strangler Lewis, whom Dean had to face in Pennsylvania's championship finals and he tossed him and now he is seeking the undisputed world's title.

* * *

DETTON first attracted attention in the grappling world when he defeated nine stars in the championship tourney held in Los Angeles last summer. An injury kept him from continuing. He was looked upon as a sure winner until he met with the accident and it was Vince Lopez who eventually won.

Dean is managed by Joe "Toots" Mondt, regarded everywhere as the most capable and shrewdest man in the sport. He paid $10,000 for Dean's contract after Dean had won the Philly tourney, giving that sum to a group of Salt Lake City business men who had been financing Detton ever since he left college. They didn't want to make any money on the Detton contract as the sum paid them is just what was laid out on him, but they are satisfied that inasmuch as they were able to secure Mondt to handle him, Dean is likely to become the world's title holder and eventually be a "big ad" for their city.



Dean Detton, winner of the Pennsylvania State championship tournament and one of the leading contenders for world honors.

* * *

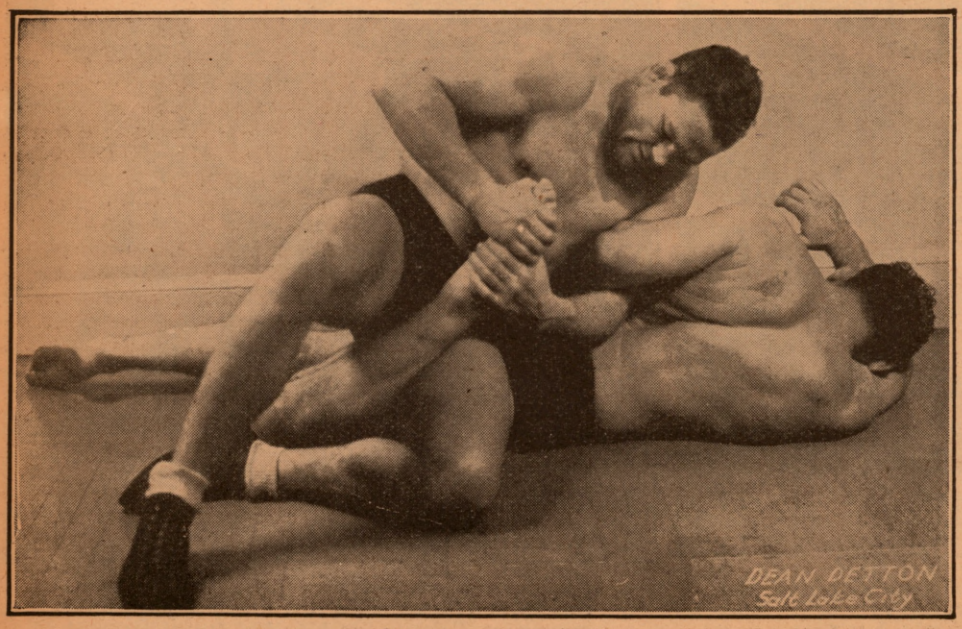
DETTON probably has as wide an assortment of holds as anybody in the sport, but he has been most successful with the "toe-hold" and the "airplane spin." It was the toe-hold which carried Frank Gotch to world-fame and the title, and Detton is fast becoming identified with this dangerous weapon.

Dean has been wrestling nine years in all, four of them as an amateur. He weighs around 215 pounds and stands six feet.

Detton was a member of the Ike Armstrong Utah University Football team that went five years once without a defeat.

When Dean made his professional debut, he went to a two-hour draw with Hugh Nichols, then light-heavyweight champion, in Salt Lake City. It was this feat that won financial backing for him

(Continued on page 44)



The Kansas college star putting on the pressure.

Tom Sharkey

(Continued from page 29)

on November 22 won from Jim Corbett in nine rounds at a Broadway club. Defeat was staring Corbett in the face under the bombardment of Sharkey's heavy punches, when Con McVey, one of Jim's seconds, jumped in the ring, and the referee promptly disqualified the ex-champion.

A ten-round knockout victory on January 10, 1899, over the clever and sensational Kid McCoy boomed Sharkey's stock higher than ever and led to a second match for him with Jeffries, now champion, by virtue of his defeat of Fitzsimmons the preceding June. They met on November 9 at Coney Island and at the end of twenty-five furious rounds, Jeffries was declared the winner by Referee George Siler.

* * *

THAT was a Homeric epic of the ring! Sharkey, with the long-desired world's title in view, battled as he had never done before. He always had the idea that he was Jeffries' master anyway, and that he had been cheated out of the verdict in their previous meeting. Both men were in the absolute pink of condition. Sharkey, now under the management of that far-seeing maker of champions, Tom O'Rourke, who also acted as his chief second, stood toe to toe with the giant Californian and slugged at close quarters, never breaking ground. He hurt Jeffries badly at times, as Jeff afterwards frankly admitted. But Jeffries was also possessed of stamina unexcelled by any fighter of his generation, and had tremendous odds of weight, height and reach in his favor.

It was nip and tuck between the pair up to the last three rounds, when two of Sharkey's ribs were broken by one of the ex-boilermaker's deadly right jolts. Yet nobody, not even his seconds, suspected Sharkey's injury, for the former able seaman continued to stand up to his huge opponent and exchange wallop for wallop. It was a marvelous exhibition of gameness on Sharkey's part, and the argument between fans and experts that began and continued for years over the rights and wrongs of Siler's was even greater in volume than that over the "long-count" angle of the second Tunney-Dempsey engagement.

Siler certainly "split straws" in coming to the decision he did. Had he pronounced the bout a draw, the populace at large would have been far better satisfied. There is no doubt, however, that Sharkey suffered physically from the effects of the battle much more than did the winner. He was confined to bed for several days following the affair, whereas the big fellow, with the exception of a few bruises and slight facial adornments, was around town next morning as fit as ever.

* * *

SHARKEY was at his peak in the second Jeffries contest, but it is unquestionable that the terrific punishment he absorbed on that fateful occasion robbed him of much of his former superabundant vitality. That he was still a dangerous proposition to fool with between the ropes was made evident the year after his unsuccessful shot at the title, for in swift succession he kayoed Joe Goddard, Jim Jeffords, Jim McCormick, Tom Conroy, Yank Kenny, and put his old opponent, Joe Choynski, to sleep in two rounds.

But then the tide turned! Gus Ruhlin avenged his former quick defeat by the sailor when he beat him in fifteen rounds, and Fitzsimmons dropped him in two. A second trial against Ruhlin in London, England, resulted in Sharkey's second, Tommy Ryan, throwing up the sponge in the eleventh round, when the ex-tar was battered almost to a standstill. It is characteristic of the loser's indomitable spirit that he tried to punch Ryan for the act of surrender as he was being helped to his dressing-room. Sharkey's last fight was a six-round, no-decision contest with Jack Munroe at Philadelphia, on February 27, 1904, which went the limit.

Although this "never quit" notion always dominated Sharkey in the ring, he had common sense enough to retire when his fistic usefulness was at an end. No getting punch-drunk for wise Tom; he knew a trick worth two of that. He made a nice fortune in the ring, although the purses had not attained Tex Rickard heights in his day. There were many tales told of his close-fisted ways which were mostly the product of alleged humorists who thought it smart to astonish the sport-page readers with the presentation of such a rara avis as an Irishman and sailor who was also a miser.

The truth was that Sharkey wasn't a fool with his money and didn't like to be made a sucker out of. But he was open-handed enough when it came to helping deserving cases, and when making the rounds with the boys, paid up like a man. At one time he was successful as a horse-owner on the track, and few oldtime sports have forgotten his famous saloon in Fourteenth Street, near Third Avenue. That was a prosperous concern, until Tom unfortunately got in bad with the ruling Tammany powers, and in the end was driven to the wall and obliged to close up.

He had a quaintly quick wit, as instanced one night when he was sitting in the back room of his Fourteenth Street emporium with the writer. A flashily dressed chap rushed in and up to Tom, with the intention of making a hurry-up touch.

"Tom," said the newcomer excitedly, "pass me a twenty—quick! I've a swell dame waiting in a cab outside, promised to take her to dinner—and I find I've forgotten my wallet!"

Sharkey gazed at him speculatively: "H'm," he repeated, "ye have a swell dame, hey? An' ye want to take her to dinner!"

"Sure, Tom, that's it. But get a move on, won't you?"

"An' ye want twenty dollars," pursued my host genially. "Well, say, me bucko, what was yez figurin' on feedin' her? Goldfish?"

The touch-artist left—without the twenty!

Luck went against the ex-sailor financially in the long run, and today, at sixty-one, he is still hale, hearty and jovial, but ekes out a living as a race-track attache on the Coast. That he is happy goes without saying. Reverses in the ring never daunted him, and it cannot be said that he has met defeat in the battle of life. For Thomas J. Sharkey is as great a philosopher in his own way as he was a gladiator—the type that never feared man or destiny!

British Boxers as I See Them

(Continued from page 24)

I can give no opinion about him, but I fancy that he would have a harder task than he thinks to win a return bout for the title. Note, by the way, that Warnock was beaten twice last year by two men who are both outside the top flight—Charlie Hazell and Phil Milligan.

Pat Palmer, a Londoner, is regarded by some as being Lynch's outstanding challenger. He fairly recently obtained a knockout victory over Tommy Pardoe. It sounds good on paper. But in actual fact, Palmer won merely because Pardoe damaged his arm when he was ahead on points.

Palmer is a strong little fighter with a strong punch, but he is wildly erratic and lacking in real class. He is so eager that he is guilty of many minor infringements of the rules. His work with his head is particularly open to question.

Palmer has twice met and never beaten Syd Parker, who comes from Bolton in the Manchester district. Palmer did receive a dubious draw when the pair met the second time, but most people thought that Parker won as clearly as he did the first time. Parker is a clever boxer, but he seems to be on the downgrade now.

Tommy Pardoe was everybody's tip to take the championship from Jackie Brown. But he was blotted out in fourteen rounds by Lynch, and never showed his true form after that until he met and was unfortunately beaten by Palmer. Pardoe was for several years our amateur champion, and his style is beautiful in victory. In defeat, he becomes ragged and uninteresting and holds too much.

Billy Nash is a London flyweight who is an extremely pretty boxer. He has a singularly clever defense, but he lacks power of punch. He seems also to suffer from in-and-outness of form. He was beaten last year by Palmer, but he displayed fine form when he whipped Syd Parker early this year. He also fairly convincingly defeated Tommy Pardoe in June of last year.

The only other name that seems to deserve mention among the 112-pound lads is that of Phil Milligan. Milligan is a strong, rough little fighter who works hard with both hands. He seems to be very doubtful about his ability to weigh in under 118 pounds, but he was quite near enough to the flyweight limit when he knocked out Syd Parker in December.

That is how one observer, and not one who lays claim to the title of "expert," looks upon the landscape of British boxing as it is today. It may be that you will say that I am prejudiced, jaundiced and unpatriotic in my views. I have no axes to grind. I merely state my opinions at the behest of Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, in the hope that they may be worthy of some consideration.

The picture that I have painted from the landscape of British boxing is a gloomy picture. I wish I could conscientiously have painted it as a bright scene with flowers and sunshine. I cannot. I paint the scenery as I see it, especially after viewing so many fights in America. I sincerely believe that I am not to be blamed for the gloom that is in it.

Another Black Bomber

(Continued from page 10)

he was on the way up. And it is a long way he has come.

In California rings, he knocked out Kayo Christner, Arthur De Kuh, Les Kennedy and Hans Birkie. Birkie crashed in the seventh—three less than he was later to go against Joe Louis. Twice the black Leroy endeavored to smash the slapstick hooligan, Maxey Rosenbloom, to defeat—and twice he failed. He also lost to Joe Sekyra on a cut-eye technical knockout—the only kayo to appear against Haynes in the record books. Then it became increasingly difficult for the Negro slugger to secure matches.

With nothing but dogged hope, the outcast started East. He never stopped traveling until he reached Philadelphia. Arriving on Broad Street, hungry, tired and dirty, he asked his way to a gymnasium where fighters trained. He went there—and happened to run into Pete Moran, one of the grander guys, whom the fight game hadn't been treating any too well. It was a fortunate meeting—for two fellows.

Moran heard the Negro's request for a "break." He saw that Leroy got it. The black gladiator got food, clothes and a home—and he promised Moran that he wouldn't regret his kindness. And that lad never has.

* * *

HAYNES' first fight in Philadelphia was short and sweet for the newly-formed Haynes-Moran partnership. Leroy's ebony fists stretched a fellow named Tony Starr on the decks before the echo of the first bell had died away in the eaves of the Arena. Then the newcomer outpunched Unknown Winston for a handy score.

Having matched his charge with Charley Retzlaff, Pilot Moran began to feel that he would again know the affluence that was his in the days when he managed Bobby Wolgast and Matt Adgie, earlier-day favorites in Philly. But the raw-boned farmer took a runout. He wouldn't fight the Negro. So Leroy knocked out Tony Cancela, a pinch-hitter, in three heats, instead.

Then came two fights which Philadelphians still can't explain. Haynes met Al Ettore, a blond Philadelphia heavy, in a pair of battles—and lost two verdicts. Some say that Haynes injured his hands in a tune-up bout in which he kayoed Red Barry at Atlantic City. Others say he was mentally ill, meaning low over a love affair and unable to do himself justice. To his credit, however, Haynes never made any alibi. But you still can't convince many Philly fight fans that Ettore is Haynes' master because of his two victories over him.

Whatever the cause, the blaster soon found himself. In rapid succession, Haynes knocked out Salvatore Ruggirello, Ford Smith, Willie Reddish, a rival Philadelphia Negro, and Jack Tornado, a Mexican. He required less than eight rounds for the four triumphs—each kayo came in the second period.

Then came the Carnera bout. His loyal followers were convinced he would crush the immense Italian. They never stopped taking all the 2½ and 3 to 1 that was offered them that night. And their faith was rewarded. The dark Man o' War came through—and fast!

Rising six feet and a single inch above the ring floor, Haynes scales between 195 and 200 pounds. Few, if any, heavyweights can punch with him. He sheds blows willingly, too. In his five years of milling, he has been on the floor only once. And he got up then!

Like Joe Louis, the Philadelphia heavyweight likes to read the Bible, and his favorite book is the Gospel of St. Matthew. He doesn't smoke or drink, but he'll walk miles to see Bill Robinson tap dance.

And that's Leroy Haynes, a fast young man with a glove, as most of the high-rolling heavies are certain to learn before too long.

* * *

The most recent part of Haynes' fine record follows:

Hans Birkie	K.O.	7 rds.
Les Kennedy	K.O.	6 rds.
K. O. Christner	K.O.	4 rds.
Ernie Owens	K.O.	8 rds.
Arthur De Kuh	K.O.	4 rds.
Tony Starr	K.O.	1 rd.
Red Barry	K.O.	6 rds.
Tony Cancela	K.O.	8 rds.
Willie Reddish	K.O.	2 rds.
Salvatore Ruggerillo .	K.O.	2 rds.
Ford Smith	K.O.	2 rds.
Dynamite Jackson ...	Won	10 rds.
Babe Hunt	Won	10 rds.
Maxie Rosenbl'm (2)	Won and lost	10 rds.
Unknown Winston ..	Won	10 rds.
Al Ettore (2)	Lost	10 rds.
Willie Reddish	Draw	8 rds.
Jack Tornado	K.O.	3 rds.
Primo Carnera	K.O.	3 rds.

Fighters Who Fight

(Continued from page 25)

in Tony winning the lightweight title. Canzoneri clashed with Singer after the McLarnin bout and put Al away in the first round with a left hook to the chin. The previous whipping that Singer took at the hands of McLarnin helped Tony's task. It was the easiest victory ever scored by a challenger over a champion.

Canzoneri is one of the marvels of the ring. After he had lost his featherweight title to Andre Routis, the general impression was that Tony had seen his best days and the critics urged that he retire. But not Tony. He had other ideas about his ability and by degrees he had worked his way back into shape and soon the fistic world found him on top of the ladder. Thus it has been for Tony for several years. Up and down, but always the fighter.

Recently Canzoneri passed his twelfth year as a boxer and the critics today acclaim him the great Tony. Those who have seen the lightweight kings of the good old days of boxing point with pride to Tony and compare him favorably with Gans, Leonard and marvellous Kid Lavigne. Quite an honor for Tony. Win or lose, the fans are always certain to see a great battle when Canzoneri is one of the contestants, and in years to come, the name of Tony Canzoneri will live among the Truly Greats of Pugilism.

Mormon Flash

(Continued from page 42)

and which led to his twice going to Australia, New Zealand and Hawaii for experience.

Detton is proud of the fact that he is a real Mormon. He says both his father and mother are Mormons. His father Joe was a lightweight wrestler and once held the Pacific Coast title. His father's father was English and his father's mother Danish, while both his grandparents on his mother's side were Danish.

It was in 1926—when he had just turned seventeen—he is twenty-seven now—that he entered the University of Utah. He worked his way through as a janitor, soda-jerker, counterman and furnaceman. It took him five years before he graduated, largely because of the fact that due to lack of funds he was only able to attend classes part time.

In 1927 he began his mat career as a welterweight, winning all his intercollegiate matches, but losing in the finals of the Inter-Mountain A.A.U. championships.

In 1928 he went undefeated in the middleweight or 156-pound class. In 1929 he won all his bouts in the light-heavyweight class, it being noticed that he was taking on weight all the time.

In 1930 he earned gold medals by capturing the light-heavyweight and heavyweight Inter-Mountain A.A.U. titles, held at Pocatello, Idaho, March 28 and 29 of that year. He captained the wrestling team that year.

It was in 1931 that Dean wrestled his first professional match, but he says it has been only during the past year or so that he really has found himself.

Within another year under the expert handling of the famous Joe "Toots" Mondt, in his day one of the world's best matmen, Dean is confident that he will become undisputed world's title holder.

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

IN a return scrap of ten rounds between Al Gainer, New Haven, and Charley Massare, Pittsburgh warrior, Gainer scored another victory on points at the New Haven Arena. In the eight-round semi-final, Tiger Jack Renault of New Haven and Fanis Tzanatopolous, Lynn, put up the most stirring battle of the evening in which Tzanatopolous was declared the winner.

Tony Dupre, Lowell, Mass., forged to the front with a clean-cut decision over Les Guesano of New York in a sixer. Frankie Kilbane, Lowell, outpunched Kid Murphy in a four-round bout, and Jimmy Stewart, New Haven, won the divided decision over Frankie Rotchie of Hartford in the four-round opener. Tom McArdle sponsored the fine action professional boxing program.

FISTICUFF TOWER TOPICS—Teddy Yarosz, former middleweight champion, was introduced from the ring prior to the Gainer-Massare shindig . . . . Joe Dunn, young bantamweight prospect scrapper, halted Sammy Patchin in the second round after knocking him down eight times . . . . Harry Gentile, a very good featherweight prospect from Hartford, now coming along well in the big city . . . . Jack O'Connor and Jerry Conway manage the Connecticut fistic product . . . . Fred Foran, Hartford featherweight battler, won a popular ring triumph from Johnny Mauro in a six-round bout . . . . Al Gainer flattened Donald "Red" Barry in five heats . . . . The professional boxing show scheduled at the Foot Guard Hall, Hartford, in which Bat Battalino was to clash with Paris Apice of Providence, R. I., in a ten-round star bout, had been indefinitely postponed on account of the flood . . . . At Norwalk, Conn., Phil Baker, Norwalk lightweight, gained a four-round technical knockout over Joe Zodda.

An Indian's Revenge

(Continued from page 37)

ENLISTING the co-operation of the girls at the ranch, Motanic was outfitted with wrestling trunks like the papers had pictured Gotch. Thus attired, the Indian made an imposing picture. His arms were as large as the average man's legs and there wasn't an ounce of fat on him.

Came the day of the match. The old Matlock Opera house was crowded with white men and Indians until even standing room was at a premium. Motanic was in his corner with his trainer. Gotch came in with his handlers, and they explained that only the strangle hold was barred. The Indian didn't know what that meant, but it didn't make any difference anyway.

Gotch's handlers explained that if the champion got to hurting the Indian, he could pound the mat and Gotch would let him loose. However, if he pounded the mat before the fifteen minutes were up, he would lose the match and not get the one hundred dollars. They even pounded on the mat to make it clear to the Indian what he was to do.

The Indian said, "Whoever pounds mat first loses match?" The handlers explained that this was the rule.

* * *

THE gong sounded. The Indian took the offensive. He charged across the ring like an angry bull and seized the champion about the waist and threw him across the arena on his head. The crowd went crazy. The Indians started a warcry and the cowboys went wild. The champion had been thrown off his feet. Motanic had won! He had thrown the World's Champion, and this was victory according to the wrestling knowledge of the crowd.

Motanic had turned his back and started to his corner when Gotch, who had regained his feet, nailed him with a hammer-lock. Down they went to the mat, and over they rolled. Finally the seat of Gotch's trunks were directly in the Indian's face. The Indian bowed his neck and sunk his teeth in his adversary's anatomy; and how!

Gotch howled and pounded the mat.

The referee attempted to separate them, but the Indian hung on. He was sure after his "pound of flesh."

The champion's handlers now began to attack, but the cowboys backed them off with drawn guns. Finally, the Indian's trainer got him to let loose. He was just in time, as the house was in an uproar. The crowd all seemed to be trying to get to the center of the arena to take part in the fight.

With the aid of trainers and police, each wrestler was finally taken to his dressing room. There they asked Motanic why he did not try to pin the champion's shoulders to the mat.

"Oh, hell," said the Indian, "they told me me make him pound mat, me win. Well, he pounded mat, didn't he?"

The cowboy who had served as trainer for Motanic, in his slow western drawl asked, "But why did you bite him?"

The Indian drew his blankets more tightly about his shoulders. He waited half a minute before he grunted his reply: "Why for he twist my arm?"

The Youngest Champions

(Continued from page 13)

lenses to make it seem as if the fighters were very near. I've had a little experience with telescopic lenses myself, and I know that it's very hard to get good detail in pictures shooting through all the smoke that invariably hangs in the air around the ring at a big fight, especially at night when the light is none too good.

The pictures didn't show any marks on Carnera at all. They were blurred just enough so that he looked to be in perfect condition. I happened to be sitting at his corner in that fight, and had an excellent view of a lump the size of half a crabapple on one cheek, his thoroughly smashed and swollen nose, and bumps and bruises all over his giant head. It was quite a different view from what you could see in the pictures.

* * *

ABOUT the only way to eliminate grouching at the referee would be to do away with him entirely. Some of the fighting customs of other countries made no allowance for a referee, and none was needed. For instance, in ancient Mexico, the Aztecs allowed prisoners of noble rank to fight for their lives on a raised stone platform. On the Temalacatl, as this platform was called, they met six Aztec warriors in succession. Those prisoners who beat all six Aztecs were freed with honors.

There was no stalling or hanging back in these fights, as the penalty for losing was death. The prisoners who failed to win were sacrificed. Inasmuch as they were allowed to use weapons, there was never much doubt about picking the winner. The loser was never in a condition to raise any objections.

* * *

THE Vikings have always had a great reputation for fighting, and it might be worth while to look for a white hope in the northland. In one of the old legends, the Jomsvikinga Saga, they tell about a man who would have been a tough opponent for anybody. Listen:

"Aslak was bald and had no helmet on his head, and exposed his bare skull . . . . Now Eirik goaded his men on, and they made an attack on Aslak, and struck his head with swords and axes, thinking it would be most dangerous to him while his head was bare. Nevertheless it is said that the weapons rebounded from his skull, whether they were swords or axes, and did not cut, and sparks flew from the skull at the blows. Whatever they did, he went forward fiercely . . . ."

Don't you think he'd put up some fight with Joe Louis?

Just imagine the sparks flying from his chin.

And that's just about the kind of man they'll have to get!

Leo, The Lamb

(Continued from page 33)

Daniel Boone, which is a historical museum now.

If you have never seen Leo wrestle, then you have definitely missed something. To begin with, he is perhaps one of the finest physical specimens in the ring. He weighs around 240 pounds and stands a stalwart six foot three.

His behavior in the squared circle is as natural as he is himself. He ambles to his corner hanging his head bashfully and shading his eyes from the big center lights. Frequently he has a whispered conference with the referee before starting to wrestle. He usually carries a big red handkerchief in his trunks, and when he gets warm, takes it out to mop his brow, and instead of wearing a robe, he simply slips his overalls on over his trunks.

Not long ago in St. Louis, he arrived at the ring with "Ranger" on a rope and hitched him to a ring post while he went out to scuffle. When the going got good and fans began to raise their voices, "Ranger" joined in and howled merrily with the crowd.

Frequently Leo will draw an imaginary line with his foot and dare his opponent to cross said line. Of course, the unfortunate adversary will immediately take up the challenge and charge across the line and then Leo will grab him in a bear hug.

Leo has been wrestling now less than a year. In that time he has lost only two bouts, and has thrown Strangler Lewis and Gus Sonnenberg. Danno O'Mahoney's recent victory over him, says Leo, was caused not by Danno's skill but by the head injury which Leo suffered when he was dropped over the ropes out of the ring.

* * *

IN the annual check-up in Houston, it was revealed that in Leo's twenty-five bouts here in 1935, he has drawn over 120,000 fans and is the greatest sports attraction the South has ever known.

His most potent hold is the bear hug. His greatest strength is in his massive arms. Once an opponent is clutched in the hug, it spells finis to the match. Recently he had someone teach him the back body drop and he has been using it effectively ever since. And when Leo gets a back body drop on his unfortunate foes, believe me they stay "dropped."

In conclusion, let me state that Leo is genuine. His eccentricities are not affectations, but merely Leo himself. It may be fun to be fooled, as the old saw goes, but I contend that it's more fun to know what's what and that's why I made it a point to find out about Savage.

Bogus lords and dukes may swamp the mat game, and bearded gorillas cut playful capers with man mountains, but Leo Daniel Boone Savage, the inimitable hillbilly, ambles on—straight for the top.

All photos used through the courtesy of Nig Miller.

WANTED

Two volumes of Valentine's Manual—New Series—Founder Edition. Edited by Henry Collins Brown. Vol. No. 3—The Clipper Ships of Old New York. Vol. No. II—New York in the Elegant Eighties.

NAT FLEISCHER

THE RING BOOK SHOP,

Madison Square Garden New York City

Beating Foreigners His Specialty

By THE MATMAN

DR. LEN HALL of Omaha, who is from the state that has given so many stars to the mat, has probably defeated more foreign champions than anybody in the history of the sport. Doc is now giving a good account of himself in this country, yet last year when he was abroad he downed all of their mat champions but one—and the one whom he failed to defeat was Henri De Glane, former world's champion, to whom he lost twice, although on both occasions succeeding in scoring a fall over the Frenchman.

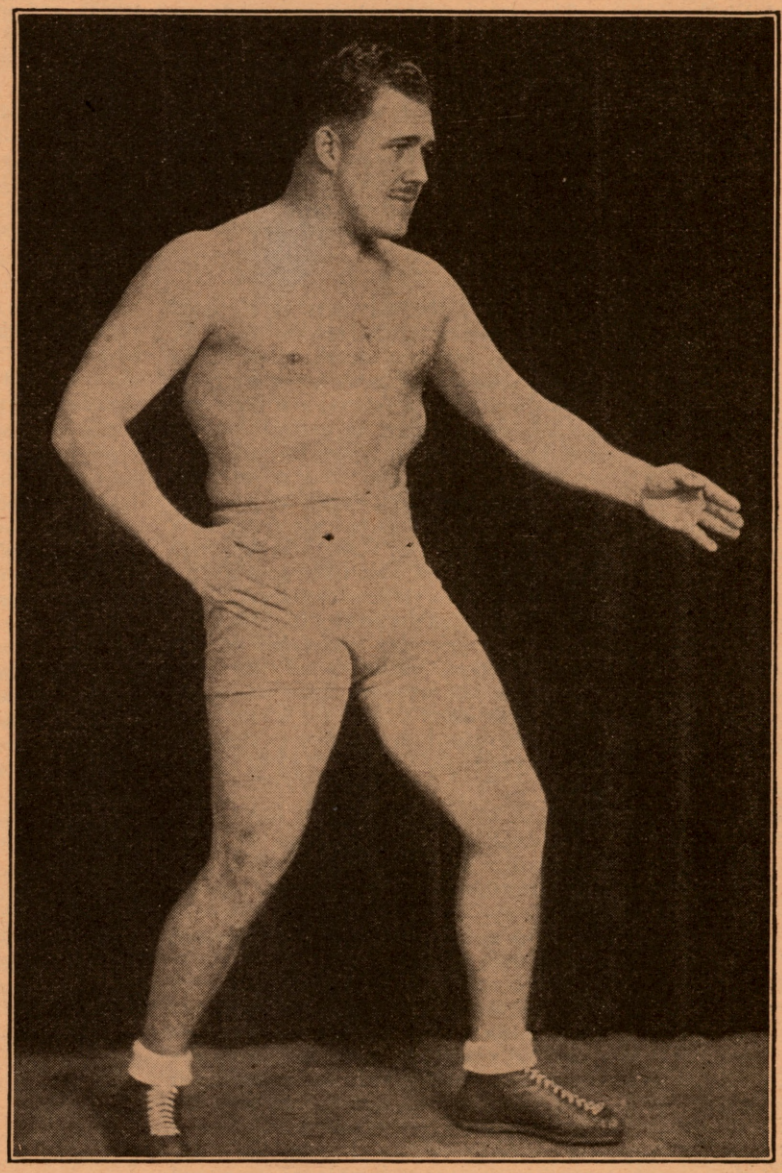
Hall says he won't be satisfied until he pins the present world's champion to the mat, and he is fast building himself up a rep which should earn him a crack at the big title.

Hall has a reputation, or is famous if you will, for defeating European title holders. Take a gander at the list of foreign champions he has humbled:

George Clark, champion of England
Rene Michot, champion of France
O. Nygren, champion of Sweden
J. Krumin, champion of Latvia
Andree Bloome, champion of Belgium
M. Faullando, champion of Spain
U. Arpino, champion of Italy
P. Favre, champion of Switzerland
B. Mosig, champion of Germany
P. Ivanoff, champion of Bulgaria
R. Siki, champion of Abyssinia
R. Krumel, champion of Czecho-Slovakia
S. Notovny, champion of Hungary
H. Mostifa, champion of Egypt.

Some list of champions, eh? Danno, the present world's champion, has never met any of the above list and the "Doc" sure ought to be entitled to have his name inscribed in the "Mat Hall of Fame."

The Doc's bout with DeGlane drew 17,000 people in Paris, said to be the greatest outpouring of wrestling fans in the history of the sport in Europe and he says they are wild about the American catch-as-catch-can style just as they became aroused over the American brand of fighting a score of years ago when introduced by Willie Lewis, Joe Jeanette, Frank Klaus, and other fighters from the United States.



"Doc" Len Hall, Omaha heavyweight wrestler.

About twenty-seven years ago Hall's dad was a practicing physician and as soon as Len arrived in the world his father called him "Doc" as it was his fond hope that his offspring follow in his footsteps in the medical world. At ten he started to work as an errand-boy in a pharmacy in Omaha, his birth-place, as it was of the Four Duseks. So the title "Doc" again seemed to fit him.

At eighteen he entered the University of Nebraska College of Medicine and studied medicine for two and a half years, working in the pharmacy in his spare time.

The pharmacy happened to be across the street from Farmer Burns' famous gymcradle of so many wrestling stars. The late Charlie Hansen, Martin Plestina, Joe Stecher, Rudy Dusek, Ernie Dusek, and others used to work out there. Hall was bitten by the mat bug and instead of continuing his studies to become a doctor he spent every second possible learning the rudiments of the wrestling art from the stars just named.

* * *

THE "Doc" in recalling his youth said that he had too often listened to the tales told by his father regarding the long hours, the failure of patients to pay and all that sort of thing to be keen about the medical profession after getting a slant at wrestling. And as soon as he became a pro and started earning fairly good sized purses he decided to become a wrestler rather than a doctor.

The "Doc," however, did manage to take the examination and become a registered pharmacist, just so that some day he would

have a profession to fall back on in case he was injured on the mat or failed to make good.

In his spare time Hall reads all the best medical authorities and his advice is often sought and taken by fellow-wrestlers when they have minor pains and aches or show symptoms of developing some disease.

It was in 1930 that Hall turned pro and for the first two years stuck on the West Coast. In 1932 he went to Boston for six months, after which he went to Australia and New Zealand, not losing a bout in either country. Later he went to China and Japan. He was in Europe for five months early in 1934 and returned there later and remained there till last summer.

Hall weighs 218 pounds, stands five feet eleven and is twenty-seven years old. It's the opinion of the writer that "Doc" will win the world's crown before he hangs up his tights for keeps.

A Master Butcher

(Continued from page 8)

Willard Brown, Bobby Wilson, Jack Portney, Tommy Jones, Wesley Ramey, and two great victories over Bep Van Klaveren. Morgan is a former junior lightweight champion of the world. Ramey, when he met Carroll, was second to the world champion in the lightweight rankings of THE RING.

Van Klaveren likewise was rated No. 2 man among welters in THE RING. Not one of the whole group forced Carroll out of a canter. He twice outpointed the middleweight champ, Fred Henneberry, by the widest margin possible.

But it was the two victories over Bep Van Klaveren, rugged Holland welterweight, that clearly established his status in international boxing circles. Van Klaveren was rated highly among the welterweight contenders and was a dangerous experiment for Carroll. In the first contest, Jack showed his mastery in decided fashion and won twelve of the fifteen contested rounds, but Van Klaveren claimed that he was not acclimated and that the heavy downpour in which the fight was staged affected his work and asked for another chance. This was granted.

In their second conflict, Carroll proved that his first victory was well merited. He won as convincingly in their return engagement and showed the Australian fans that he is to be seriously reckoned with as a championship contender.

Charley Lucas, who promoted the two Van Klaveren battles, was so enthused with his showing that he is negotiating with Barney Ross for an Australian showing. Lucas is due to sail for America shortly and show Ross' mentors that he was not fooling when he began offering such a fabulous guarantee as forty thousand dollars for Ross to meet Carroll for the welterweight championship.

Should that meeting eventuate, it will be the turning point of Carroll's career and prove whether he really is of championship timber, as we here believe he is.

Displaying form that was simply amazing, the Australian welter king handed out a terrific beating to Bep in their second meeting. Unlike the heavy rain of the first meeting, ideal weather greeted the pair in the return engagement, thus giving each a chance to show at his best and supremacy of Carroll over his opponent was obvious from the very start.

At periods, the artistry of Carroll's work on the ropes simply dazzled the gathering. As the contest proceeded, there were many occasions when the crowd felt a genuine sympathy for the Dutchman in his hopelessness to combat the rain of blows that were showered upon him without respite.

If I know the American fight fans as I think I do, then I'm sure that if they ever get a glimpse of Carroll at his best—the Carroll who so soundly whipped the man who was praised so highly by the American scribes, Bep Van Klaveren—they'll go into ecstasies over him as we do here.

Surely such a man has it in him to become champion of the world!

If he were to follow Ambrose Palmer to England, I verily believe he would prove an even greater magnet than the heavyweight champion. And if that's not saying something—well, I'll be surprised.

May they both lick the world!

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 40)

In the past few months Piluso has toppled such mat villains as "Bulldog" Jackson, Dick Costello, New York Syrian; Bud Lipscombe, Indiana terror; "Navy Al" Williams and Alberto Campos, claimant of the Mexican middleweight championship.

Piluso's record is all the more surprising when the fact is taken under consideration that he has been in professional grappling only two years. Previously he was a star at the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club in Portland.

The Italian whirlwind, who is 26 years old and 5 feet, 9 inches tall, is a great drawing-card in the Pacific Northwest and a real crowd-pleaser. His rope-swing has subdued many an opponent and his flying tackles are spectacular for the audience to watch and disastrous for Piluso's rivals to stop.

* * *

HUNGARY has produced many star wrestlers, among them Sandor Szabo, the heavyweight, Sandor Vary, another heavyweight, Bert Ruby, light-heavyweight, and Frankie Boehm, the light-heavyweight and the little European country now bids well to leash out with another mat challenger in little Ace Freeman, a welterweight who has been knocking the 145 pounders right and left in the recent dates.

Freeman was born in a little town in Hungary twenty-three years ago and his family moved to America, New York, when he was about nine years of age.

Freeman, always interested in sports in his grade school days, soon got the lust of the wrestling pad and joined the amateurs. He won several titles as a Simon-pure around the New York clubs and then turned professional early in 1932. He went to the middle western states, the mecca of the little fellows, and soon made quite a name for himself with his clever tactics. His best activity was around Toledo, Ohio and lower Canadian provinces.

Branching out, he headed south and defeated the best Tennessee, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Florida and southern states could build up against him.

When Johnny Stote, another New Yorker, recognized in some states as welterweight champion, found Freeman coming to the fore in such speedy atmosphere, Johnny hied himself off for the Pacific Coast. Some rumors have it that the champion ducked the issue with Freeman while another, coming out of Jackson, Miss., states that Stote has been given a tentative match with Jack Reynolds, co-welterweight champion, in San Francisco some time in April.

Freeman, according to good mat critics, is rated right behind Stote and Reynolds.

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 21)

"It is one of the greatest ideas fighting ever has seen," says Dempsey, as he poses in a special picture showing him at a heavy luncheon—graham crackers and milk.

Who said that Dempsey doesn't know how to get world-wide publicity! Our own Nat Fleischer is to aid the cause by acting as secretary of the Paris Soir portion of the tourney in this country under Curt Riess, its American representative who will handle the affair. Look for big doings here. It is the most gigantic boxing undertaking ever launched.

New York, N. Y.:—Jack McAuliffe battles for life, Joe Humphreys is about again

PATHOS in one part of this film, joy in another. Joe Humphreys, the grand old man of the ring, who fought for his life for some time, now is shown back on the job as announcer in the Garden.

Joe's old smile is back. His voice is strong. He kids with the fans, "156 and—" he makes the motion of a half. Humphreys is a character, a fine character, and the Globe Trotter is glad to show him to you on the screen, back at the work which is the joy of his life.

And now for the pathos. Jack McAuliffe, retired undefeated lightweight champion of many, many years ago, is shown fighting for his very life. Fight fans cheer for Jack, and send word that they know he will win the round, and go on to a brilliant triumph.

Attractive Matches

(Continued from page 36)

for about seven years and prior to that was for many years a coal-miner. He is pleased because his young brother Ralph is making good on the mat. Ralph has only been grappling professionally about three years, although he trained for a long time before making his debut. Gino refused to allow him to enter the monied ranks until he felt sure that he would make good.

It was while Gino was on the Pacific Coast that Ralph went East and made good with a vengeance.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

AS the universe revolves so do the upsets continue in the realm of boxing science. Several reverses were turned in the previous month which brought about some important changes in the monthly ratings, mainly the three round knockout suffered by Primo Carnera at the hands of Leroy Haynes. Another was the defeat of Wesley Ramey at the hands of Leonard Del Genio and Jim Warnock, Irish flyweight champion, decisively whipped Benny Lynch, the Scotch flyweight leader. Other important events were: John Henry Lewis being held to a draw by George Nichols; Freddy Steele winning over Babe Risko; Barney Ross scoring over Gordon Wallace; Jack Carroll repeating his victory over Bep Van Klaveren; Freddy Miller winning a few more battles and Balcasar, the accredited bantamweight champion, in winning action abroad.

The prime heavyweight battle naturally was the three round kayo by Haynes over Carnera. Haynes also flattened Jack Tornado in the third session. King Levinsky drew with Lee Ramage and Lee scoring a four round kayo over Jack Darcy. Red Burman defeated Billy Ketchell and disposed of Buddy Knox in five rounds. Knox finished Big Boy Brown in two. Tommy Farr, British heavy, scored over Bob Olin and Peter Van Goole. Tommy Loughran won from Jack London. Jack Roper outpointed Abie Feldman.

Buddy Baer disposed of Jack Petrie in the first round. Al Delaney won from Bill Nichy. Tony Galento outscored Eddie Blunt. Max Marek kayoed Gordon Fortenberry in four rounds, was beaten by Steve Carr, who was stopped by Leroy Brown in the third. Nathan Mann won from Red Barry. Hans Birkie whipped Hank Hankinson.

Andre Lenglet kayoed Jim Thompson in two rounds on the Coast. Bob Pastor won from Steve Dudas. Junior Munsell disposed of Clyde Chastain in two, Jim Merriott in six and Babe Davis in eight rounds. Roy Lazer finished Johnny Rice in three heats and Eddie Steele in five. Ben Foord won from Larry Gains. Jack Trammell finished Salvatore Ruggirello in four. Art Lasky kayoed Sonny Walker in eight rounds. Frank Rowsey won over John Pacek. Otis Thomas outpointed Eddie Simms and George Turner won from Butch Rogers. Oscar Matthews kayoed Lightfoot Arthur in one and Battling Siki in five rounds.

Light-Heavyweight Champion John Henry Lewis fought an over-weight match with George Nichols which ended in a draw. Lewis also kayoed Cyclone Lynch in three rounds. Ambrose Palmer, Australian light-heavyweight entry, kayoed Fred Henneberry in six rounds and also stopped Johnny Miler. Al Gainer finished Red Barry in the fifth session. Red Bruce defeated Don Petrin, kayoed Henry Firpo in two rounds but was beaten by Carmen Barth. Jack Gibbons scored over Frank Battaglia. Allen Matthews defeated Emilio Martinez. Bob Godwin scored over Joe Knight. Harry Ebbets whipped Fanis Tzanatopoulos but lost to Bud Mignault. Joe Banvic whipped Billy Jones. Buck Creed won from Tait Littman but was kayoed by George Black in three rounds.

In the middleweight ranks, Steele's victory over Babe Risko is deserving top spot. Fred Apostoli defeated Young Stuhley while Stuhley scored over Ray Actis. Ken Overlin won over Ralph Chong and Johnny Rossi. Solly Krieger disposed of Young Terry in seven rounds and drew with Roscoe Manning. Al Diamond defeated Alf Robinson. Tony Curro stopped Al Manfredo when the latter's eye was cut. Joe Smallwood scored over Roxie Allen. Al Quaill won by kayo over Bunker Hill.

Tommy Freeman disposed of Karl Lautenschlager in three and Mickey O'Shea in four rounds. Hookey Jackson disposed of Sylvan Bass in seven rounds. Tony Fisher lost to Joe Lynch and drew with Bob Turner. Tommy Jones scored over Ron Richards in Australia. Cap Harding kayoed Kid Leonard in four rounds. Frankie Caris drew with Gus Lesnovich while Babe Amos whipped Nick Dorsey.

Barney Ross, welterweight champion, defeated Gordon Wallace in an overweight bout. Wallace also scored over Young Peter Jackson. Jack Carroll repeated his victory over Bep Van Klaveren. Jack Portney scored over Gene Buffalo. Kid Azteca triumphed over Eddie Cerda. Ceferino Garcia disposed of Lou Halper in six rounds. Wildcat O'Connor defeated Six Second Powell and drew with Frankie Cinque. Billy Celebron whipped Billy McDowell but lost to Chuck Woods who in turn was beaten by Laddie Tonelli. Chief Parris scored over Harry Dublinsky. Glen Lee received the award over Leon Zorrita.

Jimmy Leto won over Billy Miller. Cocoa Kid scored over Werther Arcelli. Phil Furr whipped Terry Wright and Mickey Serrian. Sonny Jones drew with George Salvatore and won over Frankie Hughes. Tracey Cox drew with Willard Brown. Maxie Strub won on a foul from Joe Zodda in six rounds. Joey Ferrando drew with Tony Falco and defeated Jimmy Vaughn. Vaughn kayoed Jackie Kid Kelly in five rounds. Andrew Jesserun defeated Frankie Blair. Jackie Burke whipped Tiger Al Lewis. Al Casimini scored over Brescia Garcia but lost to Eddie McGeever. Tony Herrera won over Dominic Mancini. Joe Rossi kayoed Nick Pastore in one round. Gege Gravante whipped Roy Johnson. Joe Pennino whipped Dewey Anderson and kayoed Danny Koplick in six rounds.

Lou Ambers, leading lightweight aspirant, kayoed and ended the career of Tony Scarpati in the seventh round. Lou also won from Pete Mascia. Leonard Del Genio stepped into elite society with his win over Wesley Ramey. Ramey trimmed Bobby Pacho. Pacho also lost to Pedro Montanez. Montanez defeated Joey Costa, while Costa scored over Aldo Spoldi. Del Genio also won from Sammy Angott. Hubert Dennis scored over Young Peter Jackson. Phil Baker drew with Baby Arizmendi and kayoed Joe Zodda in four rounds. Arizmendi whipped Tiger Kid Walker.

Lew Feldman whipped Joe Boscarino but was beaten by Norment Quarles. Quarles lost to Howard Scott, who also whipped Lew Massey. Charley Gomer whipped Baby Kid Chocolate and kayoed Davey Fine in nine rounds. Fine also lost to Charley Bedami. Chino Alvarez disposed of George Levy in the third. Eddie Cool scored over Johnny Craven. Frankie Wallace whipped Hoyt Jones. Johnny Durso scored over Mutt Schwartz. Ray Nash kayoed Jimmy Fantini in one round. Perfecto Lopez defeated Maxie Fisher. Carl Guggino whipped Al Nettlow. Milton Aron stopped Pete Nebo in five rounds. Frank Sagilio kayoed Tommy Corbett in five rounds, lost on a foul to Scotty McLean in eight rounds and whipped him in their return bout. McLean also scored over Tiger Kid Walker. Roger Bernard whipped Al Simington.

Freddy Miller, head of the featherweight brigade, won over Fillo Echeverria and Andy Martin in overweight bouts. Mike Belloise disposed of Young Rightmire in fourteen rounds. Juan Zurita kayoed Midget Wolgast in five rounds while Wolgast defeated Jimmy Thomas. Thomas was also beaten by Ritchie Fontaine, who was beaten by Henry Armstrong. Dick Corbett defeated Maurice Holtzer and Dave Crowley. Moon Mullins scored over Wally Hally. Johnny Pena drew with Huerta Evans. Jackie Wilson won from Stan Jehu and Douglas Kestrell.

Nel Tarleton disposed of George Williams in seven rounds and whipped Raymond Renard. Johnny Hutchinson finished Benny Whittler in three rounds. Pete De Grasse whipped Danny London and drew with Abie Israel. Phil Zwick kayoed Jimmy Stewart in two rounds. K. O. Morgan finished Tin Can Romanelli in three rounds. Johnny De Foe scored over Joey Brown.

Balcasar Sangchili, bantamweight leader, defeated Ronnie James and kayoed Georgie Butcher in four rounds. Louis Salica scored over Small Montana, Henry Hooks and kayoed Tuffy Pierpont in six rounds. Johnny King won over Gilbert Johnstone and kayoed Spike Robinson in eight rounds. Pablo Dano drew with Bobby Leyvas. Joey Archibald won from Johnny Mirabella and Phil Siriani. Al Spina kayoed Frankie Castillo in three rounds. Tony Marino whipped Richard Li Brandi and stopped Skippy Allen in four. Mickey McGuire won from Ginger Lawson. Jackie Brown disposed of Jackie Ryan in four rounds and Tucker Winch in eight. Young Perez won from Maurice Filhol. Bobby Magee whipped Sid Donald.

In the flyweight class, Jim Warnock furnished some excitement when he defeated Benny Lynch. Warnock also defeated Tiny Bostock. Valentin Anglemann drew with Ortega. Jim Campbell won over Billy Nash. Joe Hardy scored over Phil Milligan. Pat Palmer defeated Herbie Hill and Willie McCamley. Pat Warburton kayoed Tommy Pardoe in three rounds. Ernst Weiss won over Praxille Gyde.

The eight best prospects of the month are
Flyweight—Walter Morton, England.
Bantamweight—Harry Gerson, Montreal, Canada.
Featherweight—Sammy Angott, New York City.
Lightweight—Danny McNichol, Merchantville, N. J.
Welterweight—Johnny Clinton, New York City.
Middleweight—Nick Damianov, Philadelphia, Pa.
Light-Heavyweight—Billy Treest, Batavia, Ill.
Heavyweight—George Theodoratus, San Francisco, Calif.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending April 8:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Joe Louis	Jock McAvoy	Freddy Steele	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Max Schmeling	Ambrose Palmer	Lou Brouillard	Jack Carroll
3—Leroy Haynes	Tony Shucco	Babe Risko	Bep Van Klaveren
4—Maxey Rosenbloom	Al McCoy	Fred Apostoli	Cleto Locatelli
5—Al Ettore	Al Gainer	Frank Battaglia	Jack Portney
6—Phil Brubaker	George Nichols	Fred Henneberry	Kid Azteca
7—Primo Carnera	Carmen Barth	Erich Seelig	Ceferino Garcia
8—King Levinsky	Leo Kelly	Ken Overlin	Gordon Wallace
9—Lee Ramage	Fred Lenhart	Oscar Rankins	Joe Bernal
10—Red Burman	Jack Gibbons	Young Stuhley	Wildcat O'Connor
Lightweights	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Balcasar Sangchili	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Young Casanova	Sixto Escobar	Jim Warnock
2—Pedro Montanez	Baby Arizmendi	Louis Salica	Small Montana
3—Leonard Del Genio	Mike Belloise	Johnny King	Benny Lynch
4—Indian Hurtado	Henry Armstrong	Pablo Dano	Valentin Anglemann
5—Laurie Stevens	Petey Sarron	Bobby Leyvas	Jim Campbell
6—Wesley Ramey	Dick Corbett	Little Pancho	Rafaleto Valdes
7—Hubert Dennis	Maurice Holtzer	Dick Welsh	Joe Hardy
8—Frankie Klick	Juan Zurita	Joey Archibald	Pat Palmer
9—Jimmy Garrison	Tony Chavez	Henry Hooks	Pat Warburton
10—Phil Baker	Fillo Echeverria	Al Spina	Phil Milligan

Here's An Offer

Am getting together a complete set of Jubilee King George and Queen Mary Stamps from all parts of the world for display in the Madison Square Garden window of The Ring.

Foreign Readers who have cancelled or uncancelled Jubilee Stamps and are willing to exchange a set with me—

WILL OFFER any of the following:
One Gene Tunney Life Story.
Life of Young Griffo.
A pair of autographed Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs, showing Jack Dempsey on one and Joe Louis on the other.

Or, you tell me what you want if not interested in above.

Will you readers of The Ring help?

Address—Nat Fleischer, The Ring Editor
Madison Square Garden 825 Eighth Ave.
New York City, N. Y., U.S.A.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Richard Conover, Bradenton, Fla.

Q.—Do you think that Londos is as good a wrestler as O'Mahoney?

A.—Yes, I think he was better.

Q.—In your Modern wrestling book there is nothing about reducing. How can I reduce?

A.—You'll find a chapter on this in my "Training for Boxers." Road work, long walks, plenty of exercise will help. Don't eat starchy foods, eggs, cereals, butter, or pastry.

Q.—Who do you think will win the Schmeling-Louis fight?

A.—Louis.

Q.—How much time should I give to training?

A.—If less than 16, very little. If between 16 and 20, an hour a day.

P. Blustein, Irvington, N. J.

Q.—Are flat feet a handicap to a boxer?

A.—Yes—Decidedly so.

Q.—Would an appendicitis scar, four years old, result in any injury if I boxed?

A.—No. It is all healed by this time but would suggest that you see a Doctor before you do any boxing.

Joe Casey, Alanson, Mich.

Q.—I am fourteen years old, five feet 5 inches in height, weigh 135 pounds. Do you think that I will grow six feet tall before I am 20 years of age. There are no boxing schools around my home. How can I learn to box scientifically.

A.—Hard to answer regarding your height. Plenty of sleep, outdoor living and exercises will increase it proportionately. Our boxing course, the "Universal Boxing Course" has helped many youngsters who want to learn the rudiments of boxing.

Verner Rautio, Ogema, Wisc.

Q.—How many times did Harry Wills fight Sam McVey and what were the results?

A.—They fought five times. Wills kayoed him once in five rounds, beat him in a twelve round bout, lost a twenty rounder to McVey and two no decisions bouts, six and ten rounds each.

Juan Barron, Fort Stockton, Texas

Q.—Is there any book which teaches you how to counter?

A.—Yes, get my books, "How to Box" and "Scientific Blocking and Hitting and other methods of Self-Defense."

Q.—What good is deep breathing when training?

A.—It helps to develop the chest. Also fills the lungs with fresh air, a big help when exercising.

Q.—Are there any exercises which you can recommend for deep breathing?

A.—Yes—You'll find a lot of them in "Training for Boxers" or "Height Increase Exercises."

J. C. Martin, South Washington, Va.

Q.—Can you tell me about Battling Siki, otherwise known as Altoona Battling Siki, a colored middleweight from Altoona. I want to know if he was a great fighter and his chances of staging a comeback at 27 years of age.

A.—No one on record who was known as Altoona Battling Siki. Someone must be kidding you. 27 years of age is rather old for someone to stage a comeback.

Max Blockwell, Exeter, Nebr.

Q.—What is Lou Brouillard's record? When was he born? Did he possess both the welterweight and middleweight crowns.

A.—Lou's record can be found in both the Everlast and Post Record Book. Brouillard is 25 years of age but exact date unknown. Brouillard held the world's welterweight title and only held the American middleweight title when he kayoed Ben Jeby. Thil is the world's middleweight champion.

Joe Daly, Gloversville, N. Y.

Q.—Was Tiger Flowers, middleweight champion, a right hander or a southpaw?

A.—Flowers was a southpaw.

A. King, Wanganui, New Zealand

Q.—Here in New Zealand "Ring" Magazines are not plentiful, nevertheless I read them regularly with great interest. Here are my selections of the greatest fighters in all divisions. What do you think of them? Heavyweights—Jack Johnson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett; Light-heavyweights — Bob Fitzsimmons, Sam Langford, Stanley Ketchell; Middleweights—Stanley Ketchell, Harry Greb, Mickey Walker; Welterweights—Tommy Ryan, Joe Walcott, Kid McCoy; Lightweights—Joe Gans, Benny Leonard, Kid Lavigne; Featherweights—Young Corbett, Terry McGovern, Young Griffo; Bantamweights—Terry McGovern, George Dixon, Jimmy Barry; Flyweights—Jimmy Wilde, Pancho Villa. Who do you think would have won between Packey McFarland and Battling Nelson, both in their prime, over 25 rounds? Was Pancho Villa flyweight champion when he died following his bout with Jimmy McLarnin: What are the nationalities of Eddie Mader, Al Ettore, Fillo Echeverria, Bobby Leyvas?

A.—Your selections are as good as any I have seen. I think Packy McFarland would have been too clever for Nelson even over the 25 round route. Villa was still the champion when he fought McLarnin but it was an overweight bout. Eddie Mader is German descent, Ettore is Italian, Echeverria is Spanish and Leyvas is Mexican.

Jim Brown, Muskogee, Okla.

Q.—Who would win the following bouts? Louis-Braddock, Louis-Schmeling, Braddock-Schmeling, Carnera-Schmeling, Carnera-Baer, Ross-Yarosz, Canzoneri-McLarnin, McAvoy-Lewis, Brouillard - McAvoy, Thil - Brouillard, Brouillard-Risko, Gotch-Gamma?

A.—Purely a matter of opinion.

J. C. Hicks, Cresskill, N. Y.

In answer to your question, those things often happen to boxers and can be eliminated the same way. See your physician for advice.

Floyd Shove, Cherokee, Iowa

Q.—If a person has reached the age of 30, is it too late to learn about boxing? How young should a person start? Can a person make any money even if he is not a champion? How long does it take to get into condition to fight in the ring?

A.—It is too late to begin professional boxing but not too late to learn about boxing for self-defense purposes. Eighteen to 20 is the right age to start. Joe Louis is not a champion and has made much more than champions ever made and there are other examples. It would take about two months to get physically fit.

William Turhame, Merthyr Tydfil, S. Wales, Eng.

Q.—Did Peter Jackson ever fight Fitz? Did James Farnum fight Fitz? Is there any book on Fitz's battles?

A.—No, neither fought Fitz. There is one book, "Ruby Robert" by Bob Davis, a very interesting story, reminiscences, but this doesn't go into details of Fitz's battles. However, "Champions Off Guard" and "Ten and Out," both have considerable on Fitz's fights, and other heavyweight champions.

Robery Uria, Mayfair, Johannesburg, S. A.

Q.—I train hard, but find that my wind is very poor. I smoke on the average fifteen cigarettes a day, but don't think that is the cause. What can I drink or eat that will help my wind. I don't drink liquor.

A.—You don't think so, eh? Well, old pal, those fifteen cigarettes a day won't only stop you training, but you'll eventually find yourself in a pretty bad physical condition. The cigarettes are affecting your wind. You naturally won't be able to give them up at once, but cut down by degrees, a few a day, until you get down to about four a day and then by degrees, if you want to be a good athlete, cut out smoking entirely. At any rate, cut down considerably. I hate to think of an athlete smoking as much as you do.

Art Haviland, British Columbia

Q.—Is Tommy Burns in business in New York?

A.—No, he is out in the northwest, in Oregon or Washington, training heavyweights.

Q.—What has become of Charles Cutler, the old time wrestler?

A.—I just received a letter from him a few days ago from Chicago. He is associated with Friar Tuck's Cellarage at the Ivanhoe Gardens, 3000 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Ring Reader—N. Y. City

Q.—Who taught Sam Langford how to box?

A.—Joe Woodman, the fight manager who owned a gym in Boston, and had Langford work for him. Joe saw a good prospect in Sambo and took charge of him.

Q.—In sending out a straight left, would you have the thumb sticking upward or downward?

A.—The fist should be clenched with thumb on right side of fist, pointing downward.

Guido Giometti, Rio Vidta, California

Q.—Was any action taken by the police against Ambers for the death of Scarpati?

A.—No, none other than a police investigation which cleared him.

A Ring Reader

Q.—I have very lean legs and would like to know what exercises I can take that would help me to broaden them.

A.—Take rowing exercises and work on the stationary bicycle. If you have none near by, then ride a bicycle over hilly ground.

Martin Simon, Tampa, Fla.

Q.—In your opinion who is the world wrestling champion? Will there be a new tournament as a result of the many suspensions that will be given to Shikat for refusing to meet his obligations by wrestling where he is billed?

A.—Shikat is the champion and no amount of phenagaling by the promoters in combination with boxing commissions can take that title from him unless he is beaten in the ring. He beat O'Mahoney clearly. The Irishman quit of his own accord and proved that he was far inferior to the top notch wrestlers if the latter decided to wrestle on the level. Of course you'll find such tourneys and new champions cropping up in all parts of the country. That is too bad, because the sport is the sufferer.

Mary Sirocco, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—Does the A.A.U. stage any boxing and wrestling matches in which women are permitted to enter?

A.—No. There are no such matches permitted by the A.A.U. but there are clubs in your city, Cincinnati, Kansas, New York and several other places where girls have such matches but in private clubs.

Clair Hanson, Tacoma, Wash.

Q.—Why have the cross word puzzles been discontinued. They were a popular feature and I think the fans like them. I am six feet three inches, weigh 186 and am 20 years old. What should be my chest, normal, chest, expanded, forearm, biceps and weight? What has become of Steve Hamas. Is he planning to take up doctoring as his life's work? Do you believe Joe Louis will get his chance at the title this year? Will you please give me the measurements of John L. Sullivan?

A.—The Editor ran out of material on the cross words which was mighty tough work to compile. Your chest should be 43 inches, 46 inches expanded, forearm 13 inches, biceps 15½ inches, and weight around 190 pounds. Hamas now owns a restaurant in Newark. Louis will probably get his chance at the title this year. Sullivan's measurements may be found in the book of Jack Dempsey.

Alfred Teske, Wausau, Wisc.

Q.—Where can you buy post card pictures with boxers on them? How do you make brine for toughening the hands and face? How old is Small Montana and how many fights has he had?

A.—The Ring Book Shop sells the postal card size photos of Carnera, Baer, Dempsey, McLarnin, Canzoneri and Vince Dundee only. The butcher can make beef brine for you. It is used for the hands and not for the face. Montana is 23 years of age. His record can be found in the Post and Everlast Record Books.

Harry Singer, Newark, N. J.

Q.—Why are so many British fighters coming to America?

A.—The only reason I can offer is that they figure they can gain prestige here and then reap the harvest on their return home, as has McAvoy.

Q.—Is Ted Broadribb still managing fighters? Is he the type one could trust.

A.—Yes, he has a fine stable. He is now in this country with three of his boys, Tommy Farr, Len Beynon and George Daly. He will return shortly to England to promote shows on a large scale. Ted knows his business and is well liked both in this country and at home. There isn't a finer fellow in the boxing game than Ted.

Martin Conway, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Don't you think that Jack Sharkey should call a halt on his comeback and let the younger fellows do the boxing?

A.—Yes, I agree with that sentiment 100 percent, but of course, financial embarrassment may be the cause of his comeback in which case we shouldn't condemn him. Boxing is the most profitable business in which to recoup losses and therefore I say let's not be too harsh with Jack.

Margery Miller, Springfield, Vt.

Q.—Why is it that in all the papers I have read it refers to Babe Risko as the middleweight champion while in THE RING Magazine, Marcel Thil is listed as the champion? Has Thil since lost the championship? Do you think there is any danger of Louis not fighting Braddock this year?

A.—If the Boxing Commissions around the country were consistent in their rulings and most sporting writers were better acquainted with boxing matters they would know that Risko has no claim to any title, except that of American champion. Thil won the world's middleweight title when he defeated Gorilla Jones, who at that time was the American middleweight titleholder. Thil recently whipped Lou Brouillard in a titular match in France. Louis, if he defeats Schmeling, will in all probability meet Braddock late this summer.

Val Valhoff, Alhambra, Calif.

Q.—Do you think Battling Nelson was the toughest lightweight of his time? Do you think Joe Louis is as good as the former heavyweight champion, Jack Johnson?

A.—Nelson was the toughest in his time and was probably one of the toughest of all time. It is my opinion that Johnson would have beaten Louis.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE problem of matchmaking is not a simple one—the New York Boxing Commission has learned, much to its sorrow. Not content with attending to its more essential duties, the commissioners have become involved in a series of complications with which they find themselves unable to cope. Choosing an opponent for Tony Canzoneri seems to be their latest problem. Canzoneri, one of the few bright spots in boxing, a gallant courageous, two-fisted fighter who has deliberately gone out of his way to select worth while contenders, has again been put on the spot by the New York Commission.

Popular opinion and the general consensus of the average fight fan is that Pedro Montanez is the outstanding lightweight contender. He has color, a dynamic little fighting machine and the only one who is conceded a possible chance of dethroning Canzoneri. Instead, the Commission has gone to the post in favor of Lou Ambers.

Ambers seems to be a bright favorite of the local Commission. It was only last year that Ambers was elected No. 1 candidate for lightweight honors when Barney Ross vacated his lightweight post. It does not matter that Canzoneri has already proven his superiority over Ambers in a previous bout. There is no appeal or any demand for the match but the Commission must be appeased and Canzoneri must humor its decision.

It is conceded that Canzoneri and Montanez would attract a gate of from $150,000 to $200,000 this summer. Canzoneri and Ambers is not even a good outdoor attraction and will have to be supported heavily in order to entice a possible $75,000 gate. The fact that the State and the Government taxes would profit more, that the principals would benefit more and that the general public would get a real thrill in a Montanez-Canzoneri fight, does not alter the situation so far as the Commission is concerned. The duties of the Boxing Commissioners would be very simple were it not for the fact that they make their job a tough one by their match-making decisions.

Lew Brix, manager of Sixto Escobar, was forced to spend several weeks in the hospital because of an infected toe which was too stubborn to be cured—Al Lippe, venerable and highly respected manager of the old school, is still making his headquarters at the Forrest Hotel—In fact, so are most of the out-of-town scribes, managers and fighters. It is the headquarters for the sporting crowd. A few minutes conversation with Al generally extends to several hours but the time is never wasted—Lew Diamond is now manager of Chino Alvarez, the dangerous hitting lightweight from Savannah and Tampa—Barney Fox, a co-partner in the management of Al McCoy, recently passed away and his widow will share the purses with her late husband's partner, Bill Brennan—Mike Belloise is coming along in great style as his latest fourteen round knockout victory over Young Rightmire will attest—Mike is ripe for a crack at Freddy Miller's title.

Phil Bernstein, who used to manage Frankie Genaro, has opened the Phil Bernstein Athletic Association with offices at 1576 Broadway, New York City. It will be in the nature of the old Sports Alliance and visiting managers can make their headquarters there—Jeff Dickson, European promoter, has arrived here for his annual joust with the American managers and promoters—Eddie Mead has deserted Cleveland definitely for the Pacific Coast—Paul Pirrone got off to two bad starts but Carmen Barth turned in a good win over Red Bruce while Frankie Wallace defeated Hoyt Jones and his youngster, Patsy Kelly, looks very promising—Al Ettore and Leroy Haynes should make an attractive meeting in Philadelphia this summer—Ettore holds two decisions over Haynes and their third meeting should be one of the big features for the Quaker City—Haynes looked formidable in victory over Carnera and it looks like Pete Moran will finally get a break.

Sammy Goldman has given signs of being a miracle man of boxing. After taking over the reins of Leonard Del Genio, the Harlem youngster made the supreme fight of his life in defeating Wesley Ramey at the St. Nicholas Palace. Ramey was 5 to 1 favorite in the betting and the odds were justified by the past records of the two principals. Del Genio fought a stubbornly waged battle and refused to concede ground against the more experienced and classier boxer. His grit and indomitable will conquered and Ramey lost, what to him was a valuable decision, as he was listed as one of Canzoneri's leading rivals—Leonard is confident that with the Goldman school of teaching he will continue to improve and should be a championship figure in the immediate future.

If you are good at riddles, try and solve this one—What prominent referee was responsible for giving a bad decision one night which cost a fighter the championship. The faux pas on his part was done as a favor to another party. Since that time, this referee has suffered pangs of remorse—The manager of the wronged fighter handles quite a few other boxers—On various occasions this referee is seen officiating and has always gone out of his way to give this manager a break in the decision, yet they are far from friendly.

Freddy Steele's victory over Babe Risko upheld the contention that he is America's best middleweight and that the world's champion is Marcel Thil—Phil Zwick was dropped by Jimmy Stewart for a nine count in the second round of their bout at Liverpool but he arose and put his opponent away with the next punch—Leonard Del Genio engaged in a workout at the Star Casino prior to the Ramey match but the opponent gave him plenty of trouble—His name is Sammy Angott and he proved that he is no bargain for anyone—Eddie McGeever delivered an upset when he scored over Al Casimini in the semi-final—Sammy Tucker, Newark flyweight of several years ago, is seriously contemplating a comeback—Phil Delmont and Dave Sonnenberg have severed partnership and in the future Phil will handle Eddie Mader, the heavyweight, and Sammy Chernoff, a lightweight, alone—Dave will look after Al Roth and Al Delaney.

Pedro Montanez handed Bobby Pacho quite a licking at the St. Nick's and furthered his claims for lightweight consideration. Pacho was forced to make weight and is now fully convinced that he is wasting time trying to make the lightweight limit and in the future will devote his time to the welterweight class—The fatality that occurred in the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn with Tony Scarpati as the innocent victim and Lew Ambers as the partner was one of those unavoidable things that are bound to occur—Scarpati's head struck the canvas with a thud and he suffered a fracture from which he never recovered—Dan Parker started a campaign in the Daily Mirror for a fund and the family received around $1200 from that source while Max Joss, promoter at the Broadway Arena, staged a benefit show at the Broadway Arena with almost $1900 being turned over to the unfortunate family—Ambers donated his services gratis and some of the other principals on the card did likewise—The referees, judges, announcer gave their services without charge and it was gratifying to see the helpful spirit which the boys in the boxing game displayed for someone who suffered one of Fate's pranks.

Freddy Miller went through with his Havana bout against Fillo Echeverria and won the verdict after ten fast rounds—Echeverria was a plucky gamester and tried hard all the way but the superior ringcraft and all round fighting ability of Miller was too much to cope with—Echeverria has a pleasing style and against one not so gifted will show to much better advantage—Miller went to Birmingham five days later and enjoyed a good workout at the expense of Andy Martin. Miller is one champion who thrives on action and is certainly getting it.

Andy Niederreiter has an ambitious program arranged for his Ebbets Field promotional ventures. He intends running five shows during the summer but they will be high class and he expects to give the Ball Parks plenty of trouble—Andy has lined an attractive bout for his opening card but refuses to reveal names of the principals—Al Spina, Portland youngster, seems to be on the upgrade. In his last two starts he flattened Young Tommy in one and Frankie Castillo in three rounds—George Nichols secured a new lease on life when he held the current champion, John Henry Lewis, to a draw in Buffalo—Nichols at one time held the N.B.A. light-heavyweight title—Al Demedowitz, Brooklyn heavyweight, turned in two victories which has increased the enthusiasm of his manager, Marty Fuller, and he is now challenging the world—Al scored over Mickey McAvoy and Jack Moran—Allie Frank has deserted Philadelphia and will confine his future activities in New York—Harry Gordon returned to New York after a brief itinerary which carried him to Australia, South Africa, England, France, Portugal and a few minor countries—Harry claims that next to Al Lippe he ranks as the outstanding traveler in the boxing ranks.

Joe Waterman has justified the faith that his friends had in his ability as a matchmaker. In the short space of six months he has put the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles on a solid paying basis and is now heralded as the saviour of boxing in Southern California. His last effort between King Levinsky and Lee Ramage resulted in a complete sellout with thousands being turned away. It takes a good matchmaker to make good matches and not boxing commissions. Maxey Rosenbloom has gone to Australia for a series of matches and was escorted by Frankie Doyle. He will find plenty of competition there with Ambrose Palmer and Leo Kelly as the chief opponents.

Ray Arcel is grooming a swell little fighter in Joey Wach, a featherweight—Whitey Bimstein is eagerly waiting the return of Sixto Escobar before he can get any satisfactory action—Al Ramo is teaching Lester Patrick's son, the rudiments of boxing—Lester is head of the Rangers Hockey team—The Boxing Writers Association of Greater New York have opened offices at the Forrest Hotel and the rooms are open for visiting newspapermen. Typewriters have been installed for their usage—If Lew Stillman is ever driven insane he can attribute the cause to Beezy Thomas and Battling Norfolk, his genial and helpful playmates—Beezy is as black as the ace of spades but calls himself an Italian and addresses Stillman as Papa Lou. Doc Robb, who trains Jimmy Braddock, manages to keep himself occupied until the championship call.

Izzy Cline was in New York with the visiting Golden Glovers from Chicago—Benny Ray's lightweight, Milton Aron, is coming along in good style—Scotty Strachan is yelling to the heavens above that Charley Belanger was robbed in his recent bout with Stan Evans—Joe Malone and Eddie Walker have joined the Joe Jacobs forces as general assistants for the Louis-Schmeling embroglio—Armand Vincent was in town lining up some future matches for Montreal—Suey Welsh suffered two bad breaks in one night when Hank Hankinson was beaten by Hans Birkie and Al Manfredo was stopped by Tony Curro because of a cut eye—Manfredo was winning when he suffered the mishap—Welsh's negro heavyweight, Charley Coates, is being given the duck by the Coast heavies—The only one with nerve enough to battle him was Maxey Rosenbloom—Maxey, despite his many years in ring service, would find plenty of backers who think he could outsmart Joe Louis—Maxey has outgrown the light-heavy class and will mingle with the bigger fellows, if they can be induced to meet him.

Goldie Ahearn, the Washington boxing promoter, Bobby Goldstein, former University of Virginia boxing star, and Sammy Lewis, vaudeville actor, with three different names, are really brothers—Small Montana, it is expected, will be managed by someone other than Paddy Ryan, who brought out the Filipino flyweight crack—A financial settlement will be arranged—Jack Kearns has really settled down in Chicago. His latest move was to open an elaborate bar and grill at 178 W. Madison Street. Billy Stevens will assist in the handling of boxers and serve as a major domo—Babe Barron, Dinger Halper and the regular Chicago contingent were in for the Canzoneri-McLarnin fracas—Sam Taub is doing a swell job in a sponsored program on WHN Sunday afternoons interviewing various sports celebrities—Marty Lehrer, Ben Silver and Sidney Roth make up fistic's outstanding pinochle triumvirate. They are loyal Sammy Goldman fans and never miss a local scrap—Charley "Killer" Coates is the outstanding light-heavy and heavyweight menace on the Pacific Coast. It is very difficult for Joe Waterman to line up opponents for him—Gene Vinassa and Eddie Mead have probably cut up a million touches in their Coast reconciliation.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

JACK KEARNS' restaurant and cocktail lounge at 178 West Randolph Street was equipped at a cost of approximately $50,000, according to employees there. The bar alone, a lengthy affair affecting a semi-circle at each end, is appraised at $9,000 . . . . Barney Ross, welterweight champion, intends to buy a cabin cruiser in June at a cost of about $1,500 . . . . Barney says the Capital Building jewelry store in which he is financially interested is being operated at a profit . . . . Jack Tippett, the old middleweight, now a Peoria promoter, blames the loss of his sight to head punches he absorbed. He recalls that Pete Herman, Joe Mandot and Joe Shugrue, all of whom became famous as boxers, went blind at about the same time.

Joe Louis, 1934 Golden Gloves light-heavyweight champion, still gets a kick out of watching the amateur boxers perform. Whenever he is in town he attends the weekly cards at the Savoy Athletic Club out on the South Side . . . . The Toy Bulldog Tavern, conducted by Mickey Walker, ex-welterweight and middleweight monarch, just around the corner from Jack Dempsey's New York cafe, is doing a great business, patrons say . . . . In the dictionary, Pian is described as a native name of South America, but Sam Pian, veteran fight manager, is of Jewish antecedents . . . . Co-Matchmaker James C. Mullen may move his desk from the Madison Street side of Chicago Stadium to the Warren Avenue section of the building with the title, manager of promotions, attached to his name, it is heard . . . . Five thousand, half the number that attended the Red Burman-Buddy Knox fight at the Stadium, bought fifty-cent tickets. Burman knocked out the Dayton, O., heavyweight in five rounds.

Ten Years Ago in the Ring—Jimmy McLarnin knocked out Jackie Fields in two rounds at Los Angeles, Cal. . . . . Charley Phil Rosenberg, ex-bantamweight champion, stopped Eddie Shea, now preparing for a comeback campaign, in the fourth round at New York . . . . Kid Williams, the old 118-pound titleholder, was making a comeback at thirty-two years of age . . . . Doc Snell, Tacoma, Wash., was making strides in the featherweight class . . . . Tommy Cello, San Francisco, Cal., lightweight, engaged in nine battles without being defeated.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
BY MICKEY McINTIRE

THE headliner of the month, so far as Detroit is concerned, seems to be Chuck Woods. Chuck has been going great guns lately, and has turned in several brilliant performances in recent months. Billy Celebron, Sammy Mandell's protege, was Woods' latest victim.

Nick Londes, famed wrestling promoter, is really making a go of boxing in Detroit. Nick has run three shows at the Naval Armory now, and has done far better than was expected. His feature of the month was the heavyweight match between the veteran Charley Belanger and Stan Evans, local pride, who once defeated Joe Louis. Before a nice crowd, Belanger and Evans put up a terrific brawl, but it seemed that almost everybody in the place disagreed with Referee Jack Asperry's decision in favor of Evans.

At the same place, Edwin Waling, ranking Detroit featherweight, battered out a decisive victory over Bert Ardt, game local youngster. Waling was unable to floor Bert, which is some kind of a record for Ardt, as Waling has either kayoed or dropped most of his foes since turning professional. Lefty Gwynne, bantam contender, easily whipped Gib Black in a good six-rounder.

One of the biggest things around these parts at the present time is Johnny Whiters, youthful colored heavyweight from Pontiac. Whiters has been going good for some time now, and seems to be running out of opposition. In his last time out, he knocked out Tim Charles in Chicago.

Frankie Wolfram, sturdy 128-pounder of Detroit, won the decision over Sammy Levine of Chicago in one of Nick Londes' features at the Naval Armory. Wolfram has been turning in some good performances.

The middleweight "natural" for Detroit was Bill Bommer and Frank Kapanowski. This was a sure fire thing, and everything turned out all right. After six rounds of toe-to-toe fireworks, Bommer was given the decision which didn't sit well with the crowd, most observers figuring Kapanowski had the edge.

Bobby Red Wood and Roger Bernard, Flint boxers, who have been sojourning in Arkansas, are due back soon. Wood has been turning in good bouts there, winning regularly, and Bernard boxed a draw with Patsy Severo of Cleveland in his most recent start. Patsy Severo is a very good lightweight and so is his brother, Lou. Both can be reached by writing Bud Creesy, Andover, Ohio.

Chuck Woods has been whipping everyone to face him the last three months. He boxes Champion Barney Ross on Derby Eve.

Edwin Waling stopped Henry Gowatch in the eighth at Hazel Park. A match between Waling and Frankie Wolfram would be a "honey."

Outstanding amateur results follow: Jimmy Urso beat Charles Gomez and Dick Edwards. Edwards lost to Freddy Aquisto, who beat Camiel Clark and lost to Ed Bonavia. Edgar Waling defeated Tommy Morris twice, Stanley Cieslik, Joe Mullane, and Ed Kozale. Kozale won from Mullane, who lost a T.K.O. to Pat Thomas when he suffered a cut eye. Thomas beat Jimmy Maloney and Joe Genovese. Cieslik kayoed Nick Basil, who was beaten by Bobby McIntire. McIntire beat Floyd Marcino, Teddy Simmons, and dropped a decision to Ed Sedliar. Corky McCorquodale, flyweight, won the title in the Junior National A.A.U. meet at Providence, R. I. Corky has always been a good little scrapper. Other Detroit boys who made the trip to the Nationals were Frank Matous, Paul Favors, George Stapleton, George Burnette, Rene Denne, Ed Kozale and Joe Mandell. Rene Denne beat Rocky Skeegi, Jerry Sullivan, and Johnny Gillis. Skeegi beat Jimmy Maloney and Andy Pezak. Maloney won from Sullivan and lost to Harry Hickey and Ed Kilpatrick.

Maloney also beat Stan Wiecizorek, who knocked out Conway Petty. Sullivan beat Frank McQuade and Eddie Parisini. Kilpatrick lost to Eugene Nevers, who beat Puddy Stoppa, Andy Vine and kayoed Ed Foley and Joe McLain, but lost to Jack Palise. Palise flattened George Neufer and Vince Mandell. Dynamiting Dave Egan stopped Al Kilpatrick. Kenneth McQuade beat Bob O'Connell, and Frank Egan, but lost to Walter Cieslik. O'Connell lost to Patsy Urso. John Kroger kayoed Frank Matous and defeated Al Standish. Robert Dennis flattened Ed Jones. Ed Smith won from Gerald Coon. Walter Franklin beat Steve Modla, who lost to Ted Cerwin. Cerwin beat Deno Tempest and Joe Pasiuk. Modla kayoed Lamar Richardson. George Mitchell beat Randall Conway but lost to Joe Ricker. Milton Shivers stopped Irvin Pease. Ted Keating beat Tommy Johnson and Willis Johnson beat Lee Schaeffer. Schaeffer edged Tony Rupinski, who stopped J. Evans. Jim McCormack beat Ed Pallister. Paddy Burns split decisions with Tom Waling.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

YOUNG BOB BRESLIN, whose father, Jack Britton, got his start in the South and then annexed the world's welterweight diadem, is attending the University of Florida. Bob recently made a creditable showing in the Southeastern A.A.U. boxing tournament. At seventeen years of age, Bob has proved himself the class of the tourney.

Joe Knight scored over Dewey Kimrey but was beaten by Bob Godwin . . . . Joe Magee, third man in all the bouts around Savannah, is one of the best referees in the South . . . . Steve Carr, Bridgeport, Conn., light-heavyweight, came through with wins over Max Marex and Charlie Kid Baisden at Miami and Sarasota . . . . At Birmingham, Freddie Miller, kingpin of the feathers, outpointed Andy Martin in ten stanzas in a non-title bout . . . . Scotty McLean, star lightie of Chicago, is anxious to get work in the South . . . . will Jack Griffin get in touch with me at once? . . . . Tommy Speigal outpointed Tony Lopez on the beach at Miami. On the same card, Al Nettlow waded through Jimmie Wade to cop the referee's nod . . . . Bob Tow, heavyweight of Alexandria, Va., is being managed by R. L. May.

Mike O'Brien, Carolina's slashing lightweight, scored another knockout when he flattened Kid Lockey at Bennettville . . . . Billy Hood, Florida's topping middleweight, is now being guided by Warren Magee, physical director at the St. Augustine, Fla., Y.M.C.A. . . . . Johnnie Connor, Jr., of Springfield, Ill., writes in that he is managing Armanda Sicilia . . . . John L. Loy will soon resume boxing at Asheville, N. C., and all boxers are asked to drop John a letter at 233 Biltmore Avenue . . . . The Alabama Kid, Negro middleweight of Ohio, is asking for fights in the South . . . . Received a letter the other day from my friend, John J. Romano, editor of the Post Record Book and staff writer of the Bell Syndicate. Mr. Romano reports boxing to be picking up all over the country . . . . Jack Kranz is hurling challenges at Joe Knight . . . . Leo R. Messina is promoting at Itta Bena, Miss. . . . . Jimmie Perrin, Erwin Berlier and Ralph Chong, all of New Orleans, are in the Phil Shapiro stable in the Bronx of New York . . . . My address is 1911 Waters Avenue . . . . Stan Gould, physical director of 116 East 60th Street, New York City, is scouring the country in search of a heavyweight . . . . Jimmie Kirwan, Miles City, Mont., welterweight, whose picture appeared in the last issue of THE RING as a promising fighter, will soon invade the West Coast . . . . Jesse Alderman is boxing coach at the University of Mississippi.

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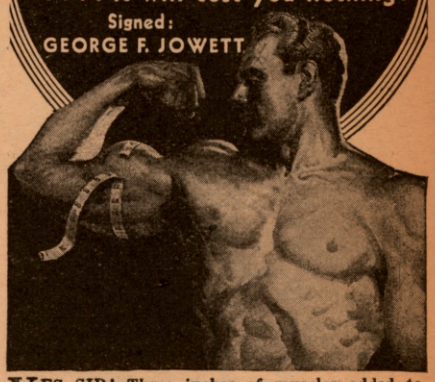
Signed: GEORGE F. JOWETT



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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

GEORGE DINGLEY, JR., was rewarded with a packed house at the Adelphi Sporting Club, Glasgow, when he staged Johnny McGrory and "Ginger" Chris Foran of Liverpool. McGrory was fortunate in receiving the verdict when the referee disqualified Foran for using his head in the clinches during the ninth round.

In the supporter of ten rounds, Jimmy Vaughan made a good impression when he outpointed Joe Kerr after a hard-hitting contest.

Emil Scholtz outpointed Bert Ikin after a spirited twelve-round contest at Hull.

Dave McCleave K.O.'ed George Bunter in the fifth of their return contest at the Ring, London. McCleave took the lead from the first gong and punished Bunter freely before putting him down for the full count.

Dick Corbett won the Southern Area featherweight title from Dave Crowley after fifteen rounds at the Stadium Club, London, by a narrow margin.

Dai Jones won the Welsh middleweight title at Swansea when he K.O.'ed Billy Thomas in the third round with a left hook to the body.

Bob Firmin was declared the winner over Snowey Edwards in the seventh, when the latter was disqualified for hitting low.

Norman Snow, now boxing as a welter, easily beat Vic Morris after ten hard-hitting rounds at Rushden.

George Daly and Harry Craster put up a sparkling ten-round bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, which was declared a draw.

Heinz Lazzek, Austrian and European light-heavyweight champion, successfully defended his European title against the Holland champion, Reinus De Boer.

Frank Hough battered his way to victory over Jack Strongbow in four rounds at Ipswich, when the referee stopped the contest. The latter had taken several counts before the finish.

Jimmy Vaughan won a well deserved points decision over George Reynolds after twelve rounds at West Ham Baths.

Eddie Phillips had to fight hard all the way to beat Ernie Simmons after a good ten-round bout at the Millbay Rinkeries, Plymouth.

Jackie Brown scored a four-round K.O. over Jackie Ryan at Blackpool. The plucky Scot faded out after the first two rounds, and was put down for two counts before the final coup-de-grace.

Maurice Holtzer successfully defended his title against the French challenger, Joe Parisis, over fifteen rounds in Paris.

Gustave Eder defeated Gustave Roth over twelve rounds in Berlin.

Ernie Roderick defeated Ivor Pickens at Liverpool over fifteen rounds. He has now qualified to meet Chuck Parker for the title left vacant by the retirement of Pat Butler.

Len Beynon fought with skill to win after twelve rounds over Idris Morgan at the Neath Drill Hall.

Valentin Anglemann only drew with the Spanish boxer, Ortega, in a ten-round bout in Paris.

Paul Rebel, French welter champion, successfully defended his title against Villaumy at Bordeaux after ten spirited rounds.

Ex-Seaman Jim Lawlor, after winning quite a number of bouts over good class men, seems to have found himself in a rut. The ex-seaman was defeated by the young Sheffield welter, Jack Powell, in their ten-round bout at Rochester.

After a lay-off of six months with bad hands, Benny Caplan did not box with any confidence against Young Beckett, Wales, in their ten-round bout at the Ring, although he won the bout. On the same card, Pat Palmer scored a ten-round points victory over Willie McCamley.

Alby Day was fortunate to receive the decision over Billy Murdock in ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, London, after a good bout.

Freddie Mitchell won a clear points decision over Billy Gobels at the end of their twelve-round bout at Paddington Baths.

Jack London keeps on winning and will soon be asking for matches with the topnotchers. His latest was a K.O. victory over Frank Borrington in the ninth of a ten-rounder at Derby.

Leo Phillips well merited the points verdict in his ten-round bout with Jack Lord at the Norwich Corn Hall. In the supporter, "Spider" Armstrong scored a well earned ten-round decision over Jack Middleton after a grand bout.

Tommy Rogers made a welcome reappearance at Wolverhampton when he met and defeated Bob Lamb on points over twelve rounds.

Harry Mason was given a big surprise by Alban Mulrooney, who outpointed him over ten rounds in the latter's home town.

Benny Sharkey survived three knockdowns in his bout with Simon Chavez, the Venezuelan featherweight champion, at Newcastle, arose each time, and gave a good account of himself. At the end, Benny was the winner by a narrow margin.

Eddie Pierce was not extended when called upon to meet Battling Charlie Parkin, who was acting as a substitute for Alec Bell. Parkin took the count, while claiming that he had been hit low. Referee Johnny Summers, however, counted him out.

"Ginger" Sadd was given the decision over Leo Phillips during the seventh of a twelve-round bout at the West Ham Baths, when the latter was adjudged to have hit low.

Tommy Farr gave a pleasing display when outpointing the Hollander, Van Goole, at Swansea. During the twelve rounds both gave the spectators thrills, and the Welshman put on a spurt towards the end to clinch the verdict.

Chris "Ginger" Foran scored a clever points victory over Frank McCudden at the Adelphi Club, Glasgow, over twelve rounds.

The much improved bantam from Manchester, John Cusick, won another good bout when he outpointed Mog Mason at the end of a good ten-rounder at Liverpool.

Eddie Steele gained a K.O. victory over Seaman Tim Foley in the eighth of a twelve-rounder at the Millbay Rinkeries, Plymouth, after a good scrap.

Seaman Storrie, a welter, who has been winning all along the line, again received full honors when, at East Ham, he outpointed George "Panther" Purchase over twelve rounds.

Jackie Brown scored a K.O. victory over Fred Morris in the eighth round of a twelve-round bout at the Belle Vue, Manchester. In the other star bout, Jackie Wilson easily outpointed Douglas Kestrell after a good bout of ten rounds.

Competition is the spice of life, and the boxing fans here greet the entrance of Earls Court Stadium into the boxing game with open arms.

Stanley Longstaff, former scribe on *The Sporting Life*, has caused a stir among the old-time promoters and matchmakers by clinching the match of the season between Jack Petersen and Jock McAvoy for the Empire heavyweight championship.

Earls Court Stadium holds 11,500 seats, and is sure of a sell-out in their first venture. They will have an open-air venue at their disposal to house a crowd of 60,000, which puts them in the market for any kind of championship bouts.

Ben Foord outpointed Larry Gains over twelve rounds at Leicester before a crowd of six thousand fans. The South African proved too strong for the ex-champ and was a clear winner in the end.

Pat Palmer won on points after ten rounds against Herbie Hill when they met in their return contest at the Stadium Club.

Alby Day gained a third round K.O. over Jack Hardiman with a left to the body.

Fred Lowbridge gained another impressive victory when he outpointed clever Johnny Peters at Wolverhampton, over twelve rounds.

Norman Baines gained a points victory over George Slack when they met at Bradford over twelve rounds.

Harry Craster and Billy Smythe fought a hard ten-round bout at Darlington before the former was declared the winner on points.

Alex Bell gained a meritorious victory over Alf Robinson after a hard twelve-round bout at Edinburgh.

The boxing tournament in aid of the Jewish National Fund was a tremendous success and the sum of $20,000 was turned over to the fund. Every seat in the Royal Albert Hall was sold before the boxing began. Five star bouts of ten rounds each were offered and the matchmakers were complimented by Lord Melchett in a speech from the ring.

Mr. Moss Deyong, in an appeal from the ring, collected $7,500 towards the fund.

Harry Mizler, giving a display of left-hand hitting against Jose Mico, scored with a terrific right-hand punch to the jaw in the third round. Mico went down and was completely out.

The fight of the night was that between Archie Sexton and Frank Hough, who battled through ten rounds of hard hitting, with neither side asking quarter. Sexton came on at the finish to win the verdict.

Dick Corbett gave a clever exhibition of left-hand hitting against Maurice Holtzer and received the decision after ten rounds. It was not well received by the big crowd, many thinking that the Frenchman deserved a draw.

Dave McCleave scored a points victory over Tommy Bland after a fine scrap. Benny Caplan, after a slow start, outpointed Phineas John in an interesting ten-round bout.

A broken hand unfortunately ended the contest for Spider Armstrong against Johnny Walters at the Stadium Club, and the Spider was forced to retire in the fourth round.

Ginger Sadd outpointed Chris Dawson after ten rounds of clever boxing at Ipswich.

Jim Rice, well-known Belfast commission agent and boxing promoter, staged a wonderful show at King's Hall, Balmoral, when 11,500 people gathered to see Benny Lynch, European claimant to the world's flyweight championship, meet the fast improving Belfast lad, Jimmy Warnock, in an over-weight match.

They battled the full twelve rounds amid great excitement and little Warnock's southpaw stance puzzled Lynch, who was forced to give ground, and at the end the referee, without hesitation, gave the decision to Warnock.

In the supporter of eight rounds, Maurice Strickland, who relied on scientific boxing, failed to stop Jack London, and the latter was declared the winner on points.

Tommy Loughran was a complete master of ringcraft when he outpointed Jack London, who has been winning all along the line. The bout, over ten rounds, took place at Bristol, and the big crowd showed their appreciation at the end by giving the Philadelphian a big hand as he left the ring.

Tommy Rogers showed some of his old form at Wolverhampton when the referee stopped his bout with Albert Lindley in the eighth and awarded Rogers the decision. Lindley was saved from a needless beating.

Stan Jehu outpointed Harry Edwards after a fast twelve-round contest at Smethwick.

Jack Robinson scored a second-round K.O. over George Brennan at Nottingham in what was to have been fifteen rounds for the Northern Area cruiserweight championship.

Johnny McGrory boxed cleverly to elude the swings and hooks of Simon Chavez in their twelve-round bout at Glasgow and won with a bit to spare. In the supporting bout, Jim Campbell scored a points victory over Billy Nash after ten hard rounds.

George Rose, at one time one of the best welterweights in the country, seems to be all through. His latest K.O. took place at Ealing when he was forced to take the count by Len Wickwar in the third of a twelve-rounder.

Al Diamond conceded weight and height to Alf Robinson in their ten-round bout at the Ring, London, and won on points after a hard-hitting contest.

Tommy Pardoe walked out of the ring in the third of a ten-round bout with Pat Warburton at the Stadium Club. The contest was marred by the laying-on tactics of the Welshman, and when Pardoe was singled out for these offenses, he protested and walked out of the ring to the dressing room. The referee then disqualified Pardoe and awarded the decision to Warburton.

In the supporting bout, Harry Rowles reversed the decision that Glen Moody gained some time back by a clear-cut points victory after a hard-hitting bout. George Reynolds gained a popular victory over Jack Flynn at the end of ten rounds due to his aggressiveness.

The annual charity show at the Leeds Town Hall was a huge success and the bouts were well contested. Len Hampston won his bantamweight eliminating contest against Andy Byrne in the fourth of a fifteen-round bout with a terrific left-hand drive to the stomach and the latter was counted out.

John Cusick gained a clever victory when outpointing Fred Morris over ten rounds. Ex-Seaman Lawlor boxed a draw with Leo Phillips over ten rounds of hard fighting. In the other bout, Chuck Parker, who is matched to meet Dave McCleave for the welterweight championship of Great Britain, was unlucky in his contest with Louis Saerens for, after being well in the lead, he was forced to retire in the seventh of a ten-round contest with a very badly cut eye.

Fred Lowbridge gained the decision over George Daly after ten interesting rounds at Wolverhampton.

Bill Fuller was out of his class when he met Eddie McGuire at Smethwick. Three rounds were enough of the twelve rounds scheduled for the referee to see that he had no chance, and rightly stopped the bout after Fuller had taken plenty of punishment.

In reply to the many readers in Scotland and Ireland: You can obtain THE RING Magazine every month from the writer, by sending one shilling and fourpence Postal Order to 3 Edward Street, London, E. 1, and you will receive also price list of books advertised in THE RING Book Shop.

CANADIAN MARITIME NEWS

By G. A. M. TUTTY

WE are sorry to report the death of Fred Mathieshin, who died as a result of injuries after his bout with Pat Flanaghan, in the novice heavyweight tournament. At the inquest reports were that everything was done according to "Hoyle," no one was to blame but it put the "dampener" on what otherwise was a great night o' swat and to date, drew the largest gate for a "Jack Dempsey's White Hope Tournament"—14,993 paid, over 15,000 people with 2,000 turned away. The promoters did handsomely for a change and the "old socker's" name sure helped pull them in. The promoters are thinking of staging more shows in the near future. The winner of the last tournament "Red" Munroe has a long way to go before he'll ever be a threat to Louis, but he could be brought along, possibly with care whilst others could be groomed on each card. Toronto fans will turn out if they know in their own minds they'll see action, not gestures. Hockey is not drawing quite as well this year, and wrestling is on the wane rapidly, so boxing promoters here's your chance—Take it.

According to Eddie Wenstrob, Alberta light-heavy, he had reasons for his break from "Kap." He'd have been better advised to have stated his case to the B.B.B.C. and not have run off to Canada, until it was done. He gets it forcibly in the "neck" by doing so.

St. Catharines, the "Garden City" to you, is staging amateur boxing and wrestling shows weekly up until this goes to print and they receive good support locally and the bouts are of high calibre. We'd like to see other cities in Ontario, Canada's densely populated area, showing real signs of life. Oshawa the "Motor City" has staged some good bouts as has Kingston, but infrequently to date. Interest in boxing is returning rapidly. London Ont. is still a wrestling minded city and gets great crowds, but boxing has never been real popular there. Windsor Ont. has the occasional show and they have some fair boys in that section. Hamilton Ont have some good amateur boys, the Callura's—Jack and Angello—are well known and have appeared in many sections in the Dominion, Jack holding the Canadian bantam amateur title, so Hamilton has amateur but no pro shows.

Any Canadian boy "unattached" who has a record wishing to appear in New York or U.S.A. can write me for direction and I will put him where he'll be able to make his mark if he has the goods. Write to: 126 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Canada, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply. We have had some great fighters in this Dominion and we'll have more as the years roll by.

Bobby Orr, maritime welter leader, and James J. Walsh, Alberta's gift to the heavyweights, will be viewing Gotham's skyscrapers ere this magazine issue leaves the press and this Scotch-Irish combination should do well for themselves. These two boys will be the first of the Canadians leaving here sent under the direction of your scribe.

We are always pleased to advise any boy as we have in the past, who writes us re anything pertaining to the "manly art" as long as a stamp is enclosed. Any news for the good of boxing or this column in particular please forward by the 1st of each month.

We would like to see a boxing board of control in Canada, covering all provinces as I received a letter from Moncton N. B., stating that they've had trouble with a commission in that city, claiming certain points when they were not in an official capacity. If all Provinces were controlled under one body this would not happen, Ontario and P.Q. are the only Provinces with a recognized control of boxing. Vancouver B.C. is trying to bring about such a body. Paddy Firth, Moncton, N. B., a man of experience in the game, ran foul of the Commission there and caused feelings to run high which could not have happened if there was a Dominion body in power.

On the Elm Grove card the star was Mike Martyk, St. Catharine's Ont. who beat Baby Yack, undefeated Toronto bantam for two years, and Martyk's second defeat of Yack in a month. Martyk's the brightest star in Ont. boxing firmanent right now and if handled right will go places pronto! He'd make a hit in New York, if he'd like to go? Paul Kranek, Pittsburgh, K.O.'ed Curly Duncan in third round. Irvin Pease decisioned Mike Kranek, Pittsburgh. Leo Sweeny Pittsburgh beat Dave Yack on decision in this amateur show at Massey Hall, Toronto, and was a good presentation throughout.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

THE LAST BELL: It is with deep regret that I announce the death of G. Adolph Olson, well-known sporting goods store proprietor, who died suddenly from a heart attack. A timekeeper at practically every important boxing card staged here in the last twenty years, Mr. Olson was well known to boxers and managers throughout the country.

One of the best boxing cards staged here for some time was presented in the Abu-Bekr Shrine Temple before a large crowd of members. In the six-round main event, Ray Mann, local welterweight, punched out a kayo over Phil Shaddy of Omaha in the fourth round. Georgie Troup, hard-punching Austin, Tex., featherweight, rung up a decision over Mickey Slater, Sioux City. Terry Griffiths, local lightweight comer, staged the fistic upset for the month when he all but knocked out Cappy Wooten of Council Bluffs. Wooten was being counted out when the bell ended the match. Christy Dean, Omaha Negro welter, was knocked out in four rounds by Jack Harding. Young Newsboy Brown, local feather, won a decision over Jimmy Gaughn of Omaha. Harry Gibbons was third man for all the bouts. Adolph Olson, Bart Pease, W. W. Wilson were timekeepers. Ty Dillon, manager of the Uptown Arena, did the match-making. James M. Bach was chairman of the committee in charge.

We are pleased to announce that Mrs. Bess Jones, widow of the late Harry Jones, informed us that the Riverview Park Arena would again be in operation this season. This should take care of the many letters asking about the arena. No official announcement has been made in the papers at this writing. Further details as to the match-maker and other information will be passed along to our readers just as son as the information is received by us. So watch THE RING Magazine.

The first intramural boxing card of the season was presented in the Trinity College gym before a record breaking crowd. Twelve three-round bouts was the offering. Johnny Clemens, 106, beat Billy Luce, 104; Urban Rupp, 155, beat Emmet Fenton, 153; Larry Mansfield, 120, lost by a T.K.O. to Kenny Reed, 123; Lenny Popevis, 146, won over Joe Gantz, 147; Don Zimmerman, 154, beat Dutch Arkfield, 152; Dick Costert, 161, won over Lee Dreves, 166; Stanley Sewell, 160, won by a T.K.O. over Ken Bauer, 164; Gene Barrett, 118, beat Marvin Uhl, 119; Paul Hurley, 138, beat Bob Burnes, 136; Ralph Kellogg, 135, drew with Paul Frank, 138; Jimmy Seeger, 153, beat Charles Murphy, 154; Fred Dreves, 180, beat Carl Barron, 201. Bob Morely, a Golden Gloves champion, and Billy Tracy boxed a fast exhibition. Harry Gibbons was third man for the bouts. Judges were Walt Mahoney and J. C. Mullaney. Brother David Kennedy was timekeeper. Coach Don Jaynt was the matchmaker.

Perry, Ia.—Jess Ackerman, Valley Junction, Ia., scored an easy win over Bill Hendricks of Perry in six rounds. Cappy Wooten, Council Bluffs, Ia., scored a kayo over Johnny Spencer of Denver in one round. Pep O'Brien, Des Moines, and Leroy Selover battled to a six-round draw; Young Ritter and Jack Presti went to a draw. Harold Pierce scored over Joe Cooper while Johnny Chase beat Red Smith.

Clinton, Ia.—Les Morris, Davenport, Ia., 140-pounder, scored a victory over Marvin Hendershot in the main event of an amateur boxing card. Al Bark, Sterling, Ill., defeated Dwight William in the semi-finals, and Les Gibler knocked out Duke Cozzolino in the third round.

Des Moines, Ia.—In an intercity heavyweight meet between Des Moines and Chicago, the results were as follows: Mike Klomp, 175, Lime Springs, Ia., beat Sammy Silverstein, 187, of Chicago; Jimmy Morris, 210, Keokuk, Ia., defeated Al Adams, 195, Chicago; Charley Oakes, 195, San Antonio, Tex., drew with Jack Slip, 190, Chicago. In the prospect bouts, Hank Schmidt, 205, Enterprise, Ia., knocked out Bob Garrett, 187, Fort Dodge, Ia.; Hoot Gibbons, 180, Indianola, Ia., knocked out Jack Lamb, 190, Johnston, Ia.; Jack Gill, 180, Denison, Ia., defeated Joe Malechek, 220, State Center, Ia. Other bouts on the card were as follows: Merle King, 120, Des Moines, beat Max Harriman, 124, also of Des Moines; Nick Fazio, 128, Des Moines, knocked out John Wick, 125, Creston, Ia.; Harry Campbell, 147, Indianola, Ia., defeated Jean Fees, Des Moines. Alex Fidler was third man, the judges being Ray Maxwell, Ted Ashby and Louis Ansher.

Omaha, Nebr.—Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, halted the long winning streak of Young Mickey Walker of Fort Dodge when he held the youngster to an eight-round draw. Tommy Corbett, Omaha, Nebr., defeated Wayne Walden of Shenandoah, Ia., in eight rounds at the lightweight limit. In a fast sixer, Cappy Wooten of Council Bluffs beat Al Soukup, Omaha lightweight.

Perry, Ia.—Cappy Wooten, Council Bluffs, Ia., scored a sensational victory over Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines, Ia., lightweight. In another sixer, Bill Hendricks knocked out Al Soukup in two rounds. Young Gotch stopped Paul Zook. Pep O'Brien stopped Young Kiebler in one round.

In the last indoor boxing card presented in the Hawkins Gym, five fast bouts were presented. All bouts were no-decision affairs. In the main event, Young Newsboy Brown met Billy Clancy, both Sioux City featherweights; Harold Levine, Denver, Colo., featherweight, met Blackie Harper of Omaha; Ray Mann and Bat Slater, local welters, battled; Tommy Sacco mixed with Phil Montgomery; Young Jessie and Tony Swoboda put on a fast bout. Harry Gibbons was third man.

Rapid City, So. Dak.—Deal Barnes, 128, Rapid City, fought Ted Garcia, 126, Belle Fourche, the Black Hills featherweight champion, a fast ten-round draw.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Mickey Walker, Fort Dodge, 132, outpointed Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis, 133, in ten rounds. In the eight-round semi-windup, Dick Demaray of Bismark, 144, outpointed Max Kalbrener of Moorhead, Minn. Ernie Heatherington of Bismark, 160, was awarded the decision over Larry Udell, 168, of Aberdeen, So. Dak., in a fast sixer.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Angelo Puglisi, 158, Duluth, Minn., stopped George Seitz, 170, St. Paul, in the first round.

Duluth, Minn.—Johnny Erjacec, Duluth heavyweight, won a decision over Jack Kranz of Gary, Ind., in eight rounds. Toots Bernstein, 141, Milwaukee, Wis., gained an unpopular win over Wen Lambert, 144, of Proctor, Minn., in six rounds. Don Demming, 115, Minneapolis, Minn., beat Izzy Ginsberg, 115, of Minneapolis; Eddie Spencer of Rochester, Minn., drew with Jim Manning, 149, of Duluth; Young Jola, Eveleth, Minn., beat Bennie Arnold of Rochester; Hal Coran, Two Harbors, Minn., beat Jimmy Pearson of Rochester; Bill Cody beat Red Grant.

Sailor Burke, former Sioux City boxer and manager, suffered a broken leg and other injuries in an automobile accident in Omaha, Nebr. Burke was trainer of the 1935 Sioux City Golden Gloves team, and is well known thoughout the Middle West.

Sammy Begeman, 21-year-old light-heavyweight champion of the Sioux City *Journal's* 1936 Golden Gloves team, was elected a constable in the Marion township election at Parker, So. Dak.

The Ring Arena in Fort Dodge, Ia., claims to be the only open-air arena on a main street in the Middle West, and will open the 1936 outdoor season about the middle of May. Cards will be staged every week, and nothing but the best talent will be featured. Roy Gillman, promoter of the cards, has put out a call for talent, and would like to hear from boxers at all weights. Mail will reach Mr. Gillman, c/o Gillman Drug Store, Fort Dodge, Ia.

Murray McLean, one of the managers of Charley Retzlaff, is featuring a large stable of fighters. Included in his list is Juan Cordova, 128 to 130 pounds, a Mexican, and Gene Connolly, a rugged lightweight.

Ty Dillon, manager of the Uptown Arena in Sioux City, is still interested in booking talent, and mail will reach him c/o Uptown Arena, West 7th and Bluff Streets, Sioux City, Ia.

Miss Stella Marie, manager of "Jolting Joe" Goeders of Albert Lea, a hard-punching light-heavy, is keeping her ace busy. She is also manager of Buck Jackson, another comer.

Austin, Minn.—Joe Goeders of Albert Lea outpointed Vern Trickle of Graettinger, Ia., in six rounds. Buck Jackson scored over Leonard Cotter in a fast four-rounder.

Winona, Minn.—Marcel Wicka of Winona dropped a decision to Joe Goeders in six rounds. Eddie Spencer of Rochester, Minn., won a decision over Jimmy Hauser of Winona.

Guy Sanders of Belle Fourche, So. Dak., has an excellent stable of leather pushers. Featured in his list is Ted Garcia, featherweight champion of the Black Hills, and Joe Duran, lightweight, along with Billy Cavin, another good lightweight. A good friend to THE RING Magazine, Sanders keeps us posted on the doings of boxing in South Dakota. Promoters would do well to keep his boys in mind.

One of the hardest working referees in Iowa is Harry Gibbons of Sioux City. Always in demand, Gibbons has refereed on the average of three cards a month since early last fall right up to the present. Gibbons has received little or no mention in these notes, hence we would like to let him know his clean-cut manner in handling bouts is highly respected by fans, fighters and managers. Gibbons is third man at the Uptown Arena during the summer season.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Three fistic upsets during the past month out here have caused plenty of talk and interest . . . . Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, holding Young Mickey Walker of Fort Dodge to a draw . . . . Cappy Wooten, Council Bluffs lightie, beating Jimmy Legrone . . . . and Terry Griffiths, Sioux City lightweight, winning a one-sided victory over Cappy Wooten . . . . Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight contender, marked up a win over Frankie Wolfram of Winnipeg, in Chicago . . . . At Rochester, Minn., Eddie Spencer, Rochester welter, beat Johnny Stanton of St. Paul in six rounds . . . . At Peoria, Ill., Al Pahl, Sioux City lightweight, outpointed Billy Ross of Chicago . . . . while Lloyd Weaver, Sioux City welter, lost to George Dungey of Bloomington, Ill. . . . . Harold Atwood is the matchmaker at Perry, Ia. . . . . Fifty years ago in Sioux City, Jack Keefe and O. H. Smith fought a six-round draw at Goldie's Rink . . . . The card was attended by several well-known Sioux City business men of that time . . . . The American Legion is holding some dandy cards at Mason City, Ia.

Young Mickey Walker of Fort Dodge beat Billy Sullivan of Milwaukee in Chicago . . . . Al Pahl, Sioux City lightweight, drew with Harold Brown

of Chicago on the same card . . . . Harold Plude, former well-known Iowa fighter, is a boxing instructor at Dowling High School in Des Moines . . . . At Minneapolis, Minn., Young Jack Gibbons scored over Frankie Battaglia . . . . Plenty of talent is coming out of the C.C.C. ranks, with many cards being held in the camps . . . . Frankie Wolfram, a big card here with Sioux City fans, beat Sammy Levine of Chicago at Detroit in ten rounds . . . . Thirty-five hundred boxing fans turned out to watch the Catholic Youth card in Dubuque, Ia. . . . . Armstrong, Ia., is promoting again . . . . The last time the writer heard of this town the promoter was unable to pay off, leaving a number of fighters stranded . . . . Maybe we have a new promoter there; if so, would like to hear from him . . . . Phil Shapiro of New York is bringing a stable of boys to Sioux City this summer . . . . Jack Lewis, veteran Omaha man, is back promoting cards there, and has started off real well . . . . Jack would like to hear from good boys, and he can be reached c/o Omaha *World-Herald* Building.

Ken Ferguson, Florida boxing manager, has taken over the management of Jackie Elverrillo, Negro welterweight . . . . Paul Gray of New Orleans has two pleasing fighters in Lucius Fleet, bantamweight, and Charley "the Kid," a junior lightweight . . . . Both are colored . . . . Charles J. Foley, 4534 Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo., is looking for heavyweight fighters . . . . Johnny Nelson, Buffalo, New York, Negro light-heavyweight, wants to show his wares in this section . . . . Jack McCann of Syracuse, New York, has a fine stable of boys who may come out here for the summer season . . . . W. B. Beam, 610 Waltower Building, is featuring a pleasing welterweight in Carl Acker . . . . Stan Warzala of Utica, New York, is collecting pictures of Sioux City fighters . . . . If I missed any of you correspondents, will catch up next month.

Important to Readers—Owing to the fact that I have been flooded with news during the last month, it has been impossible for me to carry everything sent. I have been asked by many readers to carry news from Minnesota, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, along with the Iowa news. Space, you know, is limited, but I am going to try and carry this extra load as much as possible and as space permits. At this time, I want to extend my heartfelt thanks to my readers, and the many correspondents who keep me posted on the doings of the fistic sport in this section and other ports. Mail will reach me at 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Ia.

Your Questions: Denver, Colo., C. D. S.—Get in touch with Ty Dillon, as he is looking for fighters at this weight. Chicago, Ill., S. M. G.—Send me more details on this boy of yours. St. Paul, Minn., T. D.—As far as I know. Frankie Pasha was only connected with this arena part of the season. Omaha, Nebr., R. H.—Thanks for your letter. Sheets will be placed in the gym.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

FREDDIE STEELE—what does this name mean to the average fight fan in the Northwest? It means the name of a clean-cut, twenty-four-year-old, uncrowned middleweight boxing champion of America. That is a mouthful in one breath, but it is the only quick and simple way of describing Freddie Steele. Why uncrowned middleweight champion? Because Freddie Steele has defeated every ranking middleweight of today. His list includes Vince Dundee, Gorilla Jones, Swede Berglund, Young Stuhley, Fred Apostoli, Ceferino Garcia, Sammy O'Dell and Al Rossi. To top this, Steele has added the American champion, Eddie "Babe" Risko, to this string of victories. Truly a wonderful achievement for a lad who has never left the Pacific Coast.

Although born in Tacoma, most of the big fights which have given Steele national acclamation have been held in Seattle under the promotion of Nate E. Druxman. Steele has been the main factor in reviving the interest of boxing in the Northwest. His fight in Seattle on March 24 drew a capacity house of nearly ten thousand people who paid $22,081, with several thousand people turned away. In all probability a return match will be held with "Babe" Risko in the ball park with gross receipts amounting to about fifty thousand dollars.

In the Steele-Risko fight, the champion was no match for the hard-hitting Tacoma boy. Risko was on the verge of being knocked out in the sixth round and how he was able to withstand the machine-gun attack of Steele's lefts and rights, nobody knows. There was no doubt in the minds of officials, reporters and the paying public that Freddie took six out of the ten rounds by a clear margin.

This was his mistake. The challenger slowly dropped his guard. Steele took advantage of this and like lightning, he switched the attack to the head and jaw. One of the reasons why Eddie was on his feet at the end of the tenth round was his continual clinching, which had Freddie a little worried.

Steele likes to have his opponent open up and mix it with him. Vince Dundee tried this and no one need be reminded of what happened there. However, this Risko refused to do, and it cost Steele a knockout win. Alert as a wildcat, Freddie followed the champion's every move to defend himself. When Risko dropped his guard to protect his aching body, Steele attacked his already damaged left eye. If his guard went up, the challenger drove in deadly body punches making the champion wince.

As predicted by this column some six months ago, 1936 will be a "boom" year for both boxing and wrestling. Although the year is only one-quarter out, yet such boxing headliners as Jimmy Braddock, John Henry Lewis, Babe Risko, Barney Ross, Freddie Miller, Young Stuhley, Claude Varner, Johnny Pena and numerous other lesser lights have shown their wares to local fans.

Barney Ross, welterweight champion of the world, came to Vancouver to fight the Canadian champion, Gordon Wallace, and found the local boy no set-up. Ross was given a stiff battle and would have lost the fight had Wallace not landed an unintentional low blow in the tenth round. The referee's score card was even at the end of the ninth round. Then tenth round was won by Wallace and there was no doubt in anyone's mind as the round was decisively won by Gordon, but that low blow cost him a well-earned decision.

Claude Varner lost a decision to Chalky Wright, Los Angeles colored fighter. Varner had but one week's training for the fight with his former spar mate and did not live up to his great reputation. Incidentally, Claude informs this scribe that he has no intention of hanging up his trunks. He will make another Australian tour first.

Vancouver is now rated as the second wrestling city on the Pacific Coast, preceded only by Los Angeles. For the last six weeks wrestling shows have been drawing houses of over six thousand people each. This is attributed to the wrestlers sent here by "Musty" Musgrave, for example, Danno O'Mahoney, Vincent Lopez, Sandor Szabo, Strangler Lewis, Tiger Daula, Chief Little Wolf, Paul Boesch, Wee Willie Davis, Mayes McLain and many others. Congratulations, George Fitch.

Tommy Burns, former world's heavyweight champion, tried to revive amateur boxing, but only drew a handful of customers because of the exorbitant prices charged. K. Burns beat W. Gurney, D. Graham beat J. Nesbitt, T. Burns beat L. Lindsay, H. Brown John beat R. Walsh, H. Evans beat L. Robson, J. Symes beat G. Smith, E. Cardick beat G. McMann, B. Williams beat E. Webster, S. Gatty beat F. Heraga, G. Moore beat K. Cain, G. Renault beat J. Moody, A. Plautz beat E. Lindy, H. O'Day beat R. Coats, T. Symes beat J. Zokal, T. Symes drew with T. Burns, D. Dunlap drew with J. Raconelo, G. Smith won from J. Symes, Bud Walsh drew with T. Lindsay, D. Graham and J. Philipone drew, F. Asterdoff was knocked out by S. Gatty, B. Miller K.O.'ed D. Goepel, S. Meehan decisioned J. Betts, R. Coats beat M. Batkin.

Sammy Brown, promising lightweight, won a ten-round call from Ronald Beaudin. Buzz Brown and Jimmy McLeod fought a ten-round draw.

Sonny Buxton, although only a light-heavyweight, claims the Canadian heavyweight championship. Conceding over twenty pounds in each case, he knocked out Jack McCarthy in one round and Bud Zeller in three rounds.

Ernie Swartz K.O.'ed Adam Dupuis with a damaged right hand. Sidney Brent knocked out Sonny Griffiths (6). Eddie Ryan decisioned Phil Trudeau. Ron Beaudin won a three-way call from Don Inkster but drew with Jackie Pettipiece. Jimmy Capadoucas, a Greek welter, drew with Garnail Singh, a Hindu. Al Dunn K.O.'ed Frank Bartock in one round. Billy Buxton lost a decision to Russ McMillan. Red Bland knocked out Ted Stowers (1). Vern McGraw won a decision from Sidney Brent. Bob Fraser beat Bud Zeller. Albie Davis won an easy decision over Roy Ockley.

Yours truly will answer all questions sent to him, providing a coin is enclosed to cover cost of stamps. United States stamps cannot be used in Canadian mails. Address all queries to 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

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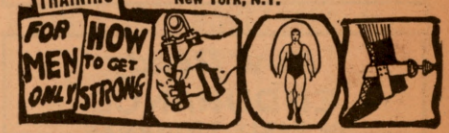

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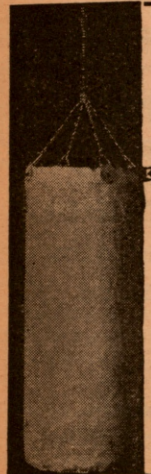

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES

By HERB McHUGH

PERHAPS at one time there existed a doubt in the minds of some people as to who was the better fighter, Ambrose Palmer or Fred Henneberry, but it's all over now and even Henneberry's most ardent supporters bow to Palmer's undoubted superiority. The fight between the pair took place at Sydney Stadium before fifteen thousand fans, with a further five thousand clamoring outside for admission, with a resultant "gate" of twenty-five thousand dollars, the biggest since the Burns-Johnson world's title fight way back in 1908.

Anyhow, the fight went to the end of the sixth round when Henneberry had to stop owing to a bad cut above the left eye. But he was never in the hunt and could not be credited with the points of any round. He tried desperately hard to penetrate the nigh impregnable defence of his opponent, but Palmer, who had a fourteen-pound advantage in weight, moved around like a lightweight and stabbed and jarred with his left hand that at times bewildered and rattled Henneberry. From bell to bell, Palmer was all action, bringing punches from all angles and always thinking a split second ahead of the middleweight champion.

Palmer will now go on with Johnny Miler two weeks hence. His win over Henneberry was a good break for the American light-heavyweight, as Miler will cash in while the public is still hot about Ambrose. One fixture that would click on par with the Henneberry-Palmer event would be a return meeting between Palmer and Leo Kelly. Charlie Lucas is anxious to get it for the Sports Ground and has offered a ten-thousand-dollar purse. Perhaps Kelly's prestige in Australia will surprise Americans, but the colored man's power of punch has established him and when it is remembered that Kelly broke a couple of Palmer's ribs when they clashed at Leichhardt, locals, in consequence, smell out a "natural."

Kelly has been fighting in the "sticks" lately, picking up easy money against ordinary opposition. Manager Billy Newman has every reason to feel pleased in having discovered Australia.

"Tiger Baby" Flowers did not make an impressive debut and was knocked out by Alf Blatch. He showed plenty of pluck, but the young Australian champion punched too hard and it was a "black-out" in more ways than one. According to present plans, Flowers will return by the first available boat. Blatch, by the way, is a very ambitious youth and manages his own affairs. He is a baker by profession, consequently he knows how to make "dough" more ways than one.

Leichhardt Stadium has taken down the shutters and is once again staging mid-week fights. A promising youngster, Dick Humphreys, former amateur champion, moved further ahead by taking the scalp of Cyril Pluto, being handed a points decision at the end of fifteen rounds. A few weeks previously in Brisbane, he trounced the Frenchman, Fernand Fiez. While it is possible to pick many flaws in his make-up, plenty of fights should gain him the required experience to make him a possible top-liner.

Leonard Bennett is here. He should be in the happy position of knowing what foot to start off on, as Tod Morgan is likely to direct his campaign during the length of the contract with the Leichhardt people. It looks as if either Humphreys or Day will be commissioned by Matchmaker George Barnes to accommodate Bennett in his initial bout.

The much-discussed wrestle "to a finish" between Tom Lurich and Hardy Kruskamp went "bust." The match had hardly got under way before the police threw a spanner into the works by ordering the referee, Jim McMaster, to stop proceedings. Kruskamp had already had three trips over the ropes and as the authorities look askance at such procedure, the finish was not altogether unexpected. Whereas months ago it was possible for the grapplers to get away with "near murder," there has been a general tightening up in the rules, and whilst the wrestlers are allowed plenty of scope inside of the ropes, outside stuff is barred. The position at the moment is a most interesting one. The public generally pays to see sensational stuff and the grapplers do their best to oblige.

Charlie Lucas is expected to sail for America by the "Aorangi," leaving here on April 23. He has Barney Ross in mind for a world's title fight at the Sydney Sports Ground against Jack Carroll. According to advice received, Ross is alleged to have stated his willingness to come to Sydney for a forty-thousand-dollar guarantee, with first-class return transportation for two.

At the moment it looks as if Bep Van Klaveren will complete his contract with Charlie Lucas with a fight at Leichhardt Stadium against that fast improving young welterweight, Jimmy Purcell. Nothing definite is to hand at the time of writing, but unless something unforeseen crops up, it can be taken for granted that everything will be fixed up as stated. It would be a nice fixture for the Leichhardt people, as a three-thousand-dollar "gate" looks certain. Van Klaveren, despite his two set-backs at the hands of Carroll, is still a popular figure. He throws plenty of gloves and is as game as they make 'em, which is all that Australians demand of any fighter.

Hardy Kruskamp has made a sudden decision to return to America. From all accounts, he has received an offer to join up under Lou Daro—a great fellow, Australians will always have a soft spot for this wrestler, who always handed in a great show.

Tommy Nilan, a near double to Abie Coleman, is anxious to come to the States to try his luck. Nearly fifteen stone, and only about five feet four inches in height, he is a dandy worker and is a big card here.

Douglas Clark, well-known English wrestler, has arrived in Sydney. He is well known to Australians by his prowess as a rugby footballer, having made trips with various English league teams. Efforts are being made to match him with Lurich for the British Empire championship. Lurich is a Russian by birth, but he has been in Australia so long that he is now recognized as a local.

Ferdy Brayson and Johnny Woods are still domiciled here. Brayson is going over big, whilst Woods, following a season in New Zealand, where Earl McCready is making his presence felt, will shortly move on to Adelaide, in South Australia, for a short season.

IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

THE Territorial Boxing Commission declared that on its finding no evidence of proof of the alleged "fixed" fight of the recent Young Gildo and Tsuneo "Piston" Horiguchi cleared those who were concerned.

Honolulu—Chick Delaney, popular featherweight from the Clem Hammil stable, gained an easy six-round main event at the Civic Auditorium against Clever Sison.

In a mixed bout, the boxer, Pietro Georgi, scored a technical kayo over the wrestler, Jack Morgan, in two minutes ten seconds in the first stanza. Tony Roccaforte finished Kohala Lion in the first round. A left and right did the trick. Tony Souza beat Henry Callejo. Joe Ledesma won from Kid Felipe. Kid Waialua and Battling Pering a draw. Chris Crispin beat Paul Howard.

Hilo—In his second Territory appearance, Tsuneo "Piston" Horiguchi, champion of Japan, scored a four-round knockout over Al Pazmore, a very tough Filipino, before a packed house. I was very much impressed at his style of fighting.

Little Hufana won an unpopular decision over Larry Santana of Honolulu. Booes and hisses greeted the referee when he made his exit. Kid Salvador, a promising scrapper from the C.C.C. camp, flattened Joseph Chir of Honolulu in one. K. O. Katsumoto finished Juan Atanacio in the fourth heat. Victor De Vera drew with Kid China. Charlie Higa T.K.O.'ed Freddie Martin in one.

Manuel Eloriaga, former manager of Little Pancho and Small Montana, will bring two Filipino stars for several local engagements. The two popular fighters are DeGuzman, 125-pound champion of the Asiatic, and Joe Mendiola, world's ranking battler.

Mark Choo, local promoter, is still negotiating with Maxie Rosenbloom, former world's light-heavyweight champion, to show in Honolulu.

Harold Fong is now manager of Kid Moro. He bought the contract for six hundred dollars from Pedro Estomago. This happened a little before the ship left for Australia where Moro is scheduled to appear for several fights. As the result of a new tie-up Moro postponed his trip.

Three thousand persons witnessed one of the worst main events in recent weeks. Kid Moro defended his crown hands down for ten rounds with Al Shaaf, recent arrival from the States. Little action was seen, both being contented with just tapping each other.

Sonny Valdez won a hard-fought decision from Huerta Evans. Some sections of the fans thought the decision was poor. Kid Francis kayoed Pablo Pasqual in one round. Jack Nishi knocked out Young Basillio in the second. Young Goldie won from Kid Martinez. Battling Pering flattened Bobby Samson in the second round.

Amateur fights witnessed by five thousand fans. Results: Charles Senico (Pal) beat Fred Ledesma (Waialua); George Asuga (Pal) decisioned Charles Gohier (Citywide); Frank Neves (Citywide) won from Paul Abe (J-ABC); George Souza (Unat) beat John Camanse (White); Tom Ikeda (Citywide) decisioned N. Navarro (Waialua); Victor Gega (Pal) T.K.O.'ed Dean Derby (St. Patrick) in three rounds; E. Tamanaha (White) won from Peter Nishi (J-ABC); Fred Yasui (Waipahu) T.K.O.'ed H. Kaakua (Unat) in the fourth round; Sada Amioka (J-ABC) decisioned Bob Kiyono (Waipahu); Y. Ishimoto (J-ABC) whipped Stanley Asao (Waipahu); Wilis Sylva (St. Patrick) won from Ed Townsend (J-ABC); and Ben Ahakuelo (Pal) decisioned Kenji Horie (J-ABC).

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

CEFERINO GARCIA, outstanding welterweight of the Coast, continues to pile up knockout wins week in and week out along the West slope. His recent technical K.O. win over Lou Halper of Newark, N. J., put Garcia back in the running for another crack at Barney Ross. The bout was halted by Referee Charley Randolph after the hard hitting Manila puncher had battered the Eastern boy from pillar to post for five rounds. Randolph decided Halper was unable to continue because of his badly cut lower lip which bled profusely from the effects of the Filipino bolo smashes. Halper was on the deck three times. The "gate" was $4,328.

Johnny Sylvester, who makes matches for the D.A.V. club of San Francisco, would like to stage a Freddie Steele-Fred Apostoli match outdoors this summer in Seals' ball park. Apostoli has been coming along fast up Frisco way the past year, while Steele's smashing triumph over Babe Risko has put him right on top of the middleweight heap. There is not a more popular team than Steele and his manager, Dave Miller, in the boxing game. I think they're tops!

Tony Curro, who is the worst agony fighter I have ever seen, and butts more often and with probably as much power as Gus Sonnenberg, the burper, was a mighty lucky boy to win on a technical kayo over Al Manfredo in San Francisco. I didn't see the bout, but Russ Newland of the AP said Manfredo won all the way, but a badly cut right eye caused Referee Toby Irwin to halt the contest in the fifth session. Many times merely the bare results are sent over the wires throughout the country and promoters may believe Manfredo was badly beaten. On the contrary, one of the boxing writers declared Curro didn't land three blows during the five rounds.

Spider Hewitt, by far the best welterweight among Uncle Sam's sailors, finds himself marking time since the naval authorities passed a ruling that sailors could not box ashore in pro clubs. The gob made a number of sensational fights at Hollywood and Olympic Auditorium, and was in line for a main event at Hollywood when the order was issued to stop the sailor boys from flinging leather in the pro clubs. Jimmy Woodruff, a derned good scrapper in his day, is handling Hewitt.

Lou Salica, former bantamweight king, had no trouble knocking out Tuffy Pierpont in six rounds at Oakland and a week later gave Small Montana, the flyweight ruler, a beating in San Francisco.

Hubert (Kid) Dennis, the Butte, Mont., beauty, seems to be heading places. He handed Peter Jackson, the Los Angeles Negro, a sound shellacking in ten rounds. Prior to that the Montana scrapper whipped Lew Massey. Hollywood Stadium had wires out for Dennis to meet Frankie Wallace, Eddie Meade's Italian lightweight.

Bertys Perry is making his headquarters in Oakland, and the fans up that way are going in a big way for his French ring giant, Andre Lenglet. In his Coast debut, the big Frenchman flattened Big Jim Thompson in two rounds at Oakland. With a few more wins, Lenglet and Buddy Baer would sell out the Oakland arena.

A young boxing manager in Los Angeles named Jack (Kid) Means is of German-Jewish extraction, but he has named his stable of fighters the "Shamrock Stable." Attention, Royal Order of Ancient Hibernians!

The box fighting fraternity in Frisco are all hopped up over Clint Stewart, Dolph Thomas' 20 year old heavyweight. The big fellow registered 24 knockouts in a row as we sent in our column to THE RING.

Stub Nelson, boxing promoter of Portland, has put boxing on a paying basis in the Rose City. The former Los Angeles sports editor drew a net gate of $3200 in the Red Bruce-Young Firpo bout. Nelson's address is 202 Porter Bldg., Portland, Ore.

"Wicked Willie" Gilzenberg of the Newark, N. J., Gilzenbergs, who was out on the Coast a couple of years ago with Young Terry, the Trenton middleweight, writes this column that he would like to make another trip to California with Tony Fisher, Italian 160-pounder, who fought Babe Risko for the title last Spring in Newark. Fisher, according to clippings Gilzenberg sends me, is a good crowd pleaser, and he would not have trouble getting action for his boy, as middleweights are "hot" out here. Swede Berglund and Young Stuhley sell out Hollywood whenever they perform there; Fred Apostoli and Ray Actis are good cards in San Francisco, while Freddie Steele draws anywhere from $4,000 to $20,000 in Seattle.

Ceferino Garcia made a loyal fan when he fought at Ogden, Utah, recently. Ben Petri, who drove 400 miles from Camero, Wyo., to see the Filipino fight Jackie Burke, drove to Los Angeles to see him fight Lou Halper at Hollywood. When the fight was postponed for one week, Petri remained over another week for the scrap. Incidentally, Garcia and Burke drew $2600 in the Utah city, which is a lot of dough for towns of that size nowadays.

LINES FROM TIN EAR ALLEY

An old gag about fights is that Kid So-and-So is boxing oranges.

Baby Palmore really trained for his comeback when he fought Mike Villareal recently in Los Angeles by boxing oranges. His father owns an orange grove at Santa Paula, a small town about 65 miles north of L.A. The Baby, who once knocked out Speedy Dado and retired with bad hands, is a 22-year old German, with a good sock and lots of determination.

Rudy Villa is the most impressive amateur to turn pro in L. A. since Wally Hally, Jerry Pelton's kid, came down the pike. Hally has had his reverses, but so have other fighters who afterwards became national figures.

Lee Ramage stiffened Jack Darcy, a mediocre heavyweight, in his comeback bout at San Diego. The show drew $2,000.

Eddie Mead muffed a chance to grab 25 per cent of Leroy Haynes' contract just 16 months ago. I wired Mead a dozen times that Haynes and his brother-in-law, Charley Williams, were ready to drive East for bouts. All Mead had to do was raise $150 for car fare.

Al Spina, an Italian bantam, is the big noise up Portland, Ore., way. The 118-pounder packs 'em in every time he goes to the post.

I'd like to see Bill Miller handle the press work on one of Joe Louis' big outdoor shows. He's "tops" in my book as a fight press agent.

King Levinsky is mad at Maxie Rosenbloom because Maxie stole the King's gal. Frankie Wallace showed Hoyt Jones a bag full of tricks in their fast ten round setto at Hollywood. The Cleveland boy won a popular decision. The three greatest names that have shot across the ring sky in the last two decades were Rickard, Kearns and Dempsey. Kearns made Dempsey, but without Dempsey, the doctor couldn't get his hand raised. Yet it was Kearns who baited Rickard to stage the "Battle of the Century." Dean Snyder, publicity writer for boxing at Hollywood Stadium, believes Maxie Rosenbloom would beat Louis if they ever meet; I think the Negro would knock the Jewish boy dead in less than two heats. First fight in the ring I ever saw was Dempsey vs. Meehan in Frisco. Latter would have murdered Jimmy Braddock.

Roxy Eisen, known as the Patent Leather Kid, worked in "Smiling Irish Eyes" with Phil Regan. Eisen, a Buffalo, N. Y., boy, handles a string of promising young fighters in Los Angeles. Eisen collected $75 per day for one week's labor in the movie. Herbie Hansford thought half dozen fighters were tossing leather at him when he lost a decision to Rudy Villa, the sensational Mexican featherweight. The Latin walloped Hansford all over the Hollywood ring and Joe Waterman of the Olympic predicts Villa will be even a better fighter in another year than Baby Arizmendi. Young Stuhley toyed with Ray Actis in San Francisco, winning every one of the ten rounds.

Jack Allen of Vancouver, B. C., says a return scuffle between Gordon Wallace and Ceferino Garcia will do ten grand in the Canadian city. Small Montana was the eighth Filipino to lose to Pancho "The Puncho" Leyvas; the other seven were Dado, Dano, Tommy, Venturillo, Ignacio, Abelerra and Mano. Leyvas is the outstanding bantamweight of the Coast. Art Sykes made Joe Bauer look like an amateur in Frisco, winning eight out of ten heats, but a kindly referee ruled it a draw. Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract, can get action out here by writing Al Lang, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

BUTTE—Hubert Dennis, Bozeman, was given a ten-round decision over Young Peter Jackson, Los Angeles. Dave Cook, Helena, won on a foul in two over Jimmy Best, Billings. Best had all the better of the go up to the accident. Spider McCallum, Missoula, drew with Jimmy Kirwin, Miles City, in six. Kid McCauley, Miles City, drew in six with "Smoky" Manning, Bozeman. Tiger Schmanch, Bozeman, K.O.'ed Vic Antonetti, Alberton, in one.

Billings—Dick Demeray, Bismark, drew with Puggy Weinert, Chicago, in ten. This was a fight from start to finish. Weinert made many friends in his first showing in Montana and the fans will welcome him back. Jimmy Best, Billings, colorful (colored) boy, took a ten-round decision from Ernie Heatherington, Winnipeg. "Wild" Willie Walker of Seattle took an eight-round decision over "Kid" Rippatoe, Fargo, N. D., in the semi-final. It was a nice go all the way and Walker made a world of friends here.

Jimmy "Babe" McCusker, Bozeman, claimant of the bantamweight title of the Rocky Mountain region, took a decision from Tiger Bruce Fisher, Helena, in six. This was fast and a beautiful bout. In the curtain-raiser, Bill Hasselstrom, Bismark heavy, took the decision from Weljo Lundgren, Roundup, in six.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

DRAWING one of the largest crowds of the indoor season, the house of Herman and Maxwell Katz, boxing promotions, staged the scheduled ten-round feature event at the Music Hall Arena in Cincinnati between Baby Arizmendi and Tiger Kid Walker, Cincinnati's black panther lightweight flash.

In the Arizmendi-Walker go, one of the most sensational punching fights in Cinci's scrap history was chalked up on the records. Walker, spilling the dope from the third round on, fought the Mexican at a standstill. The Negro felt out his opponent and once he learned the route of the fighting, Arizmendi knew he was in for more than a workout. Walker was on the longer than long end to lose an easy decision. At the end of ten rounds, Arizmendi won the judges' decision. Al Hamilton drew with Paul Lee in the semi-final.

In the other chief bout at the Music Hall during the current month, Joe Mueller, the flying Dutchman from Camp Washington, made a return to his home grounds from a successful sojourn in Chicago rings and scored a ten-round victory over the veteran, Babe Beck of Columbus, O.

Buddy Knox, Dayton heavyweight, was halted in his rapid climb up the heavyweight ladder when he lost to Red Burman, Jack Dempsey's protege, in the Chicago Stadium. Knox had previously won all of his nine fights, which included a knockout in three rounds over Knockout Brown of Sac City, Iowa. Still we insist: Watch Buddy Knox.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Jack Davis had to put the postponement sign out for his initial match at the Covington, Ky., Arena when the heavy rains and flood waters put the Alabama Kid vs. Long John Reeves ten-rounder on the kibosh . . . . heavyweights seem the go all over the country . . . . the latest two to toss in their challenge into Cincinnati, without any effect to this writing, are Jack Trammell, the Youngstown star, and Bob Tow, up and coming southern star.

Reach Devlin's Dayton Gym shows are playing to good business with some great scraps each week. Devlin is bringing the mitt game back slowly but surely and some new developed fighters in the Gem City are springing up from the hard work of the former Dayton lightweight ace. One is Lou Barney and the other Buddy Knox.

Mutt Schwartz, Columbus Jewish star lightweight, won a decision over Jackie Kelly of Kent, O., in one of the features of the month. In the prelims to this main tilt, Young Terry, Akron, defeated Mickey Goodwin, Columbus, in six; Hack Wilson drew with Billy Watson in six; Sandy Dublo beat Tuffy Phillips in four.

Trying to go fair with the split newspaper decisions of the match between Jackie Kelly and Al George, state champion, two papers called it a draw and one gave the decision to George. On this verdict there is nothing for us to do but give the title and decision still in Champion George's hands.

The prelims to the state lightweight title bout were: Tony Usas knocked out Jock Garry in two; Young Terry trimmed Gene Luker in eight, and Sandy Dublo won from Bobby Nichols in four.

Champion Al George also retained his Ohio title in another match when he knocked out Al Gahn, Columbus challenger, in the fifth round. Tony Usas scored a two-round knockout over Jess Schlechter and Art Schlechter lost to Stanley Petit.

Jess Calhoun stepped into the lightweight challenger class for George's title at Richmond, Ind., when he defeated Mutt Schwartz, Columbus, in ten.

Watch Young Tunney, Johnstown's lightweight flash and latest challenger for Al George's state title. The Johnstown youngster has beaten the best of the 135-pounders in the state and it is high time Herman Katz, Cincinnati promoter, stepped up and gave the upstate youngster his chance at Hamilton, Walker and other state contenders. Tunney recently defeated Jackie Kelly of Kent and Wesley Martin of Cleveland to chalk up his thirty-second and thirty-third wins in thirty-four starts, losing but one verdict. This column rates Tunney as No. 1 Enemy for Champion George's crown.

A lot of credit should go to Promoter Dan McMillen, who has kept the boxing game going in Mount Vernon, O. McMillen promotes semi-monthly shows at the Armory in Mount Vernon and is operating a sporting goods store. McMillen says he promotes boxing "just for the kick he gets out of it." McMillen's shows have developed such Mount Vernon talent as Marcel Mayer, Jarring Jim Beckholt, Earl Underwood, Babe Auskings, Speedy Stevens, Paul Rockwell and Floirie Bishop.

Some of McMillen's results of late in the main events were finding Battling Bozo, Atlanta, Ga., heavyweight, plastering Jack Thompson, Chicago, out of the photo in three heats; Battling Bozo knocking out Chick Carson, London, O., heavyweight, in the second round, and Lloyd Pine, Ohio bantamweight champion, putting the kayo on Mickey Gill in two, and Young Tunney defeating Jackie Kelly in ten of a double feature.

National Wrestling Ratings are going like wildfire. The fans, since Dick Shikat lifted the crown from Dan O'Mahoney, and Johnny Stote invaded the West Coast to challenge his co-claimant, Jack Reynolds, for the welterweight title, have deluged the writer for the Ratings, which include the leading wrestlers in all four divisions for only twenty-five cents in cash and a self-stamped envelope.

"Slams and Jabs," the writer's mimeo memo of all sports, featuring wrestling and boxing, is now on the market by the writer at 1904 Young St., Cincinnati, O. "Slams and Jabs" is selling for fifteen cents per month. Every fan should have "Slams and Jabs."

The Ohio state boxing champions are:
Heavyweight—Buddy Knox, Dayton.
Light-Heavyweight—Alabama Kid, Columbus.
Middleweight—Vacant.
Welterweight—Jackie Davis, Cleveland.
Lightweight—Al George, Columbus.
Featherweight—Freddie Miller (world's champion).
Bantamweight—Lloyd Pine, Akron.
Flyweight—Joey Forchione, Cleveland.

IN SYRACUSE, N. Y.
By BILLY SHAW

A CROWD of ten thousand fans watched Freddie Steele, the Tacoma Terror, beat Champion Babe Risko at Seattle. Steele took seven of the ten rounds, according to press reports. The bout was fast and hard fought, with Steele's harder punching and skilled boxing overcoming the champ's two-fisted attack. Risko's manager is asking $35,000 guarantee for a return bout for the championship.

Risko hasn't made much money with his title, and realizes his only opportunity to cash in on the crown will be when he puts it at stake. Babe wants to get his chunk and hang up the gloves, settle down and marry, and devote the rest of his life to the simple task of raising chickens on his farm at Constantia. All the glitter and glamour of the prize ring have worn off for the Babe, and the business of leather-pushing has become sordid and distasteful to him. A clean-cut, mannerly youth, with no bad habits and lacking that most effective weapon of the fighting man, the "killer instinct," he will welcome retirement, if beaten.

Three world-famous boxing personalities were brought in by the Syracuse Arena Amateur Club to provide color and atmosphere for the weekly Simon-pure fisticuffs at the Arena. Al Reich, famous white hope of other days, who broke into prominence during the Lindbergh kidnapping case as bodyguard and friend of Dr. John F. (Jafsie) Condon, Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion of the world, and Joe Humphries, famed silver-tongued announcer, all basked in the limelight here.

Reich refereed bouts between Bert Courage, the Hobart Assassin, and Pete Montell of Rome, and Tony Palozzi of Rochester and Johnny Netti of Auburn. Courage kayoed Montell in the third, while Netti pounded out a decision over Palozzi. Johnson was third man in the ring for bouts between Sam Leta of Rochester and Gene Alston, Syracuse Negro, and Hughie Smith, Rochester Negro, and Steve Kukol of Johnson City. Leta and Smith emerged the victors. Humphries announced the Carl Sorenson-Chris Mordenga and Tiger Valentino-Dean Hoffman battles. Sorenson chilled Mordenga in three, while Valentino stowed Hoffman among the clovers in two.

Joe Feldy is packing them in and turning away hundreds at his weekly Golden Glove bouts at Grotto Park, Elmira. Mickey Norman is director of bouts for Feldy's Chemung Valley A. A. and the pair, working together, give the fans modified mayhem galore.

SHORT SHOTS—Mike Jacobs may stage a McLarnin-Risko title bout this summer . . . . When Al Reich was in town, he said Joe Louis is the greatest heavyweight boxer that ever pulled on a glove . . . . Jack Johnson disagreed with Al on his visit . . . . 'Lil Artha insisted Joe was just a good heavyweight at a time when there was a poor crop of big fellows around . . . . Johnson said fighters like Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries and Dempsey would have flattened Joe . . . . Eddie Leonard and the Mrs. are back from Miami as brown as the proverbial berry . . . . Eddie took in the Sarron-Miller fight and informed us Petey punched Freddie's ears off . . . . Miller got the duke, anyway . . . . Hype Igoe's story, "Dempsey vs. Louis," in the May RING, made fine reading . . . . Lots of fans hereabouts agree with Hype's analysis . . . . Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable of the movies were guest judges at the Arena amateur fights on the night Jack Johnson officiated as third man . . . . A pro. boxing show at Binghamton for the benefit of flood sufferers drew a mere $250.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—Johnny Annett defeated Milt Schooley in ten rounds. Bobby Hull outpointed Kansas (Kid) Easter in eight. Everett Bales won an edge over Earl (Punch) Bartholomew in six. Cliff McCabe won from Paul Gillis in three. Jack Corbin beat Cameleo Costello in four rounds. Bouts were held in the new Sports Arena. Wilbur Cooper and Vaniman are promoters in Wichita and are to be commended for the excellent shows they are staging attempting to bring the fight game back to this city. They are being assisted by Tommy Murphy, West Coast boxer.

Eureka, Kans.—Amateur boxing tournament champions in three-day fistic meet. Class A and B winners. H—Martin Myers. L-H—John Housel. M—Sammy Haines. W—Lowell Carter. L—Lewis Laverty. Fly—Henry Bennett. Class B: H—M. Barnes. L-H—Evan Pirschler. M—Bud Barkley. L—Virgil Byfield. F—Verdan Thomas. Welter—Phil Prather. Les Showers directed this tournament for the V.F.W. and played to capacity crowds each night. Wichita will be Showers' next spot for the big ten states tournament.

Arkansas City, Kans.—Junior Munsell, the fighting Indian, knocked out Babe Davis of St. Louis in the eighth round of their scheduled ten-round main event. Perry Brewer beat Blackie Owens in six rounds.

Hutchinson, Kans.—Amateur boxing results, one-night show: Clare Patterson beat Starkey Highnight; Lefty Honn knocked out Joe Wise in one; Bob Roberts beat Pat Schoenberg; Roy Wikoff beat Walt Gallagher; Harold Lowe beat Soldier Burns; Bob Armstrong beat Jerry Davis; Curley Martin beat Billy Mayer; Tom Marshall beat Stub Elliott; Wiley Hinkley beat T. Maldonado; Chief Montezuma beat Jessie Brown.

Chanute, Kans.—Kansas (Kid) Easter defeated Harold McGee in eight rounds in a headliner. Earl Bartholomew and Duke Rowe battled four rounds to a draw.

Wichita, Kans.—Harry Ortmeyer, chairman of the American Legion of this city, has engaged Les Showers to direct the big ten state tournament. Jack Slattery, veteran trainer of fighters, will be in charge of the conditioning of the local boxers.

Blackwell, Okla.—Clare Patterson beat Troy Quinton in the feature bout of a one-night amateur show. Clarence Adkins beat Tommy Marshall. Charles Coates knocked out Claude Applegate in three. Randolph George knocked out Kid Myers in two. Jess Brown knocked out Virgil Thompson in two. Delbert Triplett beat Johnny Hanson.

Tulsa, Okla.—Chief Parris beat Richie Mack in the ten-round feature bout; Billy Deeg and Billy Hann drew in eight; Madero (Chilli) Villareal beat Chief Firestone in six; Amos Tiger knocked out Clint Ross in five; Paul Osborne and Danny Britt fought a fast six-round draw. Sid Young refereed.

Claremore, Okla.—Amateur boxing tournament winners. The three-night district amateur boxing tournament drew a good attendance each night. Winners of the various divisions: H—Lewis Turner; L-H—Earl Cotton; W—Herman Colston; L—Junior Harlin; F—Bud Hathcock; B—Hirosho Mashino; Fly—Kid Morris.

Tulsa, Okla.—Everett Simington defeated Murl Thompson in a fast ten-rounder. Benny Gosney beat Haskell Howard in eight. Billy Markham knocked out Frankie Jarvis in four. Billy Hall and Jimmy Harris drew in six. Frisco Linda beat Billy Edwards in the opening four-rounder.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jimmy Garrison shaded Joe Ghnouly in the ten-round main event. Allen Matthews outpointed Tommy Freeman in ten. Chief Parris beat Carl Akers in ten. Joey Alcanter knocked out Al Hamilton in three. Johnny Estrada beat Spud Malone in three rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Junior Munsell, the fighting redskin, knocked out Jimmy Merriott in the sixth of a scheduled ten-round main event. Pete Malone beat Babe Davis in ten. Jack DeVasser knocked out Paul Wilson in five. Gordon Smythe beat Tommy Hammer in six rounds.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

BOXING is on the boom in Texas!

Never before has the outlook been so bright for the fistic game as at present. The two key cities of the state, Houston and Dallas, are drawing capacity houses and other places are also doing well. Heavyweights are the main attraction, although there is plenty of work for the lighter boys, too. Young fighters who can fight and weigh above 130 pounds would find Houston a fine place to make their headquarters.

What promises to be one of the biggest breaks the local fight business ever received was the leasing of the Houston Arena, formerly operated by Jimmie Guest, by Hugh Benbow.

It is with a feeling of sincere happiness that the writer recommends Mr. Benbow to everyone. After several months of close acquaintance with him, he has proven himself to be strictly "on the level," and an energetic worker, and he knows the boxing game thoroughly.

Benbow, a native Texan, returned here last year after several years' connection with boxing in New York. With his business ability and fair dealing, it was inevitable that he should assume control of the situation locally. We feel that he is highly responsible for the return to popularity of fisticuffs in this city.

The writer can assure any fighter coming in here that he will receive the best of treatment and if he can fight, will be able to make some nice money.

Much credit for the revival of interest in the game in Texas must go to our popular and efficient commissioner, F. E. Nichols. Commissioner Nichols is to be commended for the courageous stand he took in regard to the suspension of Champion Danno O'Mahoney as a result of his runout on a Galveston promoter, proving once again that the "big shots" and the small ones receive the same consideration in this state.

Commissioner Nichols and his capable deputy, John Galiano, are very popular with all connected with boxing and wrestling.

Fight fans in this state are longing for the return of one of its favorite sons; a boy who was undefeated in some half hundred starts; who never failed to give them a run for their money; whom they saw fight his way up from just a fair fighter to the third ranking welterweight in the world. We are referring to George Salvadore, the sensational kid whom Texas fans call "our George." Salvadore is needed here now.

Jack Thurmond, the man who developed Salvadore, has a brilliant looking young heavyweight under his tutelage in Weldon Waycott. Waycott is a terrific puncher, with plenty of ring "brains." He looked like a million in flattening Bobby Brown in two heats. Incidentally, young fighters, especially heavyweights, who are desirous of going places in the fight game, would do well to get in touch with Thurmond. The writer highly recommends him as a "right" fellow. He can be reached at 511 N. Jenkins, Houston, Texas.

Promoter Benbow staged the first of a series of cards in a heavyweight elimination tournament on his inaugural show. Several likely looking youngsters were on display and the result was very pleasing. Bob Davey, dynamic 190-pounder, punched out a decisive win over Joe Doktor in five rounds. George Brown, the most improved fighter in these parts, had the misfortune to sink a couple of left hooks low, losing to Ralph Carpenter via the foul route. Carpenter looked plenty good also.

Pat McDuff, the Irish "thunderbolt," blasted Max Brown from the picture in three frames. Jack Thompson, classy Dallas youngster, dropped Arv Carlson for the count in the initial stanza. Weldon Waycott showed great form in stiffening Bobby Brown in two. Tony Arfele, rock-fisted young Italian heavy, spotted Elvin Corn twenty-seven pounds, but cooled said Corn in three. Charles Rieves climbed off the deck to win from Gay Howard in five fast rounds.

Chief Parris, the busiest fighter in the business, turned in a nice win over Harry Dublinsky. The Indian was out in front most all the way.

The writer is always happy to be of service to anyone in the fight game. Your letters will be answered or turned over to promoters. Address your humble scribe at Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

Jack Johnson, former champion, showing his young protege, James J. Johnston, proper way to punch the heavy bag.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

NOW a student of Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, Willard Brown, erstwhile resident of Indianapolis, Ind., has become a prime favorite of boxing fans at Mobile, Ala. Brown, recently returned from a successful tour of Australia, scored two victories in the Alabama city, a kayo win over Micky McLaughlin of Chicago, and a ten-round newspaper decision over welterweight Tracy Cox, also of Indiana.

Rugged Battling Burroughs, Pascagoula, Miss., middleweight, decisioned Johnnie Blalak, Mobile, and drew with Roy Calamari, New Orleans, at Mobile.

Cuban Harvey Massey, colored boxer of Cincinnati, Ohio, lost his first bout in New Orleans after having met many of the best Negro welterweights of the country, including such as Louis "Kid" Cocoa. Tiger Joe Randall, Pittsburgh, Pa., "Giant Killer," turned the trick in ten rounds.

In the only money-making bout in many months, Holman Williams, colored puncher from Milwaukee, Wis., lost a very close decision to Louis "Kid" Cocoa, New Haven, Conn., welterweight, in ten rounds at New Orleans.

After a rest of two months, Herman "Kid" Collins, stiffest punching Negro welterweight in the South, began again by kayoing Black Spider of Winnfield, La., in the third of a tenner.

Before the smallest gathering of fans in several years, Billy Ross, Negro lightweight of Chicago, and Jack Otey, San Antonio, Tex., went ten rounds to a draw.

Other Negro bouts resulted as follows: Sammy Slaughter kayoed Battling Monroe; Jimmy Brown outpointed George Godfrey, middleweights. Battling Siki stopped Kid Harry and drew with Jack Otey; Tiger Stewart beat Henry Jackson; Chocolate Bon Bon decisioned Kid Willie; Roland Brown defeated Jimmy Johnson, all welterweights. Charley Hart trounced Mason Glover, featherweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—There have been no professional "white" fights in New Orleans for several months . . . . Three successive Negro boxing shows were postponed because of lack of attendance . . . . Marty Burke, former New Orleans boxing promoter, will try staging shows outside the city limits . . . . This is to escape the top-heavy tax on New Orleans shows . . . . Burke will put on his shows at a popular gambling casino . . . . Selection of champion S.A.A.U. amateurs drew good crowds over several weeks . . . . Two or three promising prospects were brought out, including "Sonny Boy" Kelly, New Orleans featherweight, and Henry Picou, Houma, La., flyweight . . . . The writer's address is now 714 Esplanade Ave., New Orleans, La.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

FREDDY MILLER, world's featherweight champion, in his initial showing here, filled the Arena Cristal to capacity, and scored decisively over Fillo Echevarria of Spain in ten rounds. Fillo worked hard and was always trying, but Miller's knowledge of boxing and experience enabled him to handle the situation from every angle. Fillo made a splendid showing and is in line for many good fights.

Eddie Borden, THE RING'S popular boxing man, accompanied Miller and Pete Reilly. Borden likes Havana, and believes that a larger stadium, with reduced prices, would make Havana a great boxing center.

Baby Face Quintana scored a six-round victory over Mario Hernandez. Quintana wants to meet the lightweight champion of Cuba, Joe Coego.

Kid Chocolate, who so far has made good his comeback attempt, is hard training for a bout with Johnny Pena. Chocolate looks good in his workouts, and certainly has taken his job in earnest. Pincho Gutierrez, his mentor, is watching the Kid's condition.

Mike Rojo, years ago one of Cuba's great bantams, is referee now and looks like he knows his stuff.

Sixto Morales, ex-lightweight champ of Cuba, is back from a tour in the Southern States. Morales will make another try for the title.

Mario Hernandez scored in one round over Kid Sila, who made a howl at the ref's quick count. Kid Pintado, one of Cuba's gamecocks in the bantam class, drew in six with Mariano Arilla of Spain. This was another error on the part of the referee, as Arilla was an easy victor.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

THE fight between Lou Brouillard, former welter and middle champion, and Johnny Rossi, his fellow townie from Worcester, a Goodwin A. C. feature set for early in March at Boston Garden, failed to take place. The probabilities are that it never will. A few days prior to the bout, Brouillard was forced to withdraw, also perhaps for all time from the active ring, due to a left-shoulder nerve injury. The trouble is similar to that which several years ago forced Al Mello of Lowell, a former New England champion and welter star, to step out of the sport for all time.

The Goodwin A. C., with a revamped card, came to bat at the Garden, March 21, with Rossi meeting Ken Overlin, the ex-sailor protege of the Dempsey-Waxman combination, in the feature. It was a good scrap over the ten-round distance, with Overlin coming strong in the final chapters and winning the decision. Ken failed to burn up the house with enthusiasm over his showing because of his bicycle tactics and almost entire reliance on counter-hitting. However, he shaped as both cool, dangerous and one possessed of considerable ring generalship.

In a ten under the feature, with Jack Dempsey as third man, Honey Mellody, Charlestown, 137, defeated Bobby Allen, 144, claimant of the Maritime welter title and a fairly newcomer here. It was Allen's first defeat in six starts in and about Boston. In another ten, Jimmy O'Boyne, a hard-hitting youth from Bangor, Me., outscored Jack Ennis, Newark, both middleweights. Ennis took the bout as a "sub" on short notice and is seeking a return. The show did not draw any too well and the club went into the red.

Since our last notes, the New England amateur championships have become history. The bouts were staged at the Arena, March 23, the show lasting from 5:20 P.M. to 1:20 A.M. next day. Thirty-eight bouts went into the ring, the vast majority very good scraps. Several were sensational, particularly a semi-final in the 147-pound class between James T. Griffin, Jr., Lawrence, and Leon Freethy, Dover, N. H., wherein there were eleven clean knockdowns. The award went to Griffin. The tourney attracted 10,800 cash customers and a total "house" of about 12,000—an indoor record for a "pure" event in Boston, barring last year's internationals at the Garden. The winners of 1936-37 titles were as follows: 112-pound class, Sammy Dalton, East Boston; 118, Domenic Salvati, East Boston; 126, Willie Rose, East Boston; 135, Fred Camuso, Fall River; 147, Ralph Zannelli, Providence, R. I.; 160, Eddie Carroll, Lowell; 175, Roy Kelley, Brookline; heavy, Frank Chludinski, Hyde Park.

At a meeting a few days later of the championship committee of the N.E.A.A.A.U., the foregoing performers were selected to represent this section in the National Senior championships to be decided April 15-17 at Cleveland, O. We can say thanks to the missionary work and continuous series of tourneys staged by the Irish-American A. A. of South Boston, the team going out to the Nationals is one of the best developed here in years.

Before these notes appear in print, Jack Sharkey and Tony Shucco will have had a return ten-rounder at Boston Garden, a Goodwin A. C. offering, for the New England heavyweight title claimed by the latter. In their first encounter a few weeks ago, Shucco won the decision. While he is liked to repeat, his chances are not considered any too bright. Sharkey now knows that Shucco, except in the earlier rounds, cannot hit very hard. Consequently, as he will have height, weight and strength in his favor, it is likely he will take more chances than in their initial session. Tony does not take body blows any too well, a fact of which Sharkey also is well aware. At this writing, Shucco is toughening himself at Charley Miller's camps at Moosehead Lake, Greenville, Me., while the "Squire" is warming at his gym in Friend Street.

We had Benny Leonard, a former lightweight champion, and one of the best performers in that division, in Boston on March 31. He broke in as a referee at a "battle royal" between matmen staged by Promoter C. F. Gordon at Mechanics Building. The affair drew very well and the wrestlers gave Benny plenty of interesting moments. They usually do in this city, the matmen specializing in tossing the arbiters around.

In interviews while here, Leonard declared that Jimmy Braddock had a good chance to retain his title by outboxing Joe Louis when they meet next fall. He believed, however, Braddock should get some of the gathering rust out of his system by engaging in one or more actual bouts before taking on Louis. While agreeing with Leonard about the rust part of it, we doubt if Braddock retains his crown. Leonard does not take Max Schmeling over seriously when it comes to his having any chance of upsetting the Bomber when they meet in New York in June.

In the event that Jack Petersen, the British heavyweight champion, defeats Jock McAvoy in London, April 23, as many here think he will, another effort will be made to induce him to show this summer in Boston against Sharkey, Shucco or Al McCoy, or meet all three in a series of bouts to be staged in a local ball park. Such a series would cover about six weeks. Inasmuch as Petersen's title would not be at stake, while his chances of winning would be fairly good, there is some hope of his making the crossing.

Though according to the ruling of the New York Commission, Danno O'Mahoney lost his world's mat title to Dick Shikat the night of March 2, the decree has yet to be accepted as final in this section and the Irish boy is being booked in titular battles, and plenty of them, just the same as ever. It is the Boston contention that the New York bout, however it may have been advertised, was an exhibition affair; that a title cannot pass under such circumstances. The cases of the first Londos-Savoldi bout in Chicago, and Jeffries vs. Munroe at Butte, Mont., are among those cited to sustain their argument. It is further claimed that as the sports world has refused to give the New York Commission's ruling against Freddy Miller its O.K., no particular reason exists why it should do so in the matter of O'Mahoney and his title.

Danno, booked as defending the world's title, defeated Nick Lutze of California at the Garden, March 13, tumbling the latter with his whip in 1:16:10, after Nick had crippled his right arm against a rope buckle in a corner while trying to swing one for the Irish boy's jaw. It was their second meeting here within a year, also Nick's second upset at Boston Garden with Danno in the other corner. We'll say for Danno his work was not particularly impressive. He appeared mat weary and about burnt out. At this writing, O'Mahoney is slated for another session with Ed Don George—their second in Boston and third or fourth of the serial.

Yvon Robert of Montreal, the fair-haired boy in these parts, and regarded by many as the heir-apparent to whatever titular honors Danno may have, had a session of 1:08:20 with Nick Lutze at the Garden, March 27. It was a very good match—plenty of wrestling and no horse play. Robert won the lone fall with a reverse upright crotch after getting a couple of crashers to the floor via the crotch, body lock and heave route.

We have a new matman here in George Koverly, booked as from California, who seems in a fair way to win the local rough-house championship. He is a tall, well-built chap, supposedly with Greek blood in his veins, and has a fine right-hand slam which he is not backward about using. He looks like, also has the stance of a ringster, but remains to be identified. Anybody happen to know just who he is?

Al McCoy, the Maine-Dorchester boy, one time in the forefront as a candidate for world's light-heavy laurels, reports from Miami, Fla., that he is about ready to return to Boston and get back to the business of fighting. He has been in Florida since his draw bout here with Tony Shucco in December, during which time a lot of water has gone over the dam which he has missed seeing. Reports from Miami have him keeping himself in very good trim, though putting on some weight. When he gets back to working at his profession, it is likely it will be as a heavy. He is due to quit Florida early this month (April).

Dave Castilloux, the Waterville, Me., lightweight of the Fox-Brennan stable, after winning fifteen straight in Boston and vicinity, lost a decision to Tommy Rawson, Jr., of East Boston, at Lowell early in March. In the opinion of many of the spectators, Dave won the match. Despite the Lowell affair, Castilloux rates as a pretty good performer. He can box, punch and, best of all, follows up any advantage.

Joe Alvarez of the Paul Bowser forces sprang a hot one for the book when he dug out a contract—and it looks perfectly good—wherein Dick Shikat seemingly signed himself up with the former for a period of five years. The agreement has about three more to run. We have seen the paper and, to our eyes, it reads as O.K. In any event, Alvarez says that it is and, according to all reports, is booking Shikat in plenty of places where he doesn't care to wrestle.

Jim MacDonald, years ago manager of George Robinson and other ringsters of merit, holds a legal-looking paper wherein to some length he is appointed the manager of Terrance "Tiger" Warrington, the Liverpool, N. S., light-heavy. The latter is a dusky husky with a fine right and considerable skill. MacDonald seeks to send his new charge against Sharkey, Shucco or McCoy. Neither of the trio has yet to warm to the idea.

A regular ringsider here, always close to the ropes is Dr. Walter G. Kendall of Atlantic, Mass., all despite the fact that he is eighty-one years young. He was on the job as usual at the recent New England amateur championships. The doctor has been a follower of sports in general, and boxing in particular, for fully sixty years.

Walter Brown of Boston, son of George V. Brown, manager of the Garden and Arena, lately returned to Boston from abroad with the United States Olympic hockey team, states that the Petersen-McAvoy fight, slated for April 23 in London, is going to go over very big. A gate of one hundred thousand dollars or more is his prediction.

Barney Fox, one of the co-managers of Al McCoy, states that he has received a communication from the New York Garden for the services of his ringster against John Henry Lewis, the bout to be staged in the summer in the Bowl. Fox has yet to come to any decision—cannot do so until he has looked over his absentee fighter.

Tommy Clayton of this city, formerly a rugged performer in Boston and New England rings, having tried himself out in several Florida engage-

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ments, may return to the game in real earnest. Once a welter and middle, he now is a heavyweight, weighing about 183.

Domenic Salvati of East Boston, now New England 118-pound champion, is shaping up as one of the best of futurity propositions. He is having bother with weight, however, and will shortly be forced to step up to the feather division. He is an extremely good performer with plenty of class and style. Several "pro" managers are angling for him. He has been advised to remain a "pure" until small clubs, wherein he would really fit, get going. Some day they will.

Newport, R. I., sent a very likely performer in Louis Suggs, brother of the famous Chick Suggs, to the New Englands. He made a fine showing in the 160-pound division, though he lost in the final, but by a very thin margin, to Eddie Carroll of Lowell. Suggs may yet go places.

Another outstanding performer in the New Englands was Ralph Zanelli of Providence, R. I., winner of the 147-pound title. He can box, punch, take as well as give, has plenty of aggressiveness and is a good ring general. "Pro" managers, several in New York, also are seeking to sign him on. It is reported that after the Nationals at Cleveland he may join the money-chasers.

Bernard J. Fox, known as Barney Fox, manager of Al McCoy and other boxers, has passed out. Following an operation in a Cambridge, Mass., hospital on April 2, he died that evening. A fine chap went to his rest. He was a native of Cambridge, forty-seven years old, and leaves a wife and two small children. He had been connected with the boxing game for years. Had boxed some himself in his youth in a minor way—became a rubber at gyms, then a conditioner. Had much to do with getting Jack Sharkey into trim for a number of his fights and was active in his corner in connection with many of the "Squire's" Boston appearances.

His best and most recent effort was the bringing to the front of Al McCoy. The stable will carry on under the direction of Bill Brennan, Fox's partner, and arrangements have been made that Mrs. Fox, Barney's widow, will share in the returns as a silent partner. McCoy, finally back from Florida, arrived here April 1, and was with his manager when he passed out.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

TOMMY GRADY of Springfield often boxes in New York. Tommy has boxed at the Star Casino, Coliseum, St. Nicholas Arena and the Broadway Arena and is well liked there.

Holyoke—Joe Gelinas of Athol won by technical knockout over Sal Canata in the seventh.

Ruby Bradley of Holyoke won over Tony Dupre of Manchester, N. H., in six. Frank Nocella of Boston drew with Al Annone of Springfield in a tough fight.

Johnny Buiso, West Springfield, lost his first fight since he started professional. He was K.O.'ed by Billy Delaney of Athol in the second.

Bobby Allen of Boston won over Joe Gelinas of Athol in ten rounds. Sammy Athas of Springfield won a split decision over Wesley Farrel of New Haven in four. Angelo Manna of Worcester won over Harry Gentile of Hartford in a split decision in six.

Johnny Dube of Haverhill won over Johnny Byra of Hartford by a knockout in the second. Hildreth Erickson of Holyoke knocked out Jimmy Valentine of New Haven in the third.

Jimmy Hughes of Bennington, who has been connected with the boxing game for half a century as promoter, manager and publicity man, is now back again with a string of fighters and may proceed to put Bennington on the map as a fight center.

Bennington, Vt.—The Veterans of Foreign Wars staged a card at the Armory. Sylvester Davis, a Negro of Worcester, knocked out Sailor O'Brien of Utica in the third round. Young Zelispi of Hoosick Falls won over Nick Kolba of Utica in six rounds. Tommy Flynn of Bennington, Vt., received a draw with Joe Perrott, a home town rival, in a special sixrounder. Pearl Gates of Bennington, an old-timer, scored a knockout over Tony Depro in the third. Gates made a comeback after twenty years' layoff. Al McDermott of Arlington took the measure of Joe Williams in the second round of a four.

Wade Lumpkin of Holyoke asserts that Tiger Harris of Philadelphia, Pa., did not score a K.O. over him but won only a close decision.

Sammy Athas journeyed to New Haven and lost the verdict to Wesley Farrel, whom he defeated in Holyoke but a few days before.

Terry Rogers, the light-heavyweight champion of the C.C.C. camp at Becket, will soon be boxing in Holyoke. Rogers is a young boy and looks like a fine prospect. He has won all his bouts so far.

Harry Conley is laid up with a cut eye, which he received in Albany when he won over Johnny Houston of Syracuse, on the same card that Tommy Grady lost to Lester Rider of Bolston Spa, N. Y., in a six.

Anyone wishing information on the boxing game in these parts, please send stamp with letter.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Colorado Springs, Colo.—Joe Jaramillo, hard-hitting Denver welterweight, won the state welter title by knocking out Chuck Reed of Fort Morgan in the fourth round of their scheduled ten-round battle. Joe ended the fracas with an "invisible" wallop, apparently, as nobody in the house saw the punch that put Reed down for the count. Reed won the second and third stanzas after being on the floor in the opening round for a "nine" count. Both men weighed in at 149 pounds.

At Ogden, Utah—Jackie Burke, Utah's best bet in the welter division, proved that he is ready for the best in the business when he held the terrific hitting Ceferino Garcia to a ten-round draw. The Filipino, the only man to have Barney Ross on the canvas, was a heavy favorite to lick the Ogden boy. The battle was a savage one from the opening bell to the tenth. Burke was enjoying a slight lead till the ninth when Garcia split one of his eyebrows with a round-house right. Burke came back in the tenth and fought the Coast star to a standstill. It was one of the best battles ever staged in the land of the Mormons.

Art Wakefield, Denison, Texas, middleweight, continues to bowl over the boys in his New Mexico campaign. In his last two starts he kayoed Battling Chico in six heats and Johnny Buckley in four. Both battles were staged at Lordsburg, N. M.

A Jackie Burke-Joe Jaramillo battle ought to be a "pip" if it can be arranged. Both are of the rough-and-ready school and both are definitely on the upgrade. How about it, Colorado promoters?

Deno Pappas, popular Denver manager, is doing quite well for himself these days, what with looking after both Emilio Martinez and Joe Jaramillo. Both boys seem to be going places under Pappas' able wing.

Hank Bath, the Fort Morgan heavyweight, has called time out after two successive setbacks at the hands of Billy Treest and Red Burman. He is taking things easy at his farm home at Fort Morgan, resting up for a busy summer campaign.

Chuck Reed, former state welterweight titleholder, died at his home in Fort Morgan, a victim of pneumonia. In his last battle he was kayoed by Joe Jaramillo. He is survived by his wife and two young sons. He was twenty-two years old.

Joe M. Roybal, genial Las Vegas promoter, has moved up to Santa Fe, N. M., and will stage future shows at that place.

Apparently this Hubert "Kid" Dennis of Bozeman, Mont., is headed places. He looked like the proverbial "million dollars" in handing Young Peter Jackson, California Negro, a nifty lacing. Too bad, Colorado promoters can't see fit to use this Dennis.

B. B., Grand Junction, Colo.: Young Corbett's correct name was William Rothwell. He died in Denver about eight years ago.

Anyone wanting information on the fight game in the Rocky Mountain region can get it by addressing the writer at P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado. But don't forget to inclose a stamp if you expect a reply.

The writer's series of prize-ring biographies now running in the Alamosa *Daily Courier* is going over in fine style. The past month brought twenty-six letters of commendation from six states. Thanks, friends.

P. R. (Reddy) Gallagher, dean of Western sports writers, has fully recovered from a recent operation for a kidney ailment. Reddy was a cracker-jack middleweight battler back in the 'eighties and 'nineties, having fought such men as Jack "Nonpareil" Dempsey, Charlie Mitchell and others of that caliber.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

BY the time this goes to press, there will be plenty of columns written by the local scribes on open-air matches here.

The first to announce his intentions is Max (Boo Boo) Hoff, present promoter of the Olympia A. C., with the leasing of the Phillies' Ball Park. In an interview with Max, we understand that he has several champions under contract to appear here against local boys this summer. Having promoted some of the major shows here for the past decade or longer, he is expected to give the local fans the best in the line of major shows. He also announced the possibility of leasing a small open-air field for weekly promotions and further his success in developing local talent as he did at the Olympia A. C. If Max's intentions are realized, this will undoubtedly be the answer to many a promising boy's prayer, for the summer season forces them into inactivity until the indoor season begins.

Some of the local boys who will be seen in big time competition are: Tiger Harris, Al Ettore, Jersey Joe Walcott, Leroy Haynes, Billy Ketchell, Tom Henry, Tony Morgano, Benny Bass, Lew Massey, Tony Falco, Johnny Jadick, Eddie Cool, Johnny Craven, Johnny Hutchinson, Frankie Caris, Johnny Lucas, Johnny Duca, Joe Smallwood, Jackie Willis, Nick Damianov.

Some of the most promising local boys for smaller open-air clubs are: Jack Hiller, Roxey Forgione, Harry Rubin, Ben Linder, Johnny Marcellini, Tommy Forte, Frankie Mills, Fritz McBride, Johnny Melinger, Joe and Mickey Duca, Tony Strazzeri, Jack Kelly, Bobby Greene, Jack Sacks, Paul Hoft, Pete Corona and others.

Results of recent fights are as follows:

Arena A. C.—Leroy Haynes stopped Primo Carnera, Jersey Joe Walcott defeated Willie Reddish, Tom Henry won over Humberto Curri, Lou Berg stopped Ed Pinowsky, and Paul Hoft knocked out Vic Smith.

Cambria A. C.—Eddie Cool won over Johnny Craven, Pete Corona stopped Paul Enno. In another show at the Cambria A. C., Johnny Hutchinson knocked out Benny Whitler, Nick Damianov and Tom Henry drew, Harry Rubin defeated Johnny Paulis, and Tommy Forte stopped Jimmy Di Marco.

Joe Smallwood defeated Roxey Allen, Joe Flocco won over Jack Schlicter, Tiger Harris knocked out Connie Lomski, Johnny Marcellini drew with Bobby Green, Baby Kid Chocolate decisioned Joe Beltrante, Frankie Caris drew with Gus Lesnovitch, Johnny Lucas won over Charley Williams, Jack Moran lost to Al Demedowitz.

The most promising heavyweight in Philly is Jack Hiller. Only a youngster, Jack is six feet four inches and weighs around 176 pounds. He scored three successive knockouts in Jack Dempsey's tournament at the Ridgewood Grove, which makes his fifth consecutive win by knockout.

The writer can be reached at 1306-08 Sansom Street, Arcade No. 7, Philadelphia, Pa.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

AFTER winning the first five rounds by a big margin in his bout with Earl Federicks, Mooch Murphy, Trenton featherweight, was so badly butted on the head and over the eye that the referee stopped the bout and awarded the verdict to Federicks. This bout was held at Reading.

Stanley Pyontek, Trenton middle, boxed a draw with Vince DeCola of Jersey City in eight rounds. The bout was so good that they were rematched. In the second bout, DeCola stopped Pyontek in five rounds. Both of these bouts were held at Jersey City.

Arky Berman of Trenton won over Joe Greenberg in a six-rounder at Jersey City. Johnny Pernatti, Bushy Brooks fighter, was stopped in three rounds by Joe Reno of Paterson at Newark.

Carman Presti, former boxer, but now managing Sammy Sindora, a good looking prospect, is badly sick in bed with pneumonia. We wish you a speedy recovery, Carman.

Jimmy Barry, who met with good success in the C.C.C., will try his hand again on the outside. He is training daily at Pinto's Gym.

Jimmy (Fats) Pinto is doing a fine job as Mooch Murphy's trainer. Jimmy is the boy who brought out Young Terry and Tommy Kid Murphy. Trenton fans predict bigger things for Mooch Murphy.

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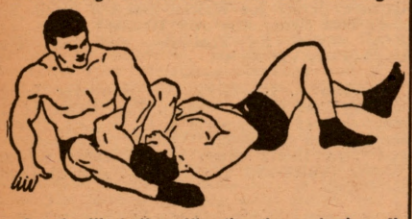

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IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

HONOLULU—Tony Roccaforte failed to wrest the welterweight belt from Kid Moro when he lost an eight-round decision before a small crowd. By virtue of cleaner and harder blows landed, Tony Souza won the decision from Freddy Buck. Abe Konaaihele held Larry Santana to a draw. Jack Nishi and Kid Mamaclay fought a draw. Joseph Chir finished Young Dano in the first round.

Amateur quarter-finals fight results: N. Navarro (Waialua) beat T. Ikeda (Citywide); Roy Strohlin (Citywide) decisioned T. Sibayan (White); T. Maruya (Pal) won from E. Tamanaha (White); Stanley Asao (Waipahu) decisioned H. Kaakua (Una); Thomas King (Pal) beat S. Amioka (J-ABC); George Souza (Una) decisioned S. James (Navy); Jose Mercado (White) beat Walter Chang (St. Patrick); Generalao (Waialua) won from L. Strohlin (Citywide); T. Sato (J-ABC) decisioned John Rocha (St. Patrick); Gilbert Murakami (J-ABC) won from Bob Kiyono (Waipahu); Ed Yasui (Unat) decisioned Paul Ishimoto (J-ABC); and Jimmy Ing (UH) won from A. Cortes (White).

A roster of twelve husky C.Y.O. fighters from Chicago, including Rev. James C. Carroll, spiritual counselor, Thomas F. O'Connell, director of boxing, Patrick (Paddy) Kane, boxing instructor, and Adam Walton, masseur, are in Honolulu for the first intersectional boxing tournament. The twelve boys are as follows: Johnny Bittner, flyweight; Harold Shelton, bantamweight; Pat Berns and Tony Carlucci, featherweights; Robert Chan, Albert Oddo and Tony Motisi, lightweights; Eddie Garvey, Jacob Lampkins and Albert Ulrick, welterweights; John Hawthorne, light-heavyweight, and Mike Adler, heavyweight.

J. J. Taussig, formerly of the West Coast, is now matchmaker for the Hawaii Promotions, Ltd. It seems he will make Hawaii his permanent home.

When Young Tommy pulled into town on his way to Manila, Moose Taussig offered him twenty-five per cent to fight Piston Horiguchi. Tommy flatly refused, demanding thirty-five per cent or one thousand dollars guarantee. Both sides failed to agree on terms. However, on his return trip he may show in Honolulu.

Amateur semi-final results. A crowd of over 5,500 fans witnessed the season's greatest card at the Civic Auditorium. Jose Mercado (White) beat Tom King (Pal); A. Generalao (Waialua) decisioned Kenji Nobori (J-ABC); Victor Gega (Pal) won from A. Medeiros (St. Patrick); Fred Yasui (Waipahu) decisioned Paul Ishimoto (J-ABC); Raymond Maruko (J-ABC) won from Takeo Sato (J-ABC); John Santiago (J-ABC) kayoed Dean Derby (St. Patrick) in two rounds; David Young (Unat) beat Eddie Yasui (Unat); Richard Lee (Pal) decisioned George Souza (Unat); T. Maruya (Pal) won from Gilbert Murakami (J-ABC); Kenji Horie (J-ABC) decisioned Jimmy Ing (UH); Eddie Townsend (J-ABC) decisioned Willis Sylva (St. Patrick), and Ben Ahakuelo (Pal) T.K.O.'ed Manuel Garcia (Citywide) in the fourth round.

Hilo Volcano Arena—A complete sellout of more than three thousand fans jammed into the arena to witness Tsuneo "Piston" Horiguchi and Young Gildo battle to an eight-round draw for the second time. Joe Baptiste's draw decision was well received by all the fans.

Chick Delaney scored a technical kayo in the fifth round over Sabas Jamito when the towel was thrown in to save Jamito further punishment. Delaney floored Sabas three times before the end. Kid Salvador won a decision from Kid Perreira. Harry Katsumoto won a T.K.O. from Maximo Agnazan in the third. Charley Higa and Leon Inson drew. Manuel Richardson, Jr., finished Domingo Delapenia in two rounds. Vernon Edwards lost a kayo to Francisco Inis in the second round.

Amateur champions for the season 1936 were crowned before 4,500 fans. The champions are: Flyweight—Jose Mercado (White AC); bantamweight—Freddy Yasui (Waipahu); featherweight—Eddie Townsend (J-ABC) retained crown; lightweight—A. Generalao (Waialua); welterweight—Benny Ahakuelo (Palama) retained title; and middleweight—John Santiago (Waialua).

Amateur championship fight results—John Santiago won on forfeit from Victor Gega, who was taken ill; Santiago knocked out A. Medeiros (St. Patrick) in the second round of a special bout. Jose Mercado (White) decisioned T. Maruya (Palama); Fred Yasui (Waipahu) beat David Young (Unat); A. Generalao (Waialua) won from Richard Lee (Pal); Eddie Townsend (J-ABC) decisioned Raymond Maruko (J-ABC); and Ben Ahakuelo (Pal) won from Kenji Horie (J-ABC).

Peyton Harrison and the local A.A.U. boxing committee selected five local champions and four runners-up to invade Cleveland for the national championship. They are expected to show far better than last year, especially in the lighter class boys. Andy Biddle will act as manager and trainer during their trip. Those invading are: Flyweights, Jose Mercado (White) and Gilbert Murakami (J-ABC); bantamweights, Fred Yasui (Waipahu) and David Young (unattached); featherweights, Eddie Townsend (J-ABC) and Raymond Maruko (J-ABC)); lightweight, A. Generalao (Waialua); welterweight, Kenji Horie (J-ABC); middleweight, John Santiago (Waialua). All those named in the first bracket are champions except Kenji Horie. Ben Ahakuelo, welter champ, was awarded a special award in place of the trip.

Johnny Pena, uncrowned featherweight champion of the world, is now in Honolulu and is expected to fight either Piston Horiguchi, Young Gildo or Joe Velasco in his first showing. Should Pena and Horiguchi meet in the ring, local fans will undoubtedly witness a fine slugfest because both boys have the same style of fighting.

CANADIAN TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

ARMAND VINCENT is back in the promotorial ring. This announcement is News Item No. 1 in the promising picture of a boxing boom in Montreal this season. The enterprising matchmaking maestro is officially listed as manager of the Vincent Enterprises, Incorporated, of Montreal. Albert Vincent, his uncle, according to reports, and Irving Riddell, are also listed in the firm, which promises to set the pace for local boxing promotions. At this writing, negotiations were under way to secure the Forum as the venue for their presentations, which are expected to feature first-class fighters like Sixto Escobar, world's bantam king, and Al McCoy, ranking light-heavy, who has graduated to the heavyweight division.

Vincent, who has treated Montrealers to many a fistic classic, is aiming to stage "naturals" that will attract five-figure gates. Two attractions sought by Vincent that would go over big here are bouts between Escobar and Juan Zurita, Mexican featherweight, who recently kayoed Midget Wolgast, and Al McCoy, who is idolized locally, and John Henry Lewis, world's light-heavy king. Zurita's ripping, slashing attack was seen to advantage here when he trounced "Poppy" DeCico, French ace, last year, and Montrealers would pack the Forum to see him hook up with the dynamic Puerto Rican, who made his name here, particularly as he scored over Escobar early in their careers.

A Lewis-McCoy bout would be a "natural" here even if McCoy could not make the weight to bid for the title held by the classy Negro. A return bout between McCoy and Jock McAvoy, who attracted American attention when he scored over McCoy in New York, would also pack them in here as that battle was followed by a lot of controversy.

Another new promotorial partnership is also announced for Montreal activities and there is a possibility that they will have first preference to McCoy's services. The new promoters are Raoul Godbout, who piloted Leo Kid Roy and Pete Sanstol in their heydays here, and Jules Racicot, who developed McCoy into a major attraction here last year. Just where this partnership plans to operate has not been announced yet, but will likely be at the Forum or the Stadium, which went into liquidation some time ago.

Toronto is getting "white hope" conscious. Playfair Brown and Jack Corcoran are teaming up to stage another heavyweight tourney in the Maple Leaf Gardens on the style of the recent meet held there, but with improved conditions.

Gordon Wallace, Vancouver's slim Canuck welter king, established himself as a good fighter with plenty of prospects for advancement when he staged a rousing battle with Barney Ross, kingpin of the world's welters. He held his own for eight rounds, then faded under Ross' fiery finish in the last two rounds to drop the verdict. Wallace should be brought east to Montreal and New York, where the shekels are more plentiful.

STRAY SHOTS—Myer Alper, Montreal youngster, got off on the right foot in New York when he whipped Frank DeLillo, New York lightweight, at the Star Casino . . . . DeLillo proved a rugged, two-fisted battler, but Alper's speed and sharpshooting ability gave him a good edge . . . . Eddie Carroll, Ottawa welter flash, is eager to show in Montreal again, where he beat Joe Dunn and Wilf Carufel . . . . he could be matched with Sonny Jones or Joe Marsh in bouts that would attract interest . . . . or with Gordon Wallace, his Vancouver rival, for the Canuck crown . . . . local boys are starting to get into their training togs again . . . . Sam Gibbs has been keeping his welter protege, Joe Marsh, busy around Burlington, Plattsburg, etc. . . . . Gibbs thinks he has a prospective champion in Marsh, a pretty good fighter . . . . your correspondent has been bit by the moving day bug again . . . . moving into larger quarters . . . . from now on address your correspondence to Apt. 10, 1035 St. Viateur Street West, Outremont, Que. . . . . from the city to the suburb is only a few blocks in this case, or vice versa . . . . don't ask reasons, maybe we'll tell you next month.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

PHIL FURR, Washington's welterweight champion, took the nod over Mickey Serrian in ten rounds at Joe Turner's Arena in Washington. While the decision was unanimous, many of the fans thought Serrian was entitled to a better fate and voiced themselves accordingly. Furr was not up to his usual form although he did hit the harder and cleaner punches which gained favor with the judges.

Serrian was the aggressor and excelled at the infighting. Pete Galiano of Baltimore and Johnny Dean of Charlotte, N. C., fought a hectic six-round semi-final with honors even. Mike Tarduno knocked out Willie Felice in one heat and Al Parks gained the duke over Roy Manley in a six-rounder. A capacity house was on hand.

Norment Quarles of Asheville, N. C., handed Lew Feldman quite a licking in ten rounds at Richmond, Va. Feldman had recently given Norment a pasting at Pittsburgh, Pa., and the largest house of the season turned out with expectations of seeing Quarles lose his first local decision and the decisive win over the New Yorker convinced many that Quarles' recent win over Freddie Miller was no fluke.

John Anderson, Swedish light-heavyweight, scored a technical knockout over Bob Turner of Norfolk, Va., when their match was halted in the sixth round at Washington because of a gashed eye to the Virginia boxer. The match was fairly close when the untimely end came with the heavier Anderson the stronger and possibly the ultimate winner had the match gone the distance. It was a bad match for Turner, who is actually only a middleweight.

Pete Galiano and Johnny Dean fought a fast eight-round draw in a return affair in the semi-final. Bobby Dean of Philadelphia was far too clever for the veteran, Eddie Burl, in a sixer and Carey Wright gave Leroy Zinkham a terrific pasting with a final knockout in five rounds.

Red Burman, the Baltimore heavyweight, made a home town showing, winning with ease over Billy Ketchell of Philadelphia. Baltimore fans are clamoring for Burman to show at home against stiffer opposition.

Cowboy Howard Scott of Texas sprang the surprise of the season when he soundly trounced Norment Quarles in ten rounds at Baltimore. Quarles was a six-to-one favorite to lick the Cowboy, but there was no doubt as to the winner after a few flashy rounds by Quarles in the early stages of the match.

Ken Overlin of Norfolk had a close call in Baltimore when Ralph Chong put the high rated Overlin down for a nine-count in round two of a ten-rounder. Overlin weathered the storm and proceeded to administer a terrific body beating that had the Chinese fighter slowed to a walk at the final bell, but at that the match was very interesting, with Chong dangerous at all times.

Lew Massey looked like a sure winner for three heats in his ten-round bout with Cowboy Howard Scott in Washington, only to wilt under the heavy punching of the Texan, being on the verge of a knockout no less than five times during the closing rounds. There was no doubt as to the winner, with the decision unanimous in favor of Scott.

PICK-UPS—Washington gets its first title bout when Pete Sarron and Freddie Miller square off in a championship fifteen-round battle at the Griffith Stadium on May 11 . . . . Champion Miller is taking a flat ten grand for his end with Sarron down for fifteen hundred dollars and the hopes of taking the title . . . . This will be the fourth meeting of the boys, Miller winning all three previous matches, the last being in Miami, Fla., two months ago with the press claiming that Pete was entitled to the duke, hence the re-match.

Bob Tow, the Washington heavyweight, has been making rapid strides around Chicago, Ill., having won six consecutive bouts in the Windy City in the past two months. Tow and Marty Gallagher are matched for a return affair at the Griffith Stadium in Washington and the match is sure to draw well. Gallagher is Washington's best card, and with Tow's recent success, the match cannot miss, although Marty flattened Bob in two heats their last time out.

Cowboy Howard Scott's wins over Norment Quarles in Baltimore and Lew Massey in Washington on successive weeks was sure a big surprise to his most ardent followers in these parts. Scott came to this vicinity three months ago and has slowly rounded into a great fighter.

Phil Zwick, the long featherweight from Cleveland, writes that he is doing okay in England, where he has been boxing for the past eight months after a year's successful work in Australia. Phil's last win was a two-round knockout over Jimmy Stewart at Liverpool.

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—Joe Louis was guest of honor in the only boxing show of the month. He was introduced to the capacity crowd that filled Town Hall, by Joe Butler, sports editor of the Scranton *Times*. The "Brown Bomber" was accompanied by his co-managers, Julian Black and John Roxborough.

In the heavyweight bout, Jack Downey, local product of Three Star Hennessey, kayoed Joe Stevens in one minute of the first round. Downey is the best looking big fellow developed in the Coal Fields in many years. Pete Susky, the "Anthracite Assassin," who is now fighting as a welterweight, staged one of the greatest battles of his career in winning the decision from Billy Rose, rugged Cleveland battler. Susky floored his opponent for nine-counts in the third and fifth rounds. Ray Napolitano of Brooklyn had no trouble in winning an eight-round verdict from Al Traino of Rochester. Joe Nealon surprised the entire attendance when he outfought and outboxed Johnny Alba, Filipino lightweight from New York. In the opener, which was full of action, Tommy Scavo, Old Forge, won the duke over Danny Dell, Dickson City.

At Wilkesbarre—In Tommy Quigley's second armory show, Joe Kaminski of Nanticoke won the unanimous decision over Leo Finnegan in ten hectic rounds. Johnny Nealon of Scranton drew with Leo Berry, Ashley bantam. Joey Lagrey was a T.K.O. winner over Honeyboy Sallus, the bout being halted in the fifth round due to a cut over Sallus' eye. Steve Gatcha K.O.'ed Eddie Healy of New York City in the second.

At Hazleton—Before the largest crowd that has graced Feely Hall in a decade, Rex Fallabell, up and coming lightweight of Hazleton, defeated Steve Kahley, local rival in eight rounds . . . . Al Nevers, former amateur middleweight champion of the Coal Region's, made his pro debut by knocking out Jackie Stone, in two rounds. Nevers had Stone down on three occasions . . . . Joe Riely, Scranton, kayoed Jackie Mitchell of Hazleton in two . . . . Jack Cambell's new protege, Patsy Gall of Freeland defeated Mickey Bellettere in four . . . . Willie Hoppe, decisioned Chester Martin in four.

With the amateur's—Mike Balog, defeated Guy Basile . . . . Sal Nochi, won from Mike Perock . . . . Charles Lloyd, defeated Tony Cardinal . . . . Patsy Defoe, K.O.'ed Wab Rhodes in one . . . . Bill Bain, defeated Joe Barker . . . . Lester King, Kayoed Walter Baney in one . . . . Paul Ramsey, defeated Barney Barr . . . . Mike Perrock, decisioned Andy Hall . . . . All bouts slated for three rounds.

Just Rambling—Chester Palutis, Scranton light-heavy, won by a T.K.O. over Tony Celli, at St. Petersburg, Florida. Joe Latzo, made the trip with the Scrantonian and is back displaying a coat of tan . . . . Jack Downey, made short work of Jim O'Brien, stopping him in the first round on the flood sufferer's benefit show at Bingo. This makes it two in a row in as many attempts for Downey . . . . In another bout on the same card, Willie Hoppe of Exeter, kayoed Curley Osborne in two . . . . Joe Everone, Throop, K.O.'ed Paola Villa in four . . . . Eli Wesley, Middle Atlantic A.A.U. champ is to turn pro shortly under Blandford Jones of Berwick . . . . Steve Latzo celebrated his tenth year as a member of the Hazleton Police force . . . . Pete Susky and Tommy Ginty, have been appointed Physical Instructors by the Recreation Board . . . . Jimmy Gaughan, former Coal Region featherweight, is managing Boss Smoke Shop . . . . Joe Netro's light-heavy Ralph DeJohns, looked good in work-outs with Chester Palutis. Harrisburg, has sprung open a club with a good bankroll man . . . . Al Murphy, former local lightweight is turning one of the best referee's hereabouts . . . . The Scranton Y.M.H.A. has a good boxing team. In its duel with Keystone College, the "Y" boys emerged victorious, winning six out of eight bouts . . . . Frank Hollister, Pottsville promoter, will resume operations at his club as soon as the out-door season weather breaks . . . . Jimmy Loughran and Jack Reno, are all smiles, due to the large crowd that attended the Rex Fallabell—Steve Kahley show . . . . Jimmy Herman, Hazleton heavy is training faithfully for his coming bouts at Feely Hall . . . . Paddy Sweeney, has taken over the concession at the Hazleton fight club . . . . Jake Outslander, has a new welter in tow, keeping him busy in the amateur's . . . . Steve Polasky, Scranton taxi-cab owner, is the new boxing inspector of Lackawanna County. He is under Deputy Commissioner Bob Munley, who is one of the smartest officials in the State. All RING readers can purchase this magazine at any newsstand throughout the Coal Fields. When in Scranton, you can buy the RING at Bo's Smoke Shop, 300 Block Spruce St.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

THE magic name of Jack Dempsey continues on. Whenever Dempsey's name is connected with a heavyweight tournament or anything else it means success. The two heavyweight tournaments staged by the Queensberry club here (with Dempsey's name being used) drew good-sized houses although the caliber of the fighters was anything but classy. None of those uncovered looked like or acted like fighters. In fact, George Nichols, old-time light-heavyweight, won all his bouts, as did Johnny Nelson, Syracuse Negro, who has been fighting quite some time. But something may come of it all and one never can tell when a potential champion will be uncovered.

In Toronto over seventeen thousand saw Playfair Brown's Jack Dempsey tourney, which is going some. Brown seems to be getting a break, and deserves it. He kept on plugging when everyone else connected with boxing in Ontario wanted to quit.

Buffalo's new Roesch Memorial Stadium, named in honor of the late Charles E. Roesch, former mayor, will not be ready before 1937, according to present plans. It is being built by the WPA on the site of the old Best Street Reservoir, and will seat over thirty thousand.

Boxing clubs are starting up all around. Tommy Moore is going at Jamestown. Jack Barry is back in the saddle at Erie. Playfair Brown at Toronto. Joe Netro at Syracuse, etc.

Buffalo will see a new sports club, heavily financed, before long. And then some worth-while fistic attractions will come to this city.

Young heavyweights and light-heavyweights of real ability who wish to locate here will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers writing should be free from managerial contracts.

Jackie Calura of Hamilton, Ont., former British Empire flyweight champion, has turned pro to box as a bantam. He will be a great attraction in his home town and in Toronto. Another splendid fistic prospect of Hamilton is Len Wadsworth, middleweight, who is winning consistently.

Tommy O'Brien, first ward heavyweight, is improving with every appearance. Also Paul Mahoney, who is weighing around 150. Both will bear watching.

Charlie Douglas, Meadville heavyweight, is making Buffalo his home. He has done some good punching as an amateur heavyweight contender, although he lost to "Silent" Pete Tomalonis in the finals. Previously he had scored a knockout over the Greek.

Over five thousand fans stormed into the Broadway Auditorium to see the Orioles amateur boxing show for the Niagara District A.A.U. championships. The new kings in their respective divisions are:

112-pound class—Paul Columbo, Batavia, N. Y.
118-pound class—Jackie Donovan, Buffalo.
126-pound class—Harris Blake (Negro), Buffalo.
135-pound class—Don Eddy, Niagara Falls.
147-pound class—Lou Lodestro, Buffalo.
160-pound class—Rudy Stiller, Buffalo.
175-pound class—Tom Roche, Niagara Falls.
Heavyweight class—Pete Tomalonis, Buffalo.

Some of the boys will take part in the Cleveland tournament but Jackie Donovan, South Buffalo Irish lad, will not enter. His manager, Billy Michaels, believes the kid is too young for the gruelling battles of a national tournament.

Young Donovan looks like the class of the Simonpures. Too bad he is a bantam and only seventeen years old. He is in a division where there isn't much money these days. Heavyweight and light-heavies have the call with the fight fans.

Marve Smith, veteran timekeeper here and once upon a time manager for Jess Willard, "Rube" Ferns and Matty Matthews, died of a stroke a few weeks ago. Marve was a square official, very popular and never missed a sports event. He was also Assistant Superintendent of Mails at the Buffalo Post Office.

The death of Lou Marsh, Toronto sports writer and referee, was a shock to your correspondent. Lou and the writer were close personal friends. Marsh was one of the best sports officials in the world. He had plenty of "guts" and never failed to instill color in the big events where he was arbiter.

George Nichols, who quit the boxing game and laid off for almost a year, is busy again and fighting often. The Sandusky southpaw still can sock and is no pushover for the best of the light-heavies. Too bad poor George couldn't cash in for some money when he held the N.B.A. light-heavyweight title.

Evans Smith, a lanky young middleweight, looks like a fine fistic prospect. If he can get regular work Smith will eventually be a good one.

Fistic Miscellany—Willie (K.O.) Brennan, visiting in Indianapolis, tried to look up his old ring foe, Jack Dillon . . . . Willie was told that the man-killer now operates a cafe in Hialiah, Fla. . . . . Dillon was a great Buffalo favorite in his heyday . . . . a great fighter and a great fellow, personally . . . . Willie Brennan has a tavern in Buffalo himself and is very prosperous . . . . Tommy Timlin has forsaken Buffalo for Chicago and also the prize-fighting business for railroad work, which is more profitable . . . . Big Boy Brackey is in the City Hospital here for mental observation following an impromptu bout with his father-in-law, his second tilt with the law within a month . . . . It is doubtful if Brackey will do any fighting again.

The wrestling business is shot here . . . . only a handful attend bouts . . . . The Buffalo Sporting club carries on occasionally but Charlie Murray has quit the mat hippodrome and is sticking to fights . . . . The fight game has the appeal; it is full of thrills and gives the fans a run for their money . . . . Dick Loadman, star bantam of a dozen years ago, is living in Steubenville, O. . . . Loadman was a splendid ringster, full of pep and a real star . . . . Lou Scozza is doing nothing . . . . Lou has had a most inactive Winter . . . . Joe Tambe is home from the West Coast and plans to do plenty of fighting against topnotch bantams . . . . Tambe is an ex-New York state amateur flyweight titleholder and has plenty of class . . . . Red Carr is working for the City Water Department and Jimmy Slattery, once a star under Carr's management, is also with the department . . . . Jack Singer has the only worthwhile gymnasium in town . . . . Jack is no longer handling Tommy Paul, former N.B.A. featherweight champ . . . . Steve Halaiko, who was knocked out by Tony Canzoneri, is resting up at his home.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES

By SAM PORCELLI

THE Olympic Sporting Club has closed its doors for the summer. The Elks will also close for the summer. Both clubs were running weekly amateur fights and drawing packed houses.

The following shows took place in and around Rochester during the last month:

Rochester—At Olympic Sporting Club in Convention Hall: Bert Courage kayoed Doug Vandenburgh in three heats; Henry Smith defeated Joe Serafino, five rounds; Don Stevens defeated Lou Lodestro, five rounds; Jack Garlin stopped Lloyd Brown in first round; Joe Birdie kayoed Vince Ramitez, two rounds; Andy Wallace defeated Joe Bloom, three rounds.

At Elks Boxing Club in Elks Auditorium—Slambang Sammy Goritz, city lightweight champ, defeated Carl Sorenson; Sam Leta defeated Johnny Marshall; Ottellio Bellucci kayoed Don Brooks, third round; Jimmy Evans defeated Art Boscarino, five rounds; Joe Stefano kayoed Jimmy Devline, three rounds.

At Acme Wrestling Club in Convention Hall—Jack Sherry, Oklahoma, won two falls out of three from Al Getz with Japanese leg crusher; Pat McCleary, Ireland, defeated Ivan Grandovitch, Russia, one fall with body slam; Maxie Martin, New York, threw Walter Sirois, Canada, with drop kick; "Red" Vaggone, Italy, drew with "The Great" Mephisto.

At Binghamton pro shows—Al Traino, Rochester, kayoed Larry Esposito of New York in one round of main eight-round go. John Toomey, Orange, New Jersey, defeated Jess Townsend, New York, eight rounds. Marty Cardone defeated Billy Burkett, six rounds. Patsy Pasculli defeated Charley Gordon, New Jersey, six rounds.

At Watertown—A Rochester amateur team made a hit with crowd and won, 4 to 1. Tony Polozzi, Rochester's reincarnation of Primo Carnera, kayoed Ross Armstrong, third round; Houghie Smith kayoed Cy Pardy in second round; Henry Smith stopped Allen Russell in third round; George Sprague stopped Johnny Silvia in second round; Frankie Quinn lost to Johnny Cole in five rounds.

AROUND THE STATE—Auburn, New York, running weekly shows and drawing fair houses . . . . Syracuse running weekly shows, with Irv Robbins matching the amateurs and Joe Netro, the pros—both doing O.K. . . . . Al Stern is packing them in at his semi-monthly shows and giving the fans good bouts . . . . Watertown is drawing the best crowds at weekly shows . . . . Elliott Cushing and John Burns, sports editors for the local newspapers, are enjoying the hot sun in the South with the Red Wing baseball club . . . . Joe Lotto is planning on running a few shows this summer . . . . Frank Powderly, former promoter and matchmaker for the Olympic Club, has left for South America.

Joe Netro has a good looking light-heavyweight in Ralph DiJohn . . . . Stanley Calhan has a good middleweight in Jackie Flowers of Clinton . . . . Pete Loiacono, former amateur feather champ, is boxing instructor at Hartford Playground.

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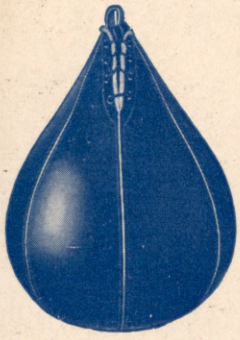

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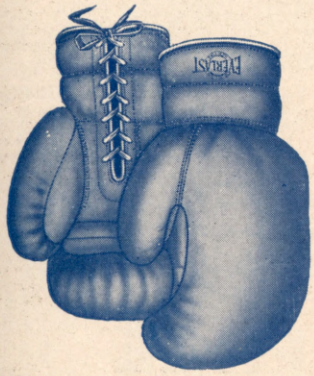

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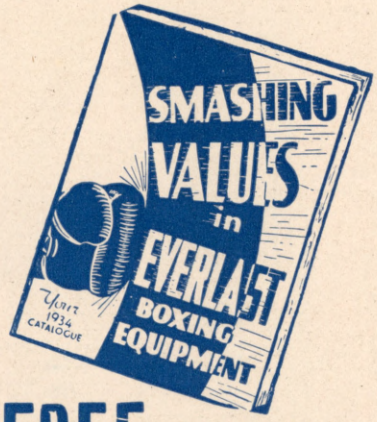

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Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where they are needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll show you how to pare down to fighting trim.

And with the big muscles and powerful, evenly-developed body that my *Dynamic-Tension* method so quickly gives you, I'll also give you through-and-through health—health that digs down into your system and banishes such things as constipation, pimples, skin blotches and conditions that rob you of the good things of life.

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NOTE: **This is the latest photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.**

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I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement on his development within the next three months. Therefore, no matter what your measurements may be now, you have an equal chance to win this cup for permanent possession—and with YOUR name engraved on it!

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Where shall I send your copy of **"Everlasting Health and Strength"?** Put your name and address on the coupon, or a postcard. Mail it today. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80F, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

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I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic-Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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